January 21, 1933

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Fear in Her Eyes a short story by Clarence Budington

JAN. 21, 1933

MRS W HENDERSON
2924 E 28TH ST
KANSAS CITY
MO

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

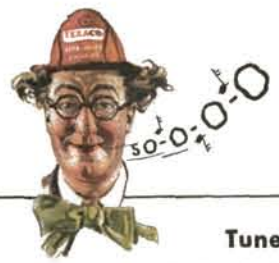
Only at this pump can you get

quick-starting

TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF*

The *right* gasoline for winter driving

Texaco *Fire-Chief* is the "emergency" motor fuel that flashes giant fire trucks from cold starts to full speed in a matter of seconds! It will put "fire-engine" power into any car, old or new.



Tune in on

ED WYNN

(THE FIRE-CHIEF)

Tuesday Nights, Coast-to-Coast, N.B.C.

Texaco *Fire-Chief* is the very same type of motor fuel the U. S. Government specified in Pamphlet VV-M-571 as—"suitable for emergency use under adverse conditions of starting and acceleration."

Certainly, if the U. S. Government felt there was a need for an "emergency" winter motor fuel, your car, too, will benefit from that same type of gasoline.

Fill up with a tankful of Texaco *Fire-Chief* today. It's alive with split-second starts—packed with "fire-engine" power, yet costs no more than ordinary old-fashioned gasolines.

Stop for quick-starting Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline and Texaco "Crack-proof" Motor Oil under the familiar Texaco Red Star with the Green T in any of our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

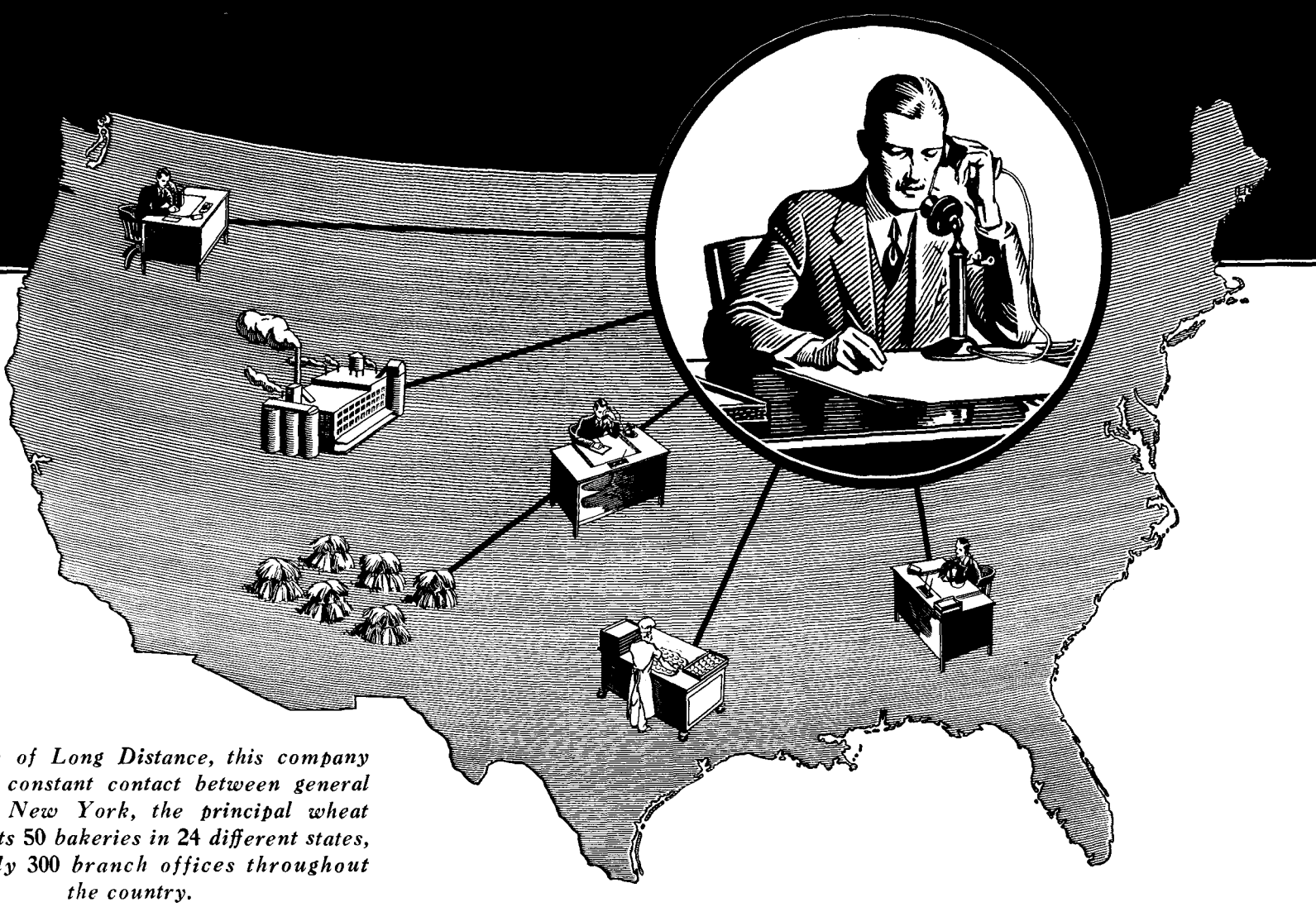
Copyright 1933, The Texas Company

For safer winter driving use TEXACO "CRACK-PROOF" MOTOR OIL, it flows freely at zero

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Long Distance is essential to intelligent buying"

says NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



By means of Long Distance, this company maintains constant contact between general offices in New York, the principal wheat markets, its 50 *bakeries in* 24 *different states, and nearly* 300 *branch offices throughout the country.*

THE National Biscuit Company, "Uneeda Bakers," today distributes its many products through nearly half a million retail outlets. During recent years the telephone has played an increasingly important part in this development. Largely by means of its consistent use it is possible to maintain in all sections of the country the same uniform standard of quality. From purchasing, right through all departments, wherever quick action is essential, the telephone is held indispensable.

Today more than ever, organizations large and small realize the adaptability and economy of Long Distance telephone service. It is the instrument of modern business. It promotes every phase of activity from the purchase of raw material to the delivery of finished products into the hands of consumers. The well-planned use of Long Distance is today bringing "more business at less cost" to organizations of many kinds.

A representative of your local Bell Company will be glad to outline a telephone plan especially suited to the activities of your company.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Typical Station-to-Station Rates

From	*To*	*Daytime*	7:00 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
Chicago	Grand Rapids	$ .75	$ .65	$ .45
New York	Pittsburgh	1.50	1.25	.85
Atlanta	St. Louis	1.95	1.65	1.10
Denver	Seattle	3.75	3.00	2.00
Boston	San Francisco	9.50	7.50	5.75

Where the charge is 50c *or more, federal tax applies*

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Clever hostess, isn't she?"

"Yes—but I wish she'd learn that lots of people can't drink coffee at night."

If hostesses could listen-in they'd *all* serve Sanka Coffee!

"HERE'S another party that'll be paid for by a sleepless night!" That's the resentment that many guests feel when the evening coffee is served.

For they hate to refuse—even though coffee keeps them awake. They dread a sleepless night, but they also dread the fuss and stir caused when they decline coffee. So they accept the coffee—and spend the night thinking unkind thoughts about the hostess.

Serve the coffee all *can enjoy!*

So when *you* entertain, do the considerate thing—serve the coffee *all* your guests can enjoy. ServeSankaCoffee—real coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. Yes!

Serve Sanka Coffee with the invitation: "Drink it—and sleep!"

Your guests will compliment your thoughtfulness. And your coffee, too! For Sanka Coffee is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. Sanka Coffee is tempting in fragrance—rich and satisfying in flavor.

Make the night-test!

Can you really drink Sanka Coffee without fear of sleeplessness, indigestion, nervousness—any of caffein's ill-effects? You surely can! Prove it by making the night-test. Drink your first cup at night—at midnight, if you wish. Next morning, you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

Packed in vacuum-sealed cans, Sanka Coffee comes to you as fresh and fragrant as the day it was roasted. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back. Get some to-day. Or send in the coupon and 10c for a sample can. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association with the statement: "Sanka Coffee . . . is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

The coffee every *guest will cheer*

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. COL. 1-33

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me a ¼ lb. sample can of Sanka Coffee.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

This offer not good in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each of the officers of the Universal Sanitary Manufacturing Company, New Castle, Pa., has adopted an Investors Syndicate *Thrift Plan,* and is recommending to the employees this method of laying aside money.

(An actual photograph of five of our clients)

"I'm Proud of You Men"

Said the President

HERE ARE five successful business men sitting with their president in a meeting. Just as they plan the future of their company, they look forward to their own futures. Listen . . .

W. Keith McAfee, their president, is speaking:

"I am mighty proud of you men . . . as officers . . . and as individuals. It gives an executive confidence to know that every one in his organization is following a systematic Thrift Plan.

"Statistics show that out of every 100 men at age twenty-five, 54 are dependent at age sixty-five . . . more than half are dependent . . . dependent on their relatives or on charity. Unless a person sets a specific amount to be accumulated by a certain age, and makes himself carry through this program by paying on it monthly just like his grocery bill, the chances are he will never attain independence. I am proud that each of you has adopted an Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan."

Your adoption of a simple Thrift Plan which your associates respect may lead them to follow your example. A representative of Investors Syndicate will be glad to explain these Thrift Plans and their application to carefree retirement.

Investors Syndicate offers *Thrift Plans* whereby an individual, or company, can adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years.

The most common purposes of these are:

Independence at 50, 55, or 60
Business expansion or reserve
Means and leisure for travel
Home ownership
Education of children

The resources of Investors Syndicate now exceed $50,000,000. During the last three years Investors Syndicate has paid out more than $10,000,000 in maturities. For 39 years, in good times and bad, it has never defaulted for so much as a single day in the payment of its maturities, loans, cash surrenders, or any other obligations.

Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will send complete information to any person interested in a plan embodying the advantages of continuous and *self-selected* obligatory thrift.

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C31, Minneapolis, or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 Principal Cities . . . Representatives Throughout United States and Canada

AFFILIATED COMPANIES: INVESTORS SYNDICATE TITLE & GUARANTY CO., NEW YORK • INVESTORS SYNDICATE, LTD., MONTREAL

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"SON," The Sky's old man says, "no matter how far you travel or how smart you get, always remember this: Some day, somewhere, a guy is going to come to you and show you a nice, brand-new deck of cards on which the seal is never broken, and this guy is going to offer to bet you that the jack of spades will jump out of this deck and squirt cider in your ear. But, son," the old guy says, "do not bet him, for as sure as you do you are going to get an ear full of cider."

Well, The Sky never bets on this proposition, but he does lay his soul against a deuce, shooting craps with a mission worker. And so Damon Runyon, who is by no means ignorant of such matters, writes "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown."

FOR one hundred and forty-five years a machine has been running in New York City. Unlike most machines, it has increased in smoothness and precision with the years. Its name is Tammany Hall; its function is to effect a quiet transfer of funds from the pockets of the taxpayers to the bank accounts of the faithful. It has other activities, of course, but that's the vital one, the one that keeps it going.

This very expensive piece of mechanism is worth looking at. There's one like it in every city, and in almost every city the cost of municipal government is out of all proportion to the service rendered. If you'll examine the machine, you'll see why.

Next week, in the first of a series of articles, Walter Davenport takes you into the inner sanctum and shows you how the controls are manipulated. It's "The Tammany Touch."

HENRY BURR and Elsie Ashley were in love. They were, in fact, in each other's arms and so happy that they failed to notice the big car coming down the street until it stopped with its headlights on them.

Greek Johnny got out. "Jack," he said to Henry, "I don't like your looks. If you're around tomorrow you're going for a long, long ride."

In the morning Henry was gone. But, as Lucian Cary explains, "He Had to Come Back"—and he came back with a rush.

WALTER DURANTY writes "The Gold Train," a stirring romance of Soviet Russia. Talbert Josselyn contributes a story of professional golf, "Sacrifice Play." Dr. Ruth Wadsworth brings you the newest advice—we hope you don't need it—for treating colds. Alan LeMay, Don Marquis, Clinton W. Gilbert, E. Phillips Oppenheim and George Agnew Chamberlain continue their meteoric careers. Stars, nothing but stars.

This Week

January 21, 1933

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND
Fear in Her Eyes. **Unpremeditated heroism and unhoped-for love.** **Page 7**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
West Winds. **Whither have the Progressives progressed?** **Page 9**

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Tax Nobody Notices. **Canada's sales tax—let it be a lesson.** **Page 10**

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Stevens Takes Command. **At a crisis in mid-sea.** **Page 12**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Gallows of Chance, Part III. **A double disappearance.** **Page 14**

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Amateur Bride, Part V. **It's hard to manage giants in the home.** **Page 16**

VINCENT SHEEAN
Heavy Suitor. **Love that reached from Chicago to the Smithfield market.** **Page 18**

NELL YOUNG
The Man for Her. **The romance of an actress and a playwright.** **Page 20**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
People Are So Careless, **by Frederick Skerry.** **Page 25**

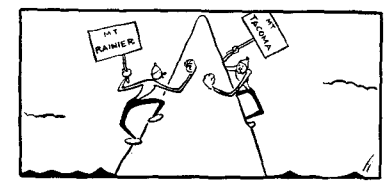
JOHN B. KENNEDY
Leading Man. **Mr. Arthur Byron's nonstop record.** **Page 28**

DON MARQUIS
A Virtuous Woman. **Naturally enough, the Old Soak's wife.** **Page 32**

EDITORIAL
Let's Park Our Prejudices. **Page 50**

Any Week

A NUMBER of persons have been trying lately to embroil us in a controversy concerning the rightful name of a certain beautiful mountain in the state of Washington. Some insist that we come out for Mount Rainier and others threaten to stop reading us if we don't write a piece denouncing the Rainierites and support them in calling it Mount Tacoma. We sense a Red plot, hatched in Moscow, designed to ruin us. But with our customary courage we remain neutral and rejoice that we have beheld that magnificent, snow-capped height in all its silent grandeur. Its name can add nothing to it.



MR. AUGUST B. LENNINGMAN of San Francisco announces that he is very tired of being told by the lower-taxes orators that some day the worm will turn. "What of it?" demands Mr. Lenningman. "The silly thing will only be crawling in another direction."

HAVING gone over the latest Einstein news thoroughly, Mrs. Lydia B. Potocki of Fort Wayne, Indiana, finds that "the reason those lady patriots objected to admitting Dr. Einstein to our sanctified shores is that they didn't understand what he's talking about. Neither did I; but then I am one of those poor things that couldn't even understand Drs. Hoover, Mills and Hurley. Just simple, that's me."

"WHY," asks Miss Florence N. Waylein of Fort Worth, Texas, "have the politicians stopped telling us what intelligent folks we were and how everything is all right and that business is getting better by leaps and bounds or something? Can it be possible that they were merely angling for our votes?"

AND Mrs. John R. Wagram of Washington, D. C., claims to have heard a great deal about the new Congress having received a mandate from the people. "Now," says she, "all we have to do is wait and find out whether Congress knows what mandate means."

HAVING read Winston Churchill's "Defense in the Pacific," Mr. Mal Matthews of New York City expresses his admiration for the author but wants to know "why not let every man go to hell in his own way and at least enjoy the process of finding where it is and how to get there easiest?"

THERE is considerable concern on England's islands in the West Indies. We are so informed by Mr. H. H. M. Smee of Spokane, Washington, who has it from his island relatives. They have heard that England is thinking of giving those islands to the United States as a part of her indebtedness to us. The islanders protest with shocking vigor. "Why not," asks Mr. Smee, "take over England's interests in Ireland instead, for a starter, making Bishop Cannon governor-general?"

"THESE debt cancellationists contend that Europe shouldn't be called upon to pay back money we contributed to the common cause, which seems to be the defeat of Germany," writes Dr. Albin O. Larrabee of Boston. "But what did the defeat of Germany get us?"

MR. G. R. FARMER of Henderson, Texas, explains that the crackling noise heard in the vicinity of his newspaper office some days ago was his heart breaking. He had been reading John T. Flynn's story of Samuel Insull. "As a country newspaper publisher," sobs Mr. Farmer, "who has wallowed in two or three thousand per annum, my heart goes out to poor, poor Sammy, who must wiggle along somehow on $18,000 a year."

"WHAT is the government going to do with all those extra prison accommodations it built for bootleggers?" asks Mr. Tom Mestro of St. Louis. "Can't we turn them over to the professional prohibitionists, who will soon be out of jobs and probably in a bad way for shelter?"

"I COULD just cry," writes Mr. Joe McCann of Ogden, Utah, "when I read William MacHarg's latest Detective O'Malley yarn, 'The Locked Door.' O'Malley was having a lot of trouble finding the janitor of the apartment house. He looked all over the building, ringing doorbells right and left. And at last he went into the basement where, sure enough, he found the janitor in the peace and comfort of his basement living quarters. But I suppose if Mr. O'Malley had done what you or I might have done—looked in the basement first—he wouldn't have been a good fiction detective and therefore of no use to Mr. MacHarg." Mr. McCann then concludes by informing us that he is a janitor of an apartment house.

Vol. 91, No. 3 Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fear in Her Eyes

Skid Cushman, of Detroit, Michigan, meets the most beautiful girl in Italy. After which there's plenty of excitement

By Clarence Budington Kelland

IF THE stove business had been good young Skid Cushman would not have been dawdling about in the pleasant cities of southern Europe. But with things as they were his father did not urge him to hasten home to take that position into which he had been born as crown prince of one of the largest stove manufactories in Michigan.

So Skid dawdled and became acquainted with refugees and viscounts and cigarette girls and gendarmes and expatriates and a cardinal. He also fell athwart a couple of artists, a gondolier who sang tenor, a croupier who wrote sonnets, a prominent member of the Mafia and an ex-premier who suffered excruciatingly from bunions. In this way he learned about the world and, having derived from a long line of level-headed gentlemen, was able to digest it without either moral or mental stomach ache.

By the time he arrived in Firenze he knew that anything could happen and most generally did, which is a good thing to know, and he had been made aware that next to making money, making love is the most important activity of man. Also that the two sometimes are combined.

Curiously enough, throughout all this educational process, he had clung to a set of ideals derived from the reading of Ivanhoe many times when he was a boy. In spite of a marquis who dealt in counterfeit money and a beautiful flower girl who attempted to have him garroted for profit, he retained his belief in romance, and would have it that chivalry still breathed upon the earth, and that love was not a matter of family arrangement or of profit or expediency but an exquisite ode which one did not read but actually participated in.

In which state of preservation he arrived in Firenze and found himself seated at a table in La Buca, where they put a whole cabbage in your soup, and watched Lafcadio Bangs make idle and startlingly lifelike sketches on a pad.

"LET'S see," he said, stretching out his hand, and Lafcadio tossed over the sheet. It was a girl's head, and the first thing that arrested Skid was not its gracious contour, nor its accurately caught fragility, nor the exquisiteness of its patrician features.

"What," he asked, "is she afraid of?"

"Is she afraid?" asked Lafcadio.

"You've drawn it," said Skid. "Look at her eyes."

"Genius!" Lafcadio exclaimed. "Nobody could catch a fleeting expression with a couple of lines but a supreme genius."

"We'll take that up later," Skid said. "Meantime swap seats with me so I can look."

When the exchange of seats was completed Skid glanced circumspectly toward the table at which sat the girl of Lafcadio's pencil portrait. In that instant something so tremendous happened to Skid that all the king's horses and all the king's men, even if they were to work overtime with double pay, could never make him be again as he was sixty seconds before. His hand was shaking as he lifted it to call Lafcadio's attention.

"Who is she?" he whispered.

"How should I know?" Lafcadio said. "Pretty, what?"

Pretty! And the man believed himself to be a genius! A genius who could go on eating cabbage soup while a miracle happened at his elbow.

The girl was fair, one of those miracles of fairness with which the ancient gods, Etrus-

Illustrated by George Howe

The look of fear in her eyes became active terror. Her cheeks were ashen and her lips gray

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can, Greek, Roman—or others lost in the reaches of impenetrable antiquity—sometimes vouchsafe to Tuscany as an earnest of their undying affection for that most romantic of all provinces. Her face was a slender oval and her coloring was from the palette of Fra Lippo Lippi, who brought a breath of daintiness to the flamboyant Renaissance. There was the dignity for which Mantegna strove in those paintings commissioned by that paragon of women, Isabella d'Este. There was the vast and patrician calm which Leonardo alone could paint, but above all, touching all, lifting her beauty almost to the sublime, was that living fear which no brush but the brush of the mighty Michelangelo could depict.

It was a face out of the glorious past when Lorenzo rode in tourney in the square before Santa Croce; it was a face the guilds would have laid aside their work to cheer as she passed through the streets in gorgeous gown stiff with gold and pearls; it was a face to soften the harsh voice of Savonarola and to make him question his dogma that the world was evil and was sweeping headlong to destruction.

"I do not go to Venice tomorrow," said Skid.

"Why not?" asked Lafcadio through a mouthful of luscious cabbage.

"I have got," said Skid, "to find out why she is afraid."

"It's probably the Chianti," said Lafcadio with great tolerance.

THE waiter appeared with a platterful of very small birds which lately might have been sparrows, and Skid spoke to him in Italian.

"Who," he asked, "occupy the table at the extremity of the room?"

"Oh, signore, great ones," said the man. "The fat one—that is the Marchesa di Pitti. Also, with the beard, the General Potosi, her brother. The young one who smiles, he is the Duca da Strozzi."

"And the young lady?" Skid asked almost diffidently.

The waiter, who also was one of the proprietors, rolled his eyes and wafted a kiss to the vaulted ceiling. "The most beautiful of Tuscany, which is to say of all Italy—the Contessa Giulia dei Pazzi."

"The devil you say!" exclaimed Lafcadio with sudden interest.

"What is it?" asked Skid.

Lafcadio made a quick, warning gesture and addressed himself to his food until the waiter moved away out of earshot.

"Keep your spoon out of that porridge," he said sententiously.

"What do you mean?"

"One doesn't talk politics in public places in Italy if he knows his way about," Lafcadio said.

"What has the Contessa Giulia to do with politics?"

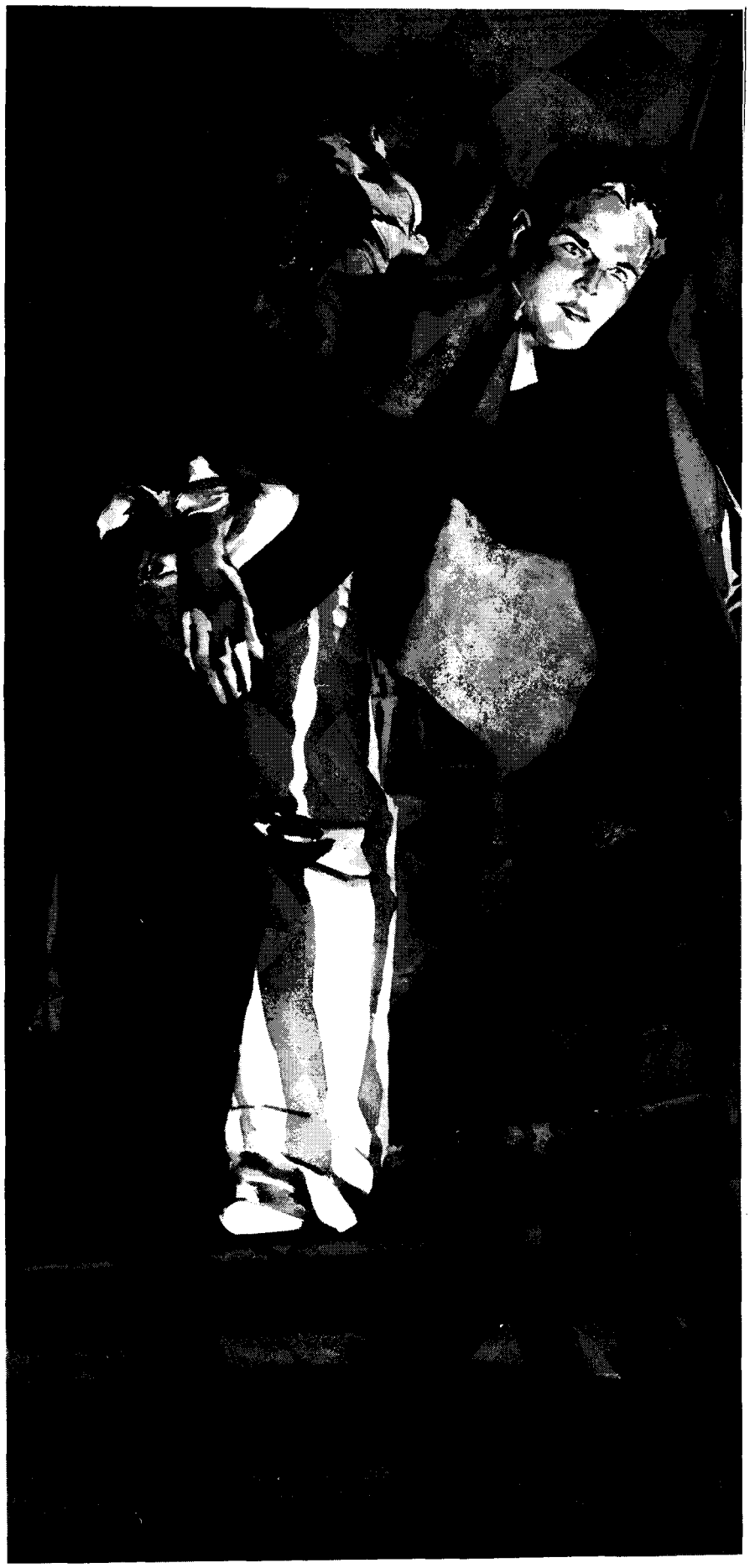
"Do you remember," asked Lafcadio, "that Lorenzo the Magnificent had a brother?"

"Of course. Giuliano."

"What became of him?" Lafcadio asked in an odd tone.

"He was assassinated in San Miniato."

"Do you remember that, on that day while the conspirators waited with ready daggers, Giuliano was ill? Lorenzo was there, but his beautiful young brother did not appear. Do you remember that someone ran to his house and found him in the act of leaving, and with the gesture of an old friend threw his arms about the boy's shoulders to assure himself there was no coat of mail under his tunic? And then escorted him to the cathedral, where, at the very altar, he plunged his dagger into Giuliano's breast. Do you recall the name of that man?"



Skid bundled Pazzi up three flights to Lafcadio's door

"I had forgotten," said Skid, "but now I remember. It was Francesco dei Pazzi."

LAFCADIO hushed his voice to a cautious whisper: "The brother of the Contessa Giulia is named Francesco and he is a fugitive over the border. It is an open secret that the contessa has been refused passports; that she is, in short, being held a sort of hostage for his good behavior."

"Does Italy's Great Man make war on girls?" asked Skid.

"When their name is dei Pazzi," said Lafcadio, "conspiracy is their inheritance."

"If," said Skid, "there is a secret thing, or an evil thing, or an ill wish toward any man in that girl's heart, then the cornflower is poison and the song of the nightingale is malignant."

"You should abandon stoves for poetry," Lafcadio said. And then, "I, personally, will see you on the first train for Venice."

As they were speaking a bedraggled man passed their table offering for sale from a damp basket what he called fruit of the sea—those small but perilous oysters which none but an Italian may eat without fear of typhoid. He passed slowly down the room and Skid watched him absent-mindedly until he reached the table at which sat the Contessa Giulia. There he paused and spoke, and the young American saw the look of restrained fear in her eyes become active terror. As she looked up at the vender her cheeks were ashen and her lovely lips gray. And, as the man turned away, Skid saw a solitary shellfish upon her plate.

And then, as the man with his dripping basket returned, Skid scrutinized him and saw that, in spite of their discoloration, his hands were young, with slender, patrician fingers; and that beneath the straggling hair the eyes also were young and keen and daring, but for all that marvelously like to the eyes of the Contessa Giulia. So that a part of the secret became clear to Skid, and he knew the plotting and fugitive Francesco dei Pazzi had returned and that her presence in this unusual place was explained. It was a rendezvous and the shell of that fruit of the sea upon the contessa's plate contained no dubious food, but a message.

THEN recollection awakened a dreadful thought in Skid's mind.

"Isn't the Great Man coming to Firenze soon?" he asked.

"The day after tomorrow," Lafcadio said.

In that instant Skid resolved to do something about it. He glanced again at the beautiful contessa, not so much to reassure himself as to gain inspiration from her serene, aloof, exquisite loveliness. And as he looked at her he knew the thing was impossible. Behind that face no evil could lurk, and the fear in her eyes was not of dire consequences which might fall upon herself or a loved one but of the evil act itself—the fear and aversion which virtue and purity and a lofty soul must feel toward anything malign and wicked.

His mind quickened and he drew conclusions. This brother, this fugitive from the wrath of the Great Man, had dared to return, risking life or imprisonment. Now he lurked in disguise. It must be some great and compelling motive that urged a young man to put himself in such peril. Francesco dei Pazzi had returned and his return brought terror into the eyes of his sister because she must guess at his purpose. And now he was in communication with her, implicating her, drawing her into the plot with ropes of affection and of blood!

If Francesco's purpose were achieved, or if it were attempted and failed, the contessa must suffer. Inevitably suspicion would fall upon her of giving aid and comfort if nothing worse—of guilty knowledge—of failure to warn.

THE contessa and her party arose presently and moved toward the door. Skid, his dinner half completed, pushed back his chair.

"I'm going," he said.

But Skid did not get up at once because he was surprised to see as a member of the contessa's group a woman whom he knew very well indeed. Her seat must have been just around the corner so that she was concealed from him. It was none other than that warlike and beloved *doyenne* of American society in Italy, Mrs. Jim Grammar, of Boston!

Mrs. Jim ruled, not with her millions, certainly not with her beauty, but by virtue of a personality which did not know how to do anything but rule. She was short, she was broad; her eyes were black and their lids crinkled; her mouth was extraordinarily large and her teeth were amazingly white and lovely. She dressed as suited her own fancy and she doted upon comfortable shoes.

Now her eyes lighted upon Skid and she made a curt, chopping gesture of displeasure with upraised hand. Nor did she wait to approach him before

(Continued on page 37)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

West Winds

By Clinton W. Gilbert

THE Progressive Republican leaders, the Sons of the Wild Jackass, as George Moses called them, are left in a precarious position by the widespread bolt of the Western agrarian element of the population to the Democratic party.

In this group are some of the ablest and most interesting members of the Senate, for it includes Senators Norris, La Follette, Johnson, Cutting, Nye, Frazier and Howell. And on the edges of it are Senator Borah, who has been independent of the regular Republicans while not affiliating himself with the Progressives, and Senator Shipstead, who is technically a Farmer-Laborite—which is the Minnesota name for a Progressive Republican.

Four of the ablest of the lot, Norris, La Follette, Johnson and Cutting, bolted the Republican party and supported Mr. Roosevelt. And Borah, while refraining from so complete a bolt, declined to serve under the banner of Mr. Hoover in the campaign.

The strength of the Progressive Republicans in the past has been that they presented the only real opposition the Republican party has had in their states. For years there has been no Democratic party that amounted to anything in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Iowa, California or Idaho. Former Democrats had been absorbed to a large extent into the Progressive Republican element or the Farmer-Labor party or the Non-Partisan League or whatever the Progressive Republican opposition to the regular Republican party happened to call itself.

In Nebraska the Democratic party had not been so absorbed but a good deal of it supported Norris whenever he was a candidate. And in New Mexico Cutting favored either Democrats or Republicans as he pleased. If there had been a strong Democratic party in these states the Progressive Republicans would have had to be either Democrats or Republicans. There cannot be for any considerable time three parties in a state. One of them disappears.

Breaking an Old Alliance

What has happened is the long-predicted break between the industrial element in this country and the agricultural element. For generations industry and agriculture, which got together to form a victorious combination in 1860, have ruled the country with only two interruptions, the administrations of Cleveland and of Wilson. As the country became more industrialized, industry became the dominant partner in the Republican party.

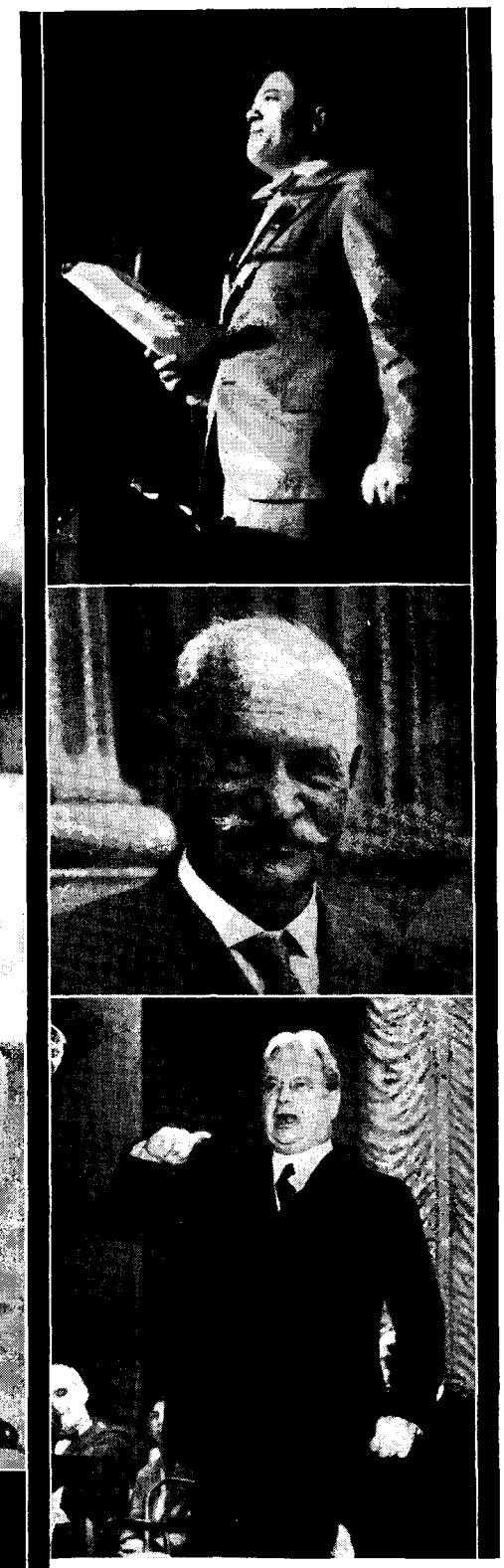
The agrarian element felt that the party favored industry at its expense. Its first protest took the form of sending Progressive Republicans to Washington. But a more violent revolt than that has for several years been inevitable. It might have occurred in 1928, except for the fact that religious prejudice restrained it. It occurred last November and it has been singularly effective because the industrial element itself was divided.

If 1932 had been a normal year industrially and still the farmers' political revolt had occurred, the election would probably have been close, with the South and most of the West going Democratic, the East Republican, and the result being determined by the electoral vote of the big Middle Western states, such as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, where the farmers might conceivably exercise the balance of power.

Right, Robert M. La Follette, chairman of the Committee on Manufactures

Below, Henry F. Ashurst, ranking Democrat on the Judiciary Committee

Burton K. Wheeler, ranking Democrat on the Committee on Manufactures



Center, Duncan U. Fletcher, ranking Democrat on the Committee on Commerce, and (beneath) Hiram Johnson, its chairman

Left, George W. Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee

That the breach between industry and agriculture was recognized by the Republicans late in the campaign is shown by the frantic appeal Mr. Hoover made exclusively to the industrial element when he finally took the stump aggressively. Mr. Hoover held industry to his party, except that its voting strength was shattered by the depression.

Thus the policy of the Democratic party will have to be to consolidate the gains they have made among the farmers, to hold the West with the South and to fight for the Middle West. Mr. Roosevelt seemed to recognize this in his campaign, for he allied himself openly with the agrarian Republican leaders of the West, thus opening the way to the final Republican tactics of trying to frighten the East as they did successfully in 1896.

The policy of Mr. Roosevelt in the nation will have to be the same one that he and Smith followed in the governorship of New York, where they devoted great attention to building up a strong Democratic party above the Bronx in upstate New York. This was the Republican section of the state, in which Smith found the Democratic party as weak as the National Democratic party has been in the West.

For 1936 Mr. Roosevelt will not rely upon the friendliness of the Republican Progressive leaders. His attitude is likely to be: "He who is not with me is against me."

Men Without a Party

And a Democratic party in the Progressive states will be recruited at the expense of the Progressives. In the first place, a considerable number of the followers of the Progressives can recall the time when they voted the Democratic ticket. They will tend to return to their old allegiance. This was shown in the primaries in Wisconsin where the La Follette forces were so depleted that for the first time in forty years they failed to nominate a La Follette.

If the Progressive Republicans remain in the Republican party they will face the risk of losing some of their followers and being squeezed in their states between two parties, the regular Republicans and the Democrats. Especially will this be true if Mr. Roosevelt succeeds in convincing the agrarians of the West that the Democratic party is a better friend of the farmer than the now friendly industrialist Republican.

If the Progressives go over to the Democratic party they will face the rivalry of men who will think that long service gives them a better title to preferment than recent conversion gives to the Progressives. This issue will arise in the reorganization of the Senate by a Democratic majority. Norris is chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, Johnson is chairman of the Committee on Commerce, La Follette is chairman of the Committee on Manufactures.

All three bolted their party and supported Mr. Roosevelt. Will they in recognition of this service be left undisturbed in their chairmanships at great cost to the feelings of the ranking Democrats on those committees—Ashurst, Fletcher and Wheeler? Probably not even the influence of Mr. Roosevelt, if he should choose to exert it, could induce the Democrats in the Senate to modify the normal operation of the seniority rule.

I have assumed that Mr. Roosevelt, having won the West, will endeavor to make it permanently Democratic. This does not mean that he will go completely agrarian. He is a politician, and no politician ever chooses to alienate a powerful interest controlling probably a large block of electoral votes.

He will no doubt try to straddle the gulf between the industrial East and the agricultural West, which the Republicans have tried in vain to stretch across. The recent vote shows that the future of the Democratic party lies beyond the Mississippi River.

But in doing this he will not turn his back on the East. He will try to split the industrialist element by winning to the support of the Democratic party the powerful figures who look beyond home markets to the great world of trade. And he will bid for the workers of the East by encouraging social legislation to improve their lot. The task before him is one for a bold and consummate politician.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a medium for raising revenue as painlessly as taxation may, Canada's sales tax is a success

The Tax Nobody Notices

By Walter Davenport

They've had a sales tax in Canada for twelve years. It's invisible and so nearly painless that the people have forgotten about it. But not the government. The Dominion is more than $750,000,000 richer because of it. Mr. Davenport shows you how such things are managed

IT WAS in the post-war daze of 1920 that Canada, casting about for ways and means to pay for the glory she had bought at Ypres and Cambrai, Mons and Vimy Ridge, adopted an ancient expedient for government income known broadly as the Sales Tax.

Like other nations scrambling more or less aimlessly and sometimes hopelessly to rebuild their exploded structures, retrieve what was left of the old order and set up a foundation for the unknown new, Canada was not devoting much of her attention to details. The thing was to get free of the general débris and then look around.

It was generally clear that new methods of taxation would have to be embraced and old ones revived if the groggy political systems were to be saved at all. Even income-producing devices that had failed, which had been rejected as economically unsound and socially unfair, would have to be resorted to in the name of emergency. And the financial schemes of 1914 were pitiful penny pots compared with what the times were demanding.

In Canada, as elsewhere, a thousand and one new economists were taking to the nearest tree or mountain top to bellow their advice and advertise their home-brewed magic. But the general populace, busy with its own individual wounds, paid little attention. And Canada's editors were still devoting their pens and pages to the beauty and the symbolism of fifty-two thousand Canadians whose bodies were enriching the soil of France.

Canada, preserving her wonted calm, was content to leave the political reconstruction to her political leaders—professional politicians—who proceeded without much hindrance to draw up a budget in which all the patent pick-me-ups and revolutionary catnip of the new financial dervishes were solemnly ignored. And they offered it to the Dominion Parliament without promises. If it were inadequate—well, it could be amended or rewritten. At any rate there it was—substantial, demonstrable, homely and very British. And it was adopted without any of the furor that surrounds fiscal measures today.

Snugly tucked away in that document was a scheme which, as far back as the fifteenth-century Kingdom of Naples, had been tried but rejected as politically dangerous. Spain had experimented with it but had decided that it produced more riots than cash. England, during and after her wars with France, had adopted it as a first-aid poultice to sick treasuries. The United States had utilized a makeshift version of it to finance her armies in the Civil War.

But the sales tax had never survived emergencies except in a few of the world's remaining autocracies, where little all-supreme princes had the power personally to impose and repeal, to make a law and break it as the humor took them. The reason for this lack of vitality was not so much in the sales tax's inherent weaknesses as in the unintelligent administration.

If it took the form of a straight sales tax, levying excises on the daily purchases of the populace, its first successes invariably encouraged its political beneficiaries to move the rate upward and onward, the aim of unwise governments being to find out just how much the traffic would bear. And they usually raised the rates until they had nice, messy rebellions on their hands. But if it was in the nature of a manufacturer's sales tax, such as Canada has developed, it frequently failed to get tested over a period of years because the manufacturers objected. And the manufacturers were apt to be most important fellows in the schemes of political parties.

No Signs of Suffering

Nevertheless Canada adopted the sales tax without serious difficulty because the thoughts of the people in 1920 were still out of focus. In a simpler and less irritating form it still obtains in the Dominion, almost forgotten by the wage-earning classes whose enemy it is supposed to be. Inasmuch as sales increase and decrease with the wealth of the people it is not possible to say what percentage of Canada's income is derived from it. Neither can you strike an average for the twelve years it has operated in Canada, because it has been assessed at a variety of rates. It started out at two per cent; it is now six. About all the traffic can stand.

Yet, to give you some idea of its produce, in the lean fiscal year of 1931-1932 Canada derived $42,379,932 from her sales tax at a four-per-cent rate. Her total revenue from taxation in that period was $296,272,396. This is merely a sample.

About a year ago a party of representatives and senators from Washington went to Canada at the expense of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, whose advocacy of the sales tax for the United States has been so violent that some of his editorial writers were proclaiming it as the ultimate solution of all taxation problems. They are a trifle overenthusiastic. But the point is that certain members of the party, after their inquiries in Ottawa, appeared to be steeped in gloom.

Quite a number of these gentlemen will not be in the next Congress. Their public careers were founded and sustained by their stanch championship of the wage earner. They were professional "friends of the people" and got away with it beautifully until their constituencies began to look into governmental matters on their own hook. But throughout the Canadian survey these members persisted in and out of hours in their efforts to find that the poor man, the farmer, organized labor and the white-collared wage earner were suffering under the Canadian sales tax.

The Tax that Men Forgot

But they failed. Their failure was not because the Canadian sales tax is a boon to the worker. It isn't. In no particular does it lighten his burden. But they did not succeed because the tax is so skillfully administered and the exemptions so adroitly designated that the Canadian worker is scarcely cognizant of its existence.

In fact you have almost to remind the average Canadian that there is such a law. I asked a large retail grocer about it—wherein he was affected, whether it increased his business expenses or made noticeable difference in his prices.

"Yes, yes," he replied calmly, "we have a sales tax. That is, the manufacturers have. No, I can't say that it makes any difference here. You're about the first person to mention the sales tax to me for years. How does it look to you? Worth while?"

I asked a woolen goods wholesaler.

"Sales tax?" he said. "Why, I guess it's all right. I pay on what I import—pay a sales tax when I take my goods out of customs. But I guess it's all right. Got to pay taxes, you know. Oh, I suppose it could affect the price to retailers but standard goods are standard goods, you know. If the retailer doesn't buy from me he'll buy more advantageously elsewhere. One has to watch that sort of thing, you know. You can't pass costs on so easily. Competition is very sharp."

The farmer offers no objection because the implements he uses and the products he raises are exempt. Similarly the miner, the lumberman and the fisherman are not taxed. Organized labor has seen to it that the ordinary necessities of life are largely exempt. And the man upon whom the tax falls, the manufacturer of finished products, has come to take a nice, philosophic view of the sales tax on the grounds that he is certain to be taxed anyway and that the sales tax is one of the mildest levies he can hope for.

Canada has come to her current administration of the sales tax by a system of trial and error. As it was first adopted, it was a turnover tax of one per cent. It applied generally on imported goods and on pyramiding sales of imports and Canadian manufactures—the manufacturer paying one per cent, the wholesaler paying one per cent and the jobber one per cent. For example, suppose a tanner bought hides from a packing house.

One per cent of the purchase price went to the government. After he had tanned the hide and sold it as leather, he paid to the government one per cent of what he got for it. The manufacturer of leather goods—shoes, harness or what not—paid another one per cent on his selling price. And finally the wholesaler, disposing of the manufactured product to the retailer, paid one per cent. Or if there was a middleman, a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jobber, between the wholesaler and the retailer, the government got yet another one per cent.

This is known as pyramiding and there was an immediate protest at Ottawa. The wholesalers and the jobbers complained bitterly because (and it was all easily demonstrable) they had to pay one per cent on any imported goods they handled and another one per cent on what they might purchase from domestic manufacturers. In addition to that, if they sold directly to the consumer—the ultimate consumer—they had to pay yet another one per cent because the consumer was supposed to be exempt from any of the burden. Of course he wasn't because in the long involved process of tax upon tax the price to him was sooner or later sure to include at least a part of the aggregate tax.

But, further objected the wholesalers and the jobbers, large retailers could ignore them and import goods directly from foreign houses and be liable for only one tax of one per cent. Or, cried the jobbers, the retailer could buy directly from the Canadian manufacturer, in which instance he, the middleman, was frozen right out of business. And the government would suffer, too, because, you see, at least one tax producer—the jobber—would thus be eliminated.

After some pondering, the government tried to remedy this situation—or a part of it—by increasing the rate of sales tax on imported goods. But that, obviously, didn't erase the trouble. All sorts of complications developed. In a short time the government was forced to waste weeks and months trying to define "wholesaler" and "retailer." Suppose the first purchaser from the manufacturer or the first importer decided to do some retail business? Was he a wholesaler or a retailer? And what was to become of the businesses which by long-established custom had existed a step beyond the first purchaser of imports and domestic manufactures —the business men who called themselves retailers?

Moreover, so clumsy was the government's machinery of administration that many businesses went along operating for two and three years before the government's auditors got around to them to rule whether the concern was a wholesaler, a retailer or what. All very confusing. Also it was quite necessary that the government audit all manufacturers, all wholesalers and all jobbers, and the government found it impossible to keep pace with business because it couldn't train and organize enough auditors in time to catch up.

Now You See It and Now You Don't

By 1924 Ottawa was listening gloomily to those who advised it to give up the sales tax, pointing to history for evidence that this method of getting revenue was too fraught with obstacles to be workable. But Canada elected to make radical changes and try again. Moreover, Canada couldn't afford to abandon any existing form of income. And the advocates of the sales tax were still harping on the old argument—that a sales tax was sure to fatten the public treasury because the people would always be buying things in order to keep alive.

Therefore in 1924 Canada abolished the turnover tax and substituted for it the manufacturer's sales tax. Pyramiding was effectively eliminated and the tax ceased to be visible by the time the ultimate consumer, that universal victim of taxation, had received the goods from the retailer. The Canadian government had learned lots about sales taxes by sticking to them. It had learned, among other things, that a man will buy a forty-five dollar suit of clothes for fifty dollars and not utter a single cry of distress, but if his bill reveals that he has bought a forty-five dollar suit to which is added five dollars tax, he will go completely berserk the next time he has a chance to vote.

The new system, still obtaining, applies to finished manufactures and to imported goods ready for the ultimate consumer. There is but one tax applied and collected. To make certain that only one tax might be collected it was decreed that no tax might be levied on goods "to be used in, wrought into or attached to articles to be manufactured or produced for sale." In other words, only the finished motor car can be taxed and not the motor that goes into it, or the transmission apparatus, or the wheels or the tires. Or if you manufacture clothing no tax is collected from the man who sells you the cloth, the buttons or the thread. You, the manufacturer, pay the tax after you have sold the completed suit to the retailer. But the custom-tailor—the man who measures you for your individual suit and sells thus to individuals who are his customers—pays on the materials he buys to make that suit. Thus the tax is never passed on to the ultimate consumer. Not, at least, in visible form.

The revised law puts upon the manufacturer the burden of accounting for what he owes the government, very much as he must compute his own income tax. He trains his own auditors or hires sales tax experts and every month makes his statement to the government, accompanying this sworn-to document with his check. And then, every so often and frequently without notice, the government's auditor appears and surveys the manufacturer's books. Penalties for evasion or failure to pay vary, but in spirit they follow income tax penalties which in Canada are quite similar to ours.

Whether you like the sales tax theory or object to it, the Canadian system forces a very definite conclusion upon you: It works. As a medium for raising government revenue as painlessly as taxation may, it is a success.

"See here," says one of the Dominion's bankers. "Just lay aside all the theories of the economists who oppose the sales tax. Look at it as a practical man. It accomplishes its mission, doesn't it? Well? Good taxes? There aren't any. Bad ones? They're all bad. But what are you going to do about them? Why, pay them of course, provided they're fair. Well, this is a fair tax. Generally speaking, our manufacturers are a pretty sound lot—sound in business and in attitude toward government. You know, up here a manufacturer has to be pretty sound to get the support of our banking system. We have very little nonsense. The manufacturers whom our closely knit banking establishment lends to do not find that the sales tax restricts their expansion. They are not that sort of manufacturers."

A Model Collection System

The new law specifies that all manufacturers are required to take out a license. The fee is nominal—two dollars a year. Under this license the manufacturer is authorized to purchase tax-free materials for remanufacture into taxable goods or finished goods ready for sale. As for example, the motor-car manufacturer. Or, to return to our tanner, he imports hides and materials free of sales tax, or purchases from a Canadian packing house, likewise exempt from the levy, and proceeds to manufacture his leather.

But this leather too is exempt because it goes into manufactured finished products. Therefore the tanner pays no tax when he sells to a licensed manufacturer of shoes and other leather goods. But should he sell direct to a non-licensee he must pay the sales tax on the selling price. Such a non-licensee may be the cobbler who repairs your shoes. The cobbler is not regarded as a manufacturer. Neither are such smaller industries as those of tinsmiths, druggists, blacksmiths, opticians, dentists, plumbers and the like so regarded.

But after the licensed manufacturer has converted that leather into his product and has passed it on to the

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by John Cassel

Invisible taxes seldom arouse the ire of the purchaser

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stevens takes Command

The story of a modest hero who knew when to defy authority

By Albert Richard Wetjen

On the Garryowen's main deck a swarm of frantic im-

MR. STEVENS, the first mate of the Penworth, bound for Norfolk, Virginia, for coal, stared over the rail at the mountainous gray seas and then at the blue rift in the sky to windward.

"Come on," he said to the second mate at his side. "We'll get this thing settled!"

They went down to the lower bridge together, their faces grim. They rapped on the captain's door, rapped again, and when no answer was forthcoming they used a crowbar and forced it open. Captain Wright lay sprawled on his bunk, a week's growth of ugly beard on his face, his pajamas filthy, his face a blotched red, his weak blue eyes watering and an empty whisky bottle beside him. The mate hauled him from the bunk and flung him roughly into a chair.

"Pull yourself together!" he swore. "You've had six days of it! The gale's letting up and we've got to head south."

Captain Wright blinked up at him, hiccoughed and wiped his wet mouth with the back of an unsteady hand.

"South nothin'," he blurted. "I told you north about. Gotta make time. Fabian, the office manager, said we had t' make time. Keep her as she goes."

"You listen to me!" snapped the mate tensely. "When we cleared the Scillys we had the choice of two courses . . . Great Circle or Mercator, north or south about. Without ballast as we are, and underpowered, we should have gone south. The Atlantic's no place to fool with in December. But you wouldn't listen. And so here we've been hove to for six days. Now the weather's breaking and we've got to do the sensible thing."

Captain Wright waved his hand.

"ALL you gotta do is t' obey orders. North about's th' shortest way an' Fabian says we gotta make time."

"Damn Fabian!" exploded the mate. "We've lost six days already. Now we've got to go south whether you like it or not."

The captain stared at him with a glimmering of reason.

"Wha' for?"

"Coal!" rasped the mate. "We only had enough for the run and now after being held up six days there isn't enough left to get us to Norfolk. We've got to make the Azores to rebunker."

"We can't do that," choked the captain suddenly. "Listen, Stevens, we can't do that. We're on a time charter. If we don't get t' Norfolk in time we'll lose th' cargo an' maybe I'll lose my berth. Keep her as she goes."

Mr. Stevens shrugged.

"It's out of your hands," he stated flatly. "I'm heading her south."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," roared the captain, lurching to his feet. "I'm master of this ship. I'll break you. . . ." His weak jaw was quivering.

"Please yourself!" snapped the mate and he left the cabin without closing the door.

"Same thing every voyage," complained the second mate bitterly. "Every time we get into any trouble he parks with his whisky."

"He's a swine all right," the mate agreed. "I'm going to quit when we get home. I'm fed up. . . . Lay off the course to the Azores. I'll take the responsibility!"

"What in hell got into him—taking the northern route this time of the year?" demanded the second mate. "He's usually pretty careful of his hide."

The mate shrugged.

"Trying to play up to Fabian, proving he can make fast trips, I guess. The Line's building a new ship and he figures he'll get it."

The second mate laughed harshly.

"He's more likely to get fired for losing this cargo. We'll never get to Norfolk in time to pick it up."

"He'll find some way out," stated the mate. "You ought to know that by this time. Probably lay the blame on us."

"It's a marvel to me how he ever got to be a skipper," said the second mate as he ran off the course on the chart. "He's not fit to be master of a barge. If he isn't drunk he's whining and complaining around, or else telling us we don't know our business."

Mr. Stevens lighted a cigarette and shrugged.

"They gave him the ship during the war when most anyone could get a command. He's hung onto it some way."

"Yeah?" said the second mate dryly. "You mean you've hung on to it for him and all he does is treat you like a dog!"

TWENTY-THREE days out from London and over a week late the Penworth entered Chesapeake Bay, picked up her pilot and dejectedly proceeded to the Norfolk Roads, her decks visibly battered by the sea. The cargo listed for her had been reassigned. Furthermore, an optional cargo, being perishable, had been shipped also. So the Penworth swung to her anchor until a scathing letter arrived from Mr. Fabian, who was a very angry man. Captain Wright wrote in reply a very clever and very dignified note in which he explained everything. The weather, the condition of the Penworth's wheezy engine, the lack of ballast, the fact he had believed it to be Mr. Fabian's intention that he should take the northern and the shorter route in preference to the longer southern route, and then he had had some trouble with the crew. . . . It was an admirable piece of work.

"Ah, Mr. Stevens," he said pleasantly, stopping on his way ashore to mail the note. "I've told Mr. Fabian I was a very sick man on the trip over. I don't suppose there will be any need, but in case he asks you . . ."

Mr. Stevens' face darkened and he tossed his cigarette into the harbor.

"I understand, sir," he said stiffly and turned abruptly away. The second mate whistled. He had overheard that.

"I'll say this for him," he observed. "He's got his nerve. Suppose we went to Fabian. . . ." The mate laughed.

"Forget it, kid. A skipper's word's good any time."

"I guess that's right," agreed the second despondently. "Maybe some time you'll get a chance to pay him back."

"Maybe," said the mate and let it go at that. Yet things were not so hopeless. The sea attends to all matters in its own time. Two days later the Penworth cleared with coal for Buenos Aires, and Mr. Stevens' chance came to him. . . .

Just three hundred miles off Fernando de Noronha the Garryowen, racing for port and quarantine and badly in need of doctors, broke her tail-end shaft and took it devastatingly through her hull. The Garryowen was a liner, one of a fleet of British vessels that served the Mediterranean-River Plate trade, and she had on board over a thousand souls, including immigrants from Vigo and the Canaries, and when her S O S went out she roused the whole shipping world.

THE weak blue eyes of Captain Wright almost popped out of his head when the message was handed to him, and a shiver of utter cold fear ran up and down his spine. He had never in all his career expected anything like this, hadn't bargained for it, didn't want it. It was too much, too big a job.

"My God!" he said, thrusting the S O S under his mate's nose. "And we're only thirty miles from the position she gives!"

"That's right," agreed Mr. Stevens calmly, though his face paled.

"But read the last sentence!" shrieked the captain.

"I've read it," said Mr. Stevens and he read it again aloud: "FEEL IT MY DUTY TO WARN VESSELS STANDING BY HAVE CHOLERA ON BOARD." He tossed the sheet of flimsy on the chart table and compressed his lips. "Well, I'll alter the course and ask the chief for all the steam he can raise."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

migrants were fighting with sailors and stewards to get at the one remaining boat

"Alter the course?" shouted Captain Wright. "Are you crazy? It's suicide. Cholera, on a crazy tub like this? No doctor, no accommodations. . . . You listen to me!"

THE captain seized the mate's arm in a frenzied grip. "Listen to me, mister! We're in a bad way ourselves, see? We can't go. Regrets and all that, but we're leaking and down by the head with a bad sea running. Nothing to it."

Mr. Stevens stared at him in astonishment.

"Are you proposing to me that we ignore that S O S?" he demanded. "Have you gone insane?"

"No! Not insane." Captain Wright was ashen-faced and all but gibbering. "Safety first, see? I know cholera. Takes you off in a matter of hours. And a thousand people crammed on this little boat . . . a lot of them sick . . . why, it can't be done! There's a big Nelson boat to the south of her and she'll have doctors and accommodations. There's an Italian liner to the east. It's not our job!" He was all but pleading.

Mr. Stevens' jaw grew iron-hard and he picked up the radio message and smoothed it out.

"Perhaps you did not read this carefully?" he suggested icily. He indicated a portion of the message:

DOWN BY STERN AND SINKING. CANNOT LAST VERY LONG. COME AT ONCE.

Captain Wright slammed on the chart table with his tight fist.

"Of course I read it, you fool! What do you think I'm talking about? And, anyway, I'm master here and we don't go!"

"The Nelson boat is one hundred and fifty miles away," said Mr. Stevens calmly, inspecting the filed radiograms of the past hour. "The Italian boat is farther away than that. We have to go. Otherwise a thousand people will die."

Captain Wright stared at him, big-eyed, a little foam on his weak lips.

"For God's sake, Stevens! Cholera. Don't you understand that?"

"I do! I've seen a city all but wiped out with it but I don't see that it matters," said Mr. Stevens; but there was an icy hand about his heart. With no place to put castaways unless it was in noisome holds; with only a small amount of medicine aboard; with a supply of food that one day would exhaust when distributed among a thousand souls . . . the Penworth might become a shambles.

"It's only a case of taking them off until the other liners reach us," he stated. "Pull yourself together, man!"

"And I say no!" shouted Captain Wright, shaking all over. "No! No! No! . . . Damn you, don't you argue with me! I'm master here!"

Mr. Stevens was frankly amazed at the man. He had known he was a coward, had seen it proven that time in the six-day Atlantic hurricane, had seen it proven a dozen times before, but he had never known he was as bad as this. The man was mad. Mr. Stevens braced his shoulders.

"I'm altering the course," he said at last, very quietly. "And we'll lower our boats."

"IT'S mutiny! I'll put you in irons!" choked the other. Mr. Stevens had to laugh.

"Don't be a fool. Do you think there's an official who would stand by you if I told them what the situation was? We're not all yellow."

There was a tense silence for a moment and Captain Wright's face worked as he strove to collect his thoughts. He knew that what the mate said was true. No one of his officers would stand by him. It was doubtful if even the common seamen would.

"I'll tell you what then, mister," he said hopefully, almost pleading. "We'll just lower two boats. I can't spare officers to man any more. I've got to have one to stand by with me, and we can't chance losing all our boats in this sea."

"WE'VE got four boats and we'll lower them all!" snapped the mate, exasperated. "And we're wasting time arguing. There's three of us mates can take a boat each and the boatswain can handle the fourth. Why, get it through your damned head! Our boats only hold thirty, and that includes the men necessary to work them. Haven't you any idea how long it would take us to tranship a thousand people if we only used two boats? As it is, we won't save them all."

"The sea's too high for small boats, and ours are rotten anyway!"

"Good God, man!" Mr. Stevens was aghast. "We could almost run alongside her in this calm. There's only a smooth swell."

"No, no!" the captain caught at his sleeve again. "I'll tell you what, then. We'll demand they only send us those who are well. . . . No sick ones, eh? That might help!"

"Take your filthy hands off me!" snapped the mate, shaking himself clear. "Go and get drunk again if you can't face it!"

Captain Wright staggered and sat down on the settee, his throat working.

"It's suicide," he whimpered. "You're a damned fool, Stevens! It's suicide, I tell you."

Mr. Stevens was busy with the chart and did not reply. He was used to taking charge of the Penworth in times of crisis. He pressed a buzzer and presently the chartroom door opened and the wireless operator came in, looking white and strained.

"Send this," rapped the mate, "and get me an answer!"

He wrote rapidly on a scrap of paper, tore it off and handed it to the operator:

COMING WITH ALL SPEED. PLEASE DESCRIBE CONDITION WIND AND WEATHER. ARE YOU LISTED, TO WHICH SIDE, ETC.? ARE YOUR BOATS AVAILABLE? PENWORTH.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Stevens aside to the captain, contemptuously. "If she can't last long maybe she'll be gone before we reach her. We're close to thirty miles away and we can only make ten knots."

"That's right," muttered the captain. "That's right. I hadn't thought of that." He wiped cold sweat from his forehead. "Cholera. Oh, my God!"

THE wireless operator came back as Mr. Stevens finished altering the course and sending a man to rouse the other mates:

REGRET LOST SEVERAL BOATS IN WEATHER TWO DAYS BACK. IMMIGRANTS RUSHING OTHERS AND SOME ALREADY CAPSIZED AND GONE. MUST USE YOUR BOATS. SETTLING BY STERN BUT NO LIST AS YET. WIND MODERATE SOUTHERLY. SEA CALM. GARRYOWEN.

"Read that," said Mr. Stevens curtly, and Captain Wright read and groaned again, his hands shaking so he could hardly hold the message still before his eyes.

"There's only one thing to do," said the mate grimly. "And it's a bad risk but I've seen it done once before. It'll be nip and tuck even if we do reach her in time. . . . And we'll have to run alongside!"

The suggestion brought even Captain Wright out of his terror for a moment.

"Run alongside? In this swell? Run

(Continued on page 40)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

SET upon and chloroformed by a gang of masked men, while motoring to London, following a visit to Lord Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, awakens to a terrifying situation. He is in a cell. Confronting him is a man—masked. "Cecil Brandt," says the man, "is to be hanged, as you are well aware, at eight o'clock in the morning. You alone can save him—get him a reprieve. If you don't, you too must die —*here and now*."

In cultured tones, the man reviews the case—a sensational one: According to the evidence brought out at the trial, Cecil Brandt, returning unexpectedly to his home, had found a man—Gervase Benham—waiting in the study for his wife. Insanely jealous, he had killed Benham. He had *been tried and convicted—of murder*. Sir Humphrey, the one man in England who could save him, had declined to intercede for him. Facing certain death, Sir Humphrey again refuses to intercede, and his abductors prepare to hang him.

A messenger arrives, speaks to the leader, who then steps forward. "Cecil Brandt's wife," he whispers, "has never told the whole truth. She is now at your home, waiting for you, prepared to confess everything. If she does, will you grant a reprieve?" Sir Humphrey agrees and is released.

Katherine Brandt—a noted actress whom he has known and admired for years—tells him the truth: that Benham, to discuss her new play, had come to her *bedroom* (not the study), where her husband had found him. That fact, Sir Humphrey is well aware, alters the case. He promises to order a reprieve. The woman leaves—and Sir Humphrey, still suffering from shock, falls in a faint. He regains consciousness —eight hours after Brandt has been executed! . . . Convalescent, at last, he calls on Katherine Brandt. She understands what has happened; promises to discuss the *situation further at dinner, in his home*, Sunday evening. . . . At Scotland Yard, Sir Humphrey tells his story. General Sir Harold Moore, Chief Commissioner, and Sub-Commissioner Matterson listen in amazement. Summoning Inspector Smithers, the general orders him to take two good men, and go to Norwich.

III

SIR HUMPHREY and his doctor dined together that evening in Chestow Square. The latter was jubilant at his patient's triumphant recovery, but insisted on a glass of champagne to counteract the fatigues of the first day.

"By the bye," he remarked speculatively, "you said something about a shock but you never told me what it was that brought on the crisis that terrible night. Your physical condition was bad enough, of course, but it was scarcely sufficient to account for your complete breakdown."

Sir Humphrey fingered his glass.

"No, I never told you, Standish," he assented. "I do not think I ever shall. I have had to dig the matter up this afternoon for Scotland Yard, but I do not think that I shall ever tell anybody else what happened that night."

"My dear fellow, not another word," the physician begged. "I just spoke out of the idlest curiosity. At present I am interested in only one matter—how the mischief did you manage to get this wine transported so that it opens up in such perfect condition?"

Sir Humphrey smiled.

"The question of transport has never arisen," he explained. "This little house —everyone wonders why I am so fond of it—belonged to my father and my grandfather. The wine was laid down in these cellars."

"I always wondered why you stayed on here when you have an official residence," the doctor remarked.

"The official residence I use as little as possible. You see, I have no official hostess. My sister comes up from the country whenever I require her, but she is a busy woman and I do not worry her too often. Everyone else in the Cabinet is a domestic person with wife and family and, except where it is clearly the Home Secretary's job, I let them take on the entertaining."

PARKINS entered and made an announcement.

"There is an urgent telephone call for the doctor, Sir Humphrey," he announced. "He is asked to go to Harding House at once."

"You will excuse me, I know, Humphrey," his guest begged. "It is old Lady Harding—one of my best patients. Nothing serious, but she doesn't like it if I keep her waiting. I shan't bother about seeing you for a day or two. I will ask you to report in a week. No, no coffee, thank you, Parkins. I will get along if you'll call me a taxi."

Sir Humphrey strolled into the hall to see his guest off. As he turned away from the closed front door he noticed that there were several strange hats upon the rack.

"Whose are these choice specimens of headgear, Parkins?" he asked, a little puzzled.

"Four gentlemen are waiting to see you in the library, sir," the man confided. "Colonel Matterson is one of them, and I fancy that the other gentlemen are from Scotland Yard. They arrived at the same time as the telephone message for Doctor Standish, so I did not announce them."

"Quite right, Parkins," his master approved. "I will go in at once and see what they want."

In the library he found the sub-commissioner, Inspector Smithers and two other men awaiting him. The former was standing upon the hearthrug and advanced to greet his host.

"Sir Humphrey," he explained, "I want you to meet the three members of my staff whom I have chosen to look into this affair of yours. They will start for Norfolk tomorrow morning, but they were exceedingly anxious — Inspector Smithers particularly — to ask you a few questions first. I thought you would not mind if I brought them round. *They are leaving by the* newspaper train early tomorrow."

"Certainly not," Rossiter acquiesced, "although there is little I can say beyond what I told you this evening."

"Inspector Smithers you have already met," Colonel Matterson said, pointing to the sallow-faced man with the black mustache. "This is Inspector Simpson, who has done some excellent work for us."

Sir Humphrey shook hands with Inspector Simpson—a strongly built man, with a ruddy complexion, bright blue eyes under heavy eyebrows, and a somewhat ferocious expression.

"And this," the sub-commissioner concluded, "is Detective Pank. Pank, I may say, still has his spurs to earn, but he has done some useful work and he happens to be a Norfolk man."

Detective Pank, under the average height but with a well-set-up, athletic figure, sandy-haired, with an insignificant but thoughtful face, rose to his feet and shook hands with obvious nervousness. Sir Humphrey established himself in an easy-chair. Inspector Smithers leaned respectfully forward.

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a sense of outrage. She stood rigidly in the doorway

like the first roll of thunder. Wright, still with his hat and coat on, loomed into her vision as at the end of a telescope, Robert hovering in his wake.

"Your coat, sir," she heard the butler say, but an odd vibration had crept into his habitually colorless voice.

"Coat be damned," roared Wright. "By heaven, I'm tired of telling you your place, afternoons, is on the door. Where were you? In the pantry nudging the new maid?"

"I'm sorry, sir," murmured Robert.

"I'm tired of that too," bellowed Wright. "You're always sorry about something you did but never sorry enough to remember not to do it again."

"You are unusually early, sir. I thought you couldn't be expected for at least an hour."

"That's the trouble with you butlers—you think. What do I care how much it bores you to stay in the hall by the hour at two hundred a month? That's what you're paid for, isn't it? Call Pilkins." Robert started toward the pantry but before he could reach it Wright shouted with all the strength of his bull voice, "Pilkins!"

Pilkins, rushing in through the dining-room, collided violently with Robert, bounced off him and faced Wright. "Yes, sir."

"Ah, there you are. Have you waked up enough to remember you didn't put my keys or my billfold or even a clean handkerchief in my clothes for this morning?"

"If you had told me you were going to leave the house before breakfast, sir," murmured Pilkins, "it wouldn't have happened."

"Oh! So you and Robert both have to be furnished with a schedule of the boss' plans! Now there's just one thing I want you two kitchen lizards to listen to and ponder. I've been waited on by Chinamen, blacks, Malays, Somalis, peons, Swahilis, females, eunuchs and men, and even the seat of my pants knows the difference between service and soldiering. Any remarks, Robert?"

"No, sir," said Robert, voice and face once more expressionless.

MARGARET stepped out from the den. When the row had first started she had been unable to credit her ears. Wright's words, pounding at them, had deafened her. Then had followed a moment of nightmare, of wondering where she was and when she would awake. Her body felt flaccid, but abruptly strength poured back into it. She had risen. Now she came forward, pale but completely possessed. Ignoring Wright, she turned to Robert and Pilkins.

"I won't have servants who will put up with that sort of talk," she said quietly, her voice in strange contrast to Wright's recent vociferation. "You are both discharged."

"Margaret!" exclaimed Wright, his red face turning redder. "I didn't know you were listening in."

"I didn't have to listen to hear you, John," she continued steadily, her eyes coming to grips with his, "and I hope you heard me."

"Yes, I heard you," said Wright, immediately cool in the face of an emergency. "But you're wrong, my dear. They're not discharged. Just when I've fixed it so we'll have a little attention for a few days you come butting in and want to fire them."

"It was you who gave me authority to make what changes I pleased," Margaret reminded him, her voice low and controlled.

"Changes, yes," said Wright, also speaking quietly, "but I can't stand for injustice. Fire me, if you like, but not them."

Margaret wrenched her gaze away from his and turned again to the servants. A first tremor seized her as she noticed that they continued to look fixedly at Wright and not at her. Nevertheless she persevered. "I still mean what I said; you are discharged."

"It won't work," said Wright on a note of amused tolerance. "They won't go, and what's more, they don't want to go. What about it, boys?"

"The usual raise, sir?" asked Pilkins.

"You have a nerve," murmured Wright. "No; not this time. I must play fair with Mrs. Wright. If either one of you wants to quit, say so. If not, get back on the job and make it lively."

The men left the room at once.

Watching them go, Margaret was conscious of an odd sinking of the heart, different from, and more poignant than any that had preceded it. This was the end, she thought; it had to be. Only a few weeks—why, she had hardly begun—and this was the end! She had been beaten before, but this was more than a beating—it was oblivion. Her eyes returned slowly to Wright.

"This is the end," she murmured aloud. "Of course, I can't stay."

HE DROPPED his hat on the floor and advanced on her. Without warning he swept her bodily off her feet and strode across the room and up the stairs. This time he cradled no child, but a package. Arrived in his room, he tossed her on the big bed so expertly that pillows and mattress caught her weight as lightly as he had carried her. She had lain as passive and cold in his arms as she was lying now, her hands lax and waxen against the wine-red of the damask counterpane. When he started to pace up and down, her eyes followed him mechanically, almost with the click of a shuttle. He was not looking at her; he stared at the floor while he walked and talked.

"Not the end," he muttered with an angry shake of his head; "the beginning. That's what you softies can never understand, that we are always at a beginning. Do you think a girl ever marries the man who woos her? Never. Ask any married woman. When they wake to the truth of that, some make the best of the new deal and some lie down on the job and howl. That's you. You've just seen me having one of my normal family rows and what happens? You say you're through. Well—what does that make you? A quitter—a quitter like your boy friend Morton, who sailed for parts unknown the very day he got the sad news of your marriage."

During his tirade Margaret had drawn herself higher on the pillows; now she swung her legs off the bed and sat on its edge with her head in her hands. "I'm not a quitter," she murmured more to herself than to him. "I'm not—I'm not."

He did not hear; words kept on pouring out of him: "You're through, eh? Well, it may shock you, but to me it begins to look like an even break. I'm even more vulgar than you thought I was; let's admit it. But you? What about you? Why, you haven't got even the thing I thought you had! So you can go when and where you like. What's more, you can have every cent I've got. To hell with money and to hell with New York. Thank God there's still the Dos Picos!"

MARGARET left the bed and started to go out, but at the door she turned. "You win, John," she said without emotion. "I don't know how I can stay with those two servants in the house, but I'm sure of one thing and you can be sure of it too. I shall stay."

Early the next afternoon Wright was sitting before the desk in his office, his brows in a knot. He touched a push-button; Jones was before him as if by magic. "Menelik," asked Wright, "do you play chess?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Jones, wondering if he could possibly learn before morning.

"It's supposed to be a difficult game," continued Wright, "but it isn't. Any child could learn to play it in a week, but the child couldn't win. Why?"

"I don't know, sir," said Jones anxiously, now convinced he was going to be called upon to be a little child.

"Combinations. Thousands of them—for all I know there are millions."

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heavy Suitor

Mrs. Hanley, of Chicago, finds the perfect son-in-law: a story of enlightened youth amid the perils of the world's safest city

By Vincent Sheean

PAUSING in the delicate final labors of the dressing table, with powder puff in hand and jewel case open, Mrs. R. H. Hanley addressed her husband.

"I think," she said with every evidence of reflection, "that the only thing to do is to take her to Europe."

"Take who to Europe?" Mr. R. H. Hanley inquired. His tone indicated that no possible answer could surprise or even interest him; he was only talking because Mary expected to be talked to. Nearly thirty years of experience had failed to enlighten him on the reasons for Mary's slowness in dressing, but if she liked to dawdle and argue, he had no serious objection.

"Muriel, of course," said Mrs. Hanley. "Who else? To get her away. She's quite likely to get herself engaged at any moment."

"Good thing if she did," said Mr. Hanley comfortably. "Bert's a good fellow, doing very well, and Muriel's free, white and twenty."

Mrs. Hanley sighed heavily.

"Oh, I don't expect you to understand, Harry," she said mournfully. "You won't—you never have. I like Bert quite well enough. But I want Muriel to do something quite—quite different. I want her to escape absolutely, completely and forever, from the sight or sound or smell of meat-packing. Call me foolish, but I'd like her to—"

"I see," said Mr. Hanley. "It's the packing business. It isn't genteel—is that it? Well, of course, I suppose that's a point of view. But I don't think you'll find many people to agree with you. The year, in case you've forgotten, is 1932. And if Muriel's father is a packer I don't see why her husband shouldn't be one too. Moreover, you're going to be several hours late for your dinner party. I expect most of your guests are here already. Or is it ungenteel to be on time, too?"

"Don't be sarcastic," said Mrs. Hanley. "I know you think I'm an idiot, but can I help that? Run along downstairs, dear, and say hello to the people if they've already come. And don't let Bert keep Muriel off in a corner."

"Don't let the sun come up in the morning," said Mr. Hanley, as he left the room.

Mrs. Hanley sat on at the dressing table for a good ten minutes longer, distributing bits of powder over areas which seemed to her insufficiently covered, and reviewing in her mind those momentous problems at which she had hinted in her remarks to her husband.

THE truth about Mrs. Hanley's tardiness at her own parties was that she could not bear to miss the opportunity for an effective entrance. The possession of Hanley's Hams and Hanley's Bacon and a number of other products of collaboration with the lowly pig had enabled Mrs. Hanley to have a house and dresses and jewels unrivaled among her acquaintances in Chicago. Her nineteenth-century aversion to the enterprise which had provided these necessities did not keep her from appreciating them, and she liked nothing better than to sweep into her own lovely Adam drawing-room in a trailing velvet dress, with diamonds in her hair, while the awaiting populace applauded.

Mrs. Hanley's figure was still excellent, and her blond prettiness had not vanished with the years, so that there was always good reason for applause when she made an entrance. As various gallant gentlemen had been known to say, she looked like her own daughter Muriel's older sister; and she never heard this opinion without approving it in secret.

Mrs. Hanley's entrance tonight was perfect. The light from the hall fell upon her graciously as she turned in through the wide doors. Her guests, some twenty of them, looked up with a flattering unanimity from the other end of the long room where they stood about with cocktail glasses in their hands. Some of them were thinking, she knew, how much prettier Muriel would be if she resembled her mother more.

Muriel was pretty enough, in all conscience, but she had not the flawless harmony and composition of her celebrated parent. Muriel's impish vivacity seemed to be the only element which held together her somewhat ill-assorted features, brown, disconcerting eyes and tilted nose and wide mouth. The girl had a curious combination of awkwardness and grace, a kind of innate honesty of movement. She never could have achieved an entrance like that of her mother; when she walked it was because she was going somewhere, and for a definite purpose.

"Darlings," Mrs. Hanley said inclusively, "am I frightfully late? Have you had a cocktail? Does everybody know everybody else?"

WITHOUT waiting to collect the information thus demanded, she moved on to greet her guests one by one, and in the process found herself face to face with Bert Winters.

"Hello, Bert," she said blandly, eying him with something of the defiance she really felt. "How are you? It's been years since we met, hasn't it? Or at least an hour or two. Do you know that Muriel and I are going abroad?"

Bert Winters, a moderately good-looking young man without noticeable distinction—what Mr. Hanley called "a good fellow"—took his time about answering. His eyes turned involuntarily towards Muriel, standing on the other side of the fireplace in a group of older people.

"Oh, Muriel hasn't heard about it yet," said Mrs. Hanley airily. "It's only just been decided. Her father thinks a change would do her good."

Mr. Hanley, who happened to overhear this bit of wifely mendacity, turned his good-natured countenance upon the young man and dropped a solemn, wide and obvious wink. Bert reddened a bit and made an effort to look serious. He saw through the little conspiracy without difficulty, and the paternal wink of Mr. Hanley informed him that here, at least, was an ally.

"Well, I suppose we'll all have to try to struggle along without you," he said.

But Mrs. Hanley, having delivered her declaration of war, wasted no more time on him. As she moved off Bert maneuvered himself into a position

"It was bitter cold. And he drove me to Smithfield! Then he lectured me about meat!"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You didn't have a breakdown or anything of that sort?" Keynsham asked, with a gesture of anxiety

"We are very sorry to trouble you, sir," he began, "but there are one or two points upon which we should like information before we leave. Colonel Matterson has been in telephonic communication with Norwich this afternoon and, with the help of some maps we have bought, we have a fair idea of the neighborhood of Keynsham Hall. There seems to be only one lonely tract of country anywhere near, and that's around Thetford. To reach that part of the world from Keynsham you would be on a straight road nearly the whole of the time. Do you remember, sir, after you left Keynsham Hall, whether you turned to the left or to the right?"

"To the left," was the prompt reply.

"Reverse Number One," Inspector Smithers observed, with a little grimace. "That would be the Norwich road and probably the best road to London. Can you tell us whether you found yourself upon a twisting road or whether you just went straight ahead?"

"At first we were turning corners all the time," Sir Humphrey admitted. "I was surprised, in fact, to find the road so narrow and winding. I really cannot tell you much about it, though, because I was very tired and I was dozing nearly all the time."

"Thank you. Can you describe the room in which you found yourself when they removed the bandage from your eyes? Did it look like a room in an old house or a modern one?"

"It looked like nothing except what it was supposed to represent," Sir Humphrey declared. "It looked like a glorified prison cell."

"With reference to the courtyard," Smithers asked. "Did it possess any distinction? Did it look like the courtyard of a famous country house, for instance?"

"It might have been the back courtyard of any place," Sir Humphrey decided, "and I take it that it was a back courtyard because there were no large entrance gates. There was nothing particularly imposing about it except the high red brick walls and the fact that it was of considerable extent. To tell you the truth, I did not look about much. I was absorbed by the ghastliness of the newly built shed and the rest of the environment."

"About how long do you believe that you were in the car between the time of leaving Keynsham Hall and your arrival at your destination?"

"Hard to say," Sir Humphrey replied, "but I should think it was between half and three quarters of an hour."

SMITHERS studied his notebook for a moment.

"I don't wish to bother you, sir, with questions about points on which we already have information, but I gather that you were not able to recognize any of your captors?"

"Certainly not."

"You have no suspicion as to the identity of any one of them?"

"Not the slightest."

"Your impressions, however, especially concerning the one who appeared to be the ringleader, were that they were men in a superior class of life?"

"That is so," Sir Humphrey agreed, "with the exception of the man who played the part of hangman. He smelled strongly of drink and was wearing a shabby gray suit with white paint marks upon it."

Inspector Smithers turned to his chief.

"So far as I am concerned that is all, sir," he announced. "We are not proposing to ask Sir Humphrey any of the questions which we can find out for ourselves by inquiries in the neighborhood."

"Have you anything to ask, Simpson?" the sub-commissioner inquired.

"Nothing at all, sir."

"If I might," Detective Pank intervened a little nervously, "I should like to ask about those white masks. Did they seem like new ones made for the occasion or as though they had been worn before?"

Sir Humphrey nodded approval. The question appeared to him to have some point.

"Curiously enough," he confided, "they seemed to me as though they had been worn before. The one on the man's face, who stood at my right hand when we passed out into the yard, might almost have been described as soiled."

"Thank you, sir."

"Anything else, Pank?" the sub-commissioner asked good-naturedly.

"Nothing else, sir, thank you."

Colonel Matterson rose to his feet.

"Then I don't think we need worry you any further, Sir Humphrey," he said.

"Can I offer you gentlemen anything?" Rossiter inquired, with his hand upon the bell.

"Thank you, no," Matterson replied. "I am sure the others feel as I do. We quite understand that you have to be kept very quiet for a time, and, believe me, we won't bother you unless we are driven to it. Furthermore, the whole of our inquiries—you may be sure of that—will be kept utterly and entirely secret. I quite realize, and so do my men here, that the kidnapping of the Home Secretary is a matter which must never become public property, unless when the mystery is solved it reaches the criminal courts."

They all signified assent. Sir Humphrey shook hands with them and touched the bell. Parkins showed them out.

SIR HUMPHREY'S habit of using his latchkey and going straight to his library when he returned at the end of the day to Chestow Square was responsible for the thrill of pleased surprise he experienced on the following evening. It was as though the sedate and dignified apartment had been transformed and beautified in exquisite fashion by unseen hands. Bowls of dark red roses adorned the chiffonier. A cunningly fashioned tray of deep purple violets stood upon his writing-table. There were vases of arum lilies, late chrysanthemums with long-petaled blossoms, carnations and hyacinths in different parts of the room, and a flame of scarlet azalea set in a distant corner. The perfume was so sweet as to be instantly arresting. He paused to look around him, and Louise came out of the shadows, wiping her fingers upon a towel and laughing softly.

"Am I going to be in terrible disgrace?" she asked. "Forgive me, please. Parkins begged us to come in and wait for you, and I brought you all that our hothouses could produce from Norfolk. I could not bear to think of Parkins arranging them, and he said you might be another hour. That is the end of my excuses."

"As though you needed any," he protested, amazed at the thrill of pleasure which her unexpected presence had caused him. "Louise, my dear, how nice to see you."

"You are really better?" she asked, looking earnestly into his face. "You are thinner, you know. Come and sit down. May I stay for a few minutes and talk to you? Edward has gone away but he is calling back for me."

"May you? Why, of course."

He pushed an easy-chair up to the fire, opposite to his own, and touched the bell, summoning Parkins, who made prompt and respectful appearance. As a rule he would have very much resented the interference of anyone decorating his apartments, but he approved most heartily of Lady Louise.

"Dry cocktails," Sir Humphrey ordered. "Shake them in the room, Parkins."

"Very good, sir."

WITH the closing of the door she leaned forward in her chair.

"I have been so anxious to hear from your own lips about your illness," she confided. "Please tell me. Edward did not walk you too far that last day, did he? Lester Harwood said he felt too tired to shoot next morning."

Sir Humphrey shook his head.

"It was not that," he assured her. "I am afraid I was run down before I came."

"Did you feel ill on the way up?" she asked anxiously.

"Not altogether well once or twice," he admitted. "However, I got here. I had rather a trying interview afterwards and perhaps that upset me. Whilst we are on the subject of my illness, thank you so much, and thank Edward, if I don't see him this evening, for all your inquiries and the flowers."

"We felt responsible in a way," she

(Continued on page 47)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amateur Bride

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

MARGARET SCHUYLER meets John Wright at a dinner party. Shocked by what she regards as his boorishness and brutality, she snubs him. Wright promptly falls in love with her! A resourceful man, who, as a mining engineer, has roved the world, he makes his plans carefully.

To see more of Margaret Schuyler, he must, he knows, enter "society." He does so—via The Line, an extremely exclusive club which he manages to join. And he encounters the girl often. The girl, it is obvious, still dislikes him. He wonders if she will, some day, marry Henry Morton. He suspects the truth: Margaret is poor—Morton will not marry her until he is sure she cares more for him than his money, and he is by no means sure. . . . Margaret's aunt (with whom she lives in an old Beekman Place house) dies. Morton does not come near her. But Wright does—he calls, is extremely kind to her. *And he asks her to marry him!* Hurt and desperate, Margaret agrees, and a subtle duel between a brilliant, masterful husband and a cold and clever wife begins. . . .

Again and again Mrs. John Wright's thoughts revert to Henry Morton. She wonders if her marriage has hurt him. Morton himself gives the answer. On learning of the marriage he goes berserk—rushes to Margaret's old home and, in a wild burst of fury when he finds her gone, wrecks the living-room!

The Wrights give their first party. Among the guests is Lila McKim, a fascinating divorcée. Wright dances with her. The whole room watches them. John Wright's dancing is a thing of sheer beauty—flawless! And Lila McKim is thrilled as she has never been before. Wright has taken over the job of entertaining his wife's friends, and just as the party reaches its height he announces he is going to bed!

V

WRIGHT had announced he had gone to bed, but instead he had stepped out on the roof garden, locking the door behind him. The night was overcast and bitter, but he did not mind; he knew that a skin full of liquor can't catch cold. He paced up and down for the time it took him to smoke a cigar, then he opened the door and listened. No sound of revelry came from below, no murmur of voices, yet the silence was calling to him. He went swiftly down the stairway. At its foot he stopped, his great bulk closely framed in the narrow opening. Margaret was on the couch before the fire, her body extended, her arms outthrown, her eyes closed; but her face was open to the world. She looked whipped, beaten to a standstill!

He was fascinated. Some unnamed quality shone out at him—something virginal that had survived. He gathered her gently and as he strode up the stairs her arms stole around his neck in an unconscious movement totally divorced from active affection. A weird wish came to him, almost making him laugh aloud. He wished this child he carried might have been his daughter! The thought changed the direction of his steps.

He took her into the guest-room, and laid her on the chaise longue while he went to fetch her night things. Then he undressed her exactly as if she were a child, handling her inert limbs carelessly, sure she would not waken.

He had never done anything like this before, but his big hands seemed to take naturally to the task. He slipped on her nightdress—not one of the fine French affairs he had lately ordered for her, but a girlish thing of white silk with a square yoke. He stared down at her with a strange look—a look that was both hopeless and tender. When he slipped her into the bed she stirred, but only to turn on her side and take the position she always took. Hurriedly he went to his own room.

IN THE morning it took him five minutes of lying half awake to remember what had become of her. He reached out to ring for Pilkins and realized with a faint shock he was taking it for granted that thenceforth he would enjoy his big bed alone.

When he had had his breakfast he went to the guest-room and knocked, his mind filled with the overnight recollection of something young and untouched. Margaret called to him and he opened. His eyes went to the bed; she was not in it, she was on the chaise longue.

At sight of her he stood arrested, for here was no child, but a person—Margaret Schuyler, still in negligee but groomed to the touch-me-not point of perfection. He had an odd sensation of having been swept back to the beginning of things. It was almost as though he missed Mrs. Twembly from his side—Mrs. Twembly, who could have told him who the girl was!

"Good morning, John," she said. "You're good to me. I want to thank you."

Hope leaped in his breast. "Thank me? For what?"

"For letting me have my own room."

He left her and hastened to plunge himself into routine. Routine! What a life-saver to nine-tenths of the human race! From that hour he applied it to his leisure as well as to his work. Like all the dead in mind, he fell back upon habit for salvation and Margaret seemed to do likewise. The party had left its mark on each of them, but as for the others, they had simply taken the thing in their stride as an everyday occurrence. That's where they had it on him, she and the rest of her gang. No explanations. No post-mortems. If you came a cropper, forget it and hold fast for the next jump. Think a lot if you like, but say nothing, live inside yourself, clamp your jaw and let the other fellow guess his head off. The hidden life, that's what it was—he was living in the same house with a hidden life upon which other hidden lives were going to drop in from time to time.

AS THE days wore on and he found that Margaret, far from drifting toward him, seemed to be slipping farther away, he began to grow irascible. What he needed was a trip, and how he needed it! The smell of leather and sweat. Noise. Not the pitter-patter of the New York riveters, but the herculean roar of the stamps at the Dos Picos. It would have been different if he could have gone back to those two weeks when home had meant Margaret and no chance of anybody else. He smiled wryly. He had thought her distant then. What did he think her now? The moon, cold, lovely and neutral—something to look at.

Cold and lovely she might be, but he was destined to change his mind as to her passivity. Like all clever women in the social whirl she had a trick of playing dead for a day every so often. On such an afternoon she was reading in his den when she heard the doorbell ring and presently ring again. When it rang for the third time she started to get up, frowning, but at that moment she caught a glimpse of Robert, hurrying across the living-room. He was straightening his tie and jerking down his coat as he went. Presently voices reached her from the hall, one of them a rumble

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

The scene which met her eyes filled her with amazement

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Hanley was considerably astonished when she came into her sitting-room and found Muriel, Bert and Lord Ivor engaged in an amiable conversation

Illustrated by Henry Lubrs

slightly behind Muriel's left elbow.

"I hear you're sailing for foreign parts next week," he said into her ear.

"Says who?" Muriel inquired.

"Says your mother," he answered. "Just now. It seems your father thinks you need a change."

Muriel's lively face, at first somewhat puzzled, yielded to laughter.

"What an old fraud Mother is!" she said. "I don't believe Father thinks anything of the kind."

"Nevertheless," said Bert, "you will sail for Europe next week. Your mother served notice. And there was —er—an air about her."

Muriel looked at him with a world of comprehension in her changing brown eyes.

"Poor dear," she said softly. "But you know that I don't want to go, don't you? It won't make a bit of difference, not a bit."

With this assurance Bert had to solace himself through dinner and the evening that followed, but since it was the nearest thing to a definite promise he had ever received from her, it made up for a good deal. He knew, nevertheless, that Muriel and her mother would sail for Europe the next week, since Mrs. Hanley had decreed it; and sail they did.

"NOW that you've got me here," said Muriel as she sat in the midst of their trunks and boxes in the London hotel, "what are you going to do with me? The fog's so thick you can't see across the street. Shall we play a nice game of double solitaire?"

"Don't be flippant," said Mrs. Hanley busily. "There's a lot to do. If you'll kindly get out of the way and let Louise unpack, perhaps we can pay some calls this afternoon. I want you to make friends, have some diversions, my dear —a change, a good time. That's what we came over for."

"Anybody'd think I was convalescing from a long illness," said Muriel sadly, disentangling herself from the luggage.

"Lady Barr, Mrs. Fox-Winton, Miss Caroline Fotheringay," said Mrs. Hanley, checking off names in an address book. "And then there's that tiresome old Lady Weddering; she's a bore, but she has some nice relations. Maybe—"

LONDON welcomed the beautiful Mrs. Hanley and her charming daughter for the best of all unanswerable reasons —because, in the words of the poet, they were rich, rich, rich.

The keen-eyed Muriel saw this much, and more. She saw, for instance, that there was a kind of method in her mother's madness. The madness consisted in wasting time on a lot of important old ladies, but the method was to extract from these gentlewomen a large and growing number of young male relatives. Mrs. Hanley possessed almost a detective instinct for this activity. She could go to call upon a penniless old maid living somewhere in the wastes of South Kensington, remain an hour, drink undrinkable black tea, talk quantities of piffle, and emerge at the end with an unmarried peer in tow. She could smell out eligible male relatives in the dark privacy of the most unlikely houses, and she deposited them all, with the gesture of a mother who really knows her duty, at Muriel's feet. As a result, after about a month in London, the girl was actually having what her mother judged to be a good time, and the moment was propitious for a little serious conversation.

"I'm so glad you're going out tonight with Lord Ivor, dear," she said, coming into her daughter's bedroom. "Fortunate thing I did call on old Lady Weddering. He's her nephew, it seems."

"So it seems," said Muriel dryly.

"You don't mean that you don't like him, surely?" Mrs. Hanley asked wide-eyed with astonishment. "He's one of the most popular young men in London."

"I don't doubt it," said Muriel, going on with her dressing. "They seem to like 'em chinless. Oh, he's all right, Mother; in fact he's rather fun to have around. But he isn't in the least interested in me. Or in anything else."

"He's young," said Mrs. Hanley.

"An irrelevant statement at best," said Muriel. "He gets drunk, and he's absolutely broke, and I expect he beats his old aunt. If he doesn't, he should. By the way—did I tell you?—Bert's coming over next week."

"No!" said Mrs. Hanley explosively.

"Had a letter this morning," said Muriel, smiling at her own face in the glass.

"Following us here!" said Mrs. Hanley. "It's indecent, that's what it is."

"He isn't following us," said Muriel with great calm. "He's not coming to see us at all. He's on a business trip, for Father."

Mrs. Hanley's brow grew ominous.

"Oh, so your father's sending him!" she said. "You're all in league against me, I suppose. I do think we might have been spared Bert for a while longer. When things were going so well, too."

MURIEL turned, picked up her long white gloves and her handbag, and dropped a kiss on her mother's head.

"Don't take it to heart, dear," she advised. "I'm going dancing with Lord Ivor Warren-Wantage tonight, and if he doesn't walk all over my feet, or get too drunk to remember my name, it may be the beginning of a beautiful romance. At least that's the idea, isn't it? And I'll end up at the altar, with a tag like Lady Ivor Warren-Wantage stuck on me for life. Darling, you are *so* transparent! But I don't mind your little schemes, if they make you happy. Have a good time at your theater. Bert won't arrive for about a week yet."

Lord Ivor Warren-Wantage was a volatile young man with long legs and a handsome blond head, and in truth Muriel had no objection whatever to spending an evening with him. He seemed to her by far the most engaging of the candidates Mrs. Hanley had offered for her attention. His defect, if it was a defect, was that he seemed to be perpetually out of focus; you thought you knew where he was, and grasped to see what he was like, and suddenly he was somewhere else.

"There you are!" said the young man joyfully, overcoming his embarrassment with a show of boisterous welcome.

"Poor boy," she said. "Don't take it too hard. It'll be all over soon. I won't hurt you. . . . Where are we going?"

"I thought we might dine at the Embassy," he said, purple with bewilderment. "And dance, you know."

"I know," she said. "We dance in Chicago, too. Let's take our car, shall we? It's here, and Mother doesn't need it. . . . Tell me something, frankly, and let's get it over with: Did Lady Weddering suggest this—er—evening of wild gayety with me?"

He helped her into the car and settled his opera hat firmly over his right eye.

"The old girl did say something about it," he admitted. "Just—ah—just a word, you know. She thought we might get better acquainted."

"Well, then, let's," said Muriel. "We

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man for Her

By Nell Young

She looked like a child that needs a spanking. She got it, too. And she liked it

GAYVIN heard the phone—and dug her lovely, dark little head deeper down into the feathery depths of her pillow. It was a big pillow, soft and cushiony, with a satin-smooth case, but it couldn't shut out the phone, which was maddening!

It was also maddening to the operator at a distant switchboard. Not that the operator dreamed that it was Gayvin she was ringing. If she'd known that, the operator would have been thrilled. She adored Gayvin.

What maddened her was the young man who put in the call. He was a romantic-looking young man: not handsome, and a trifle shabby; but his clothes were beautifully cut, and he wore them beautifully . . . and didn't even notice the operator.

"Ring again, please," said the young man—and finally, "Let me try."

She did let him try. It was against the rules, but she wanted him to see for himself that the number really wouldn't answer. And then it did, almost at once; almost as if it had just been waiting for him to try.

Which wasn't the case at all. Gayvin didn't want to answer it, and she hadn't meant to. It was just that she had to, or else go mad.

"Oh, damn!" she said, and sat up in bed and scowled.

It was most unusual for Gayvin to say "damn." Not swearing was one of the things she was noted for; that, and not losing her temper. It was said that she was the only star on Broadway who never did either, but that was only because Gayvin had decided that it didn't pay—and she wanted things to pay. Three years before, she had decided that she wanted things to pay—and she still did.

Nevertheless, this morning she said "damn!" and scowled. Scowling made her look younger; even younger than she was. It made her look like a very small child; one that is sadly in need of a spanking. But no one ever had spanked Gayvin—so she scowled, and kicked off the covers of her bed and ran into the hall without waiting even to put slippers on her little feet, with only the thinnest possible wisp of primrose-colored nightgown to keep off the ice-cold wind from the open windows.

She scowled at the phone, and jerked off the ear-piece. . . . Then she stood perfectly still and counted five. Five was sufficient. When she spoke there wasn't a trace of the scowl or of the "damn." Soft and sweet and velvet-smooth, her voice was; light as froth, like cream that has been whipped and rather too well sugared.

Gayvin balanced her knife and leaned over and neatly pegged it. If Lew Forrest was bringing a new playwright to meet her, it meant that Lew Forrest wanted her for the play

THE young man heard the vicious jerk of the ear-piece and his heart leaped: "Vanderbilt, nine six-hundred?" he asked eagerly—and then, as his ear was creamed by that soft, silky little voice, he asked it again; but doubtfully, as if he didn't really think it could be: "Vanderbilt, nine six-hundred?"

Gayvin caught her breath. She had to hold the telephone tightly because she felt suddenly very faint, as if her legs might crumple and let her down. They didn't, of course; they were quite strong legs—lovely and slim and straight—but quite strong.

"Yes," she said faintly, but still creamily. Then, when there was no immediate reply, she added, a bit breathlessly, "Did you wish to speak to someone?"

"I did," said the young man. He said it crunchily, as if a strong, hard, relentless young heel were crushing something; something small and fragile, perhaps; or, perhaps, something brittle, that needed to be crushed. "I did wish to speak to Miss Lord," he said.

Gayvin's eyes darkened with anger. But her voice was smooth and sweet. "Miss Lord is speaking," she said. "Gayvin Lord."

"Oh!" said the young man. "Oh!" he said crunchily. "Sorry; my mistake." And then he hung up.

Gayvin heard the click. It was all that she did hear. And, although she waited, shivering in the ice-cold wind from the open windows, he didn't ring again.

Finally, after a long, long time, and although it was nearly noon and Rosa would soon be in, Gayvin went back to bed—but not to sleep. She couldn't sleep. And when Rosa came in, and was shocked to find her already awake, Gayvin's blue-gray eyes were looking big, and wounded and wistful, so that Rosa felt stabbed with pity.

Rosa did not want to feel stabbed with pity. It was one of the things that Rosa guarded against, but Gayvin looked so small and wounded, so very like a little girl who has been most undeservedly spanked, that Rosa felt herself stabbed, and wondered what had happened.

Gayvin didn't tell her. She just lay there, in her big luxurious bed that looked like a great, huge, golden-yellow flower, with its fleecy golden blankets and its silken golden covers. Gayvin lay there, very still and quiet, and let

Robert O. Reid

Rosa put down the windows and turn on the heat, without telling her anything. Then—

"Rosa," she said, "it's funny about things."

Rosa's eyes misted: it was funny about things.

"Marriage," said Gayvin. "It's funny about marriage."

ROSA didn't agree: there was nothing funny about marriage to Rosa. She knew. She'd been married—but not any more; she hadn't seen "him" for years. And she hoped that she never would.

"Never?" said Gayvin, and shivered. It seemed such a long, long time—never. So endless, somehow. "Never at all, Rosa?"

"Not if I have my way," said Rosa, and went on out to get Gayvin's coffee.

Gayvin shivered, and felt cold and forlorn and friendless. Whenever she felt cold and forlorn and friendless, it

(Continued on page 45)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You smoke a pipe

and we'd like to talk with you about it

•

All races of people since the beginning of time, so far as we have been able to read, have had some kind of a pipe and have smoked something—whether they called it tobacco or what not.

AND since smoking a pipe is so different from smoking a cigar or cigarette, we made a most painstaking, scientific study in an effort to make, if we could, a tobacco which was suited to pipes.

We found out, first, that there was a kind of tobacco that grew in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky called White Burley, and that there was a certain kind of this tobacco which was between the tobacco used for cigarettes and the tobacco used for chewing tobacco. It is this tobacco which is best for pipes.

Having gotten the right tobacco, we then began to study the method of making it.

We found out that Mr. J. N. Wellman, way back many years ago, in a small factory, made a pipe tobacco which was very popular. But he was not in a position to advertise it, and after he passed away there was nothing more heard about it.

We acquired this Wellman Method of making pipe tobacco—and that is what we use in making Granger Rough Cut.

The next thing was to *cut* the tobacco. We knew that fine tobacco burnt hot because it burnt so fast. It kept your pipe hot. You could hardly hold your pipe in your hand, it got so hot at times.

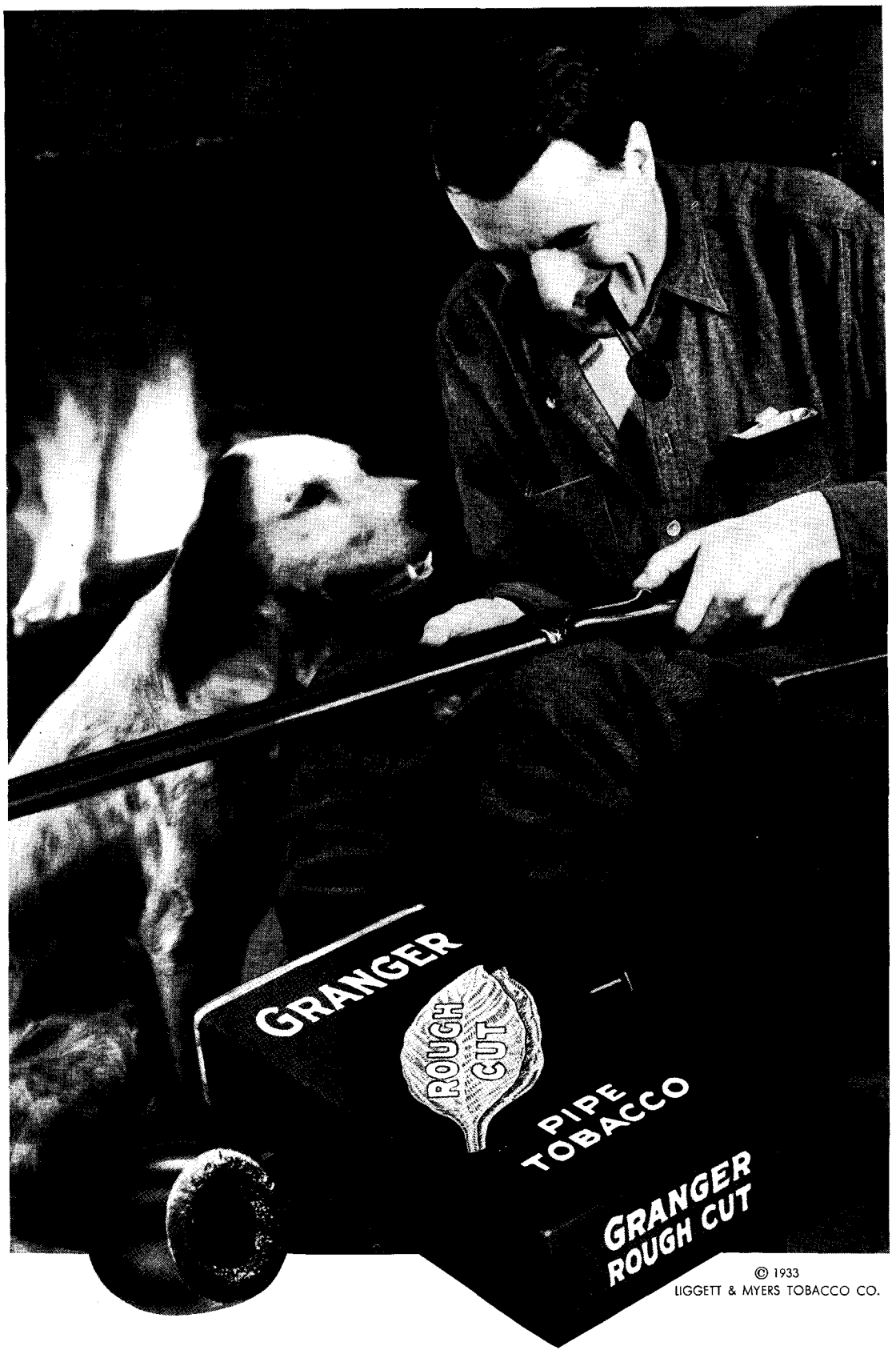
Then we remembered that some folks back yonder used to "whittle" their tobacco. So we cut GRANGER just like "whittle" tobacco—"Rough Cut. It smokes cooler and lasts longer. And also, it never gums the pipe.

So far, so good. Now we wanted to sell this tobacco for 10c. Good tobacco—right process—cut right. It was a question of how to do it for the price.

So we put Granger in a sensible soft foil pouch instead of an expensive package, knowing that a man can't smoke the package. We gave smokers this good GRANGER tobacco in a common-sense pouch for 10c.

GRANGER has not been on sale very long, but it has grown to be a popular smoke. And there is this much about it—we have yet to know of a man who started to smoke it, who didn't keep on. Folks seem to like it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look what Happened when

Everybody's saying "Plymouth is headed for First Place"

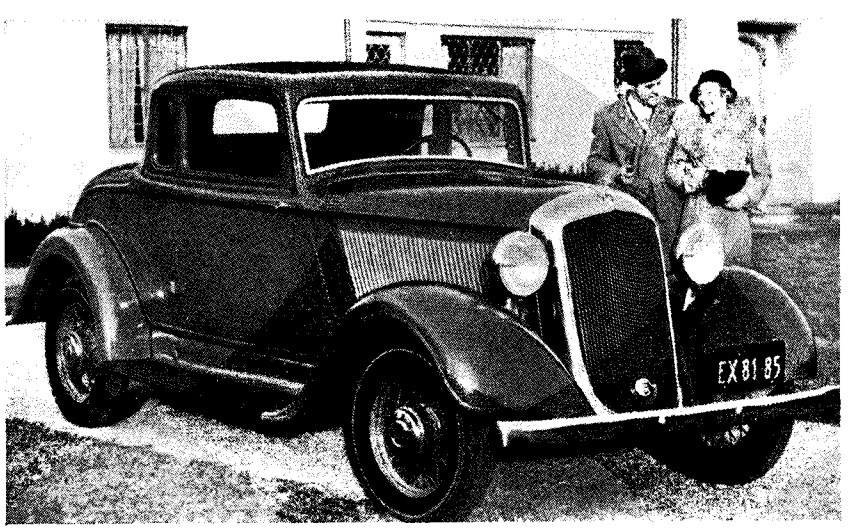
WHEN folks listened to the talk at the big New York Auto Show, what did they hear? They heard: "Plymouth's the only one of All Three lowest-priced cars to gain in 1932 . . . it's coming up fast . . . it looks like America's next Number One Car!"

There's a success story, and all because you motorists "looked at All Three!"

Now, with its new Six, Plymouth asks you to *look again today* . . . at the auto shows . . . in the salesrooms!

The new Plymouth is not only a Six, but a 70-horsepower Six . . . a *vibrationless* Six . . . with Floating Power engine mountings. It's a car that will make your friends say, "Isn't it awfully expensive?" But it will make YOU say, "I've never had a car that cost so little to run!" It's a roomy, full-sized car—in which the *whole family* can ride in comfort.

It's a *safer* kind of automobile—with hydraulic brakes, a safety-steel body, and a safety-glass windshield. So look carefully when you "look at All Three" . . . and see why folks are *picking Plymouth!*



PLYMOUTH

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW $90 LESS THAN LAST YEAR

4-Door Sedan	$545
Convertible Coupe	565
Rumble Seat Coupe	525
Business Coupe	495

All prices F. O. B. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. *On all models*—Floating Power engine mountings, hydraulic brakes, free wheeling, full-sized safety-steel bodies, safety-glass windshield, easy-shift transmission with "silent second," rigid-X double-drop frame, Oilite squeak-proof springs. Closed cars wired for Philco-Transitone Radio. Optional—Automatic Clutch $8.

SIX WITH FLOATING POWER—SOLD BY 7,232 DESOTO, DODGE, AND CHRYSLER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

☆

FORCE

We believe that in Collier's a new leader has appeared among magazines—a leader, designated as such by a modern-minded American public.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

To many of America's largest advertisers, the spectacular growth of Collier's has a very real significance.

Through sheer editorial merit it has won a position that makes it the logical key medium for winning the American public to a sound idea or a good product.

In its fight for those things which contribute to the best interest of the people, Collier's has never wavered.

It has made enemies. It has been denounced on the floor of Congress. It has been subjected to violent attacks of individuals. It has been threatened and sued.

And it has earned and won the respect of the aggressive, open-minded, youthful-thinking American citizens whose greatest interest, like that of Collier's, is in the common good.

Collier's is read today with an intensity of interest that has no parallel among publications of large circulation.

What appears in Collier's is the theme of American thought.

Its editorials and articles are reprinted, quoted, argued, discussed and preached.

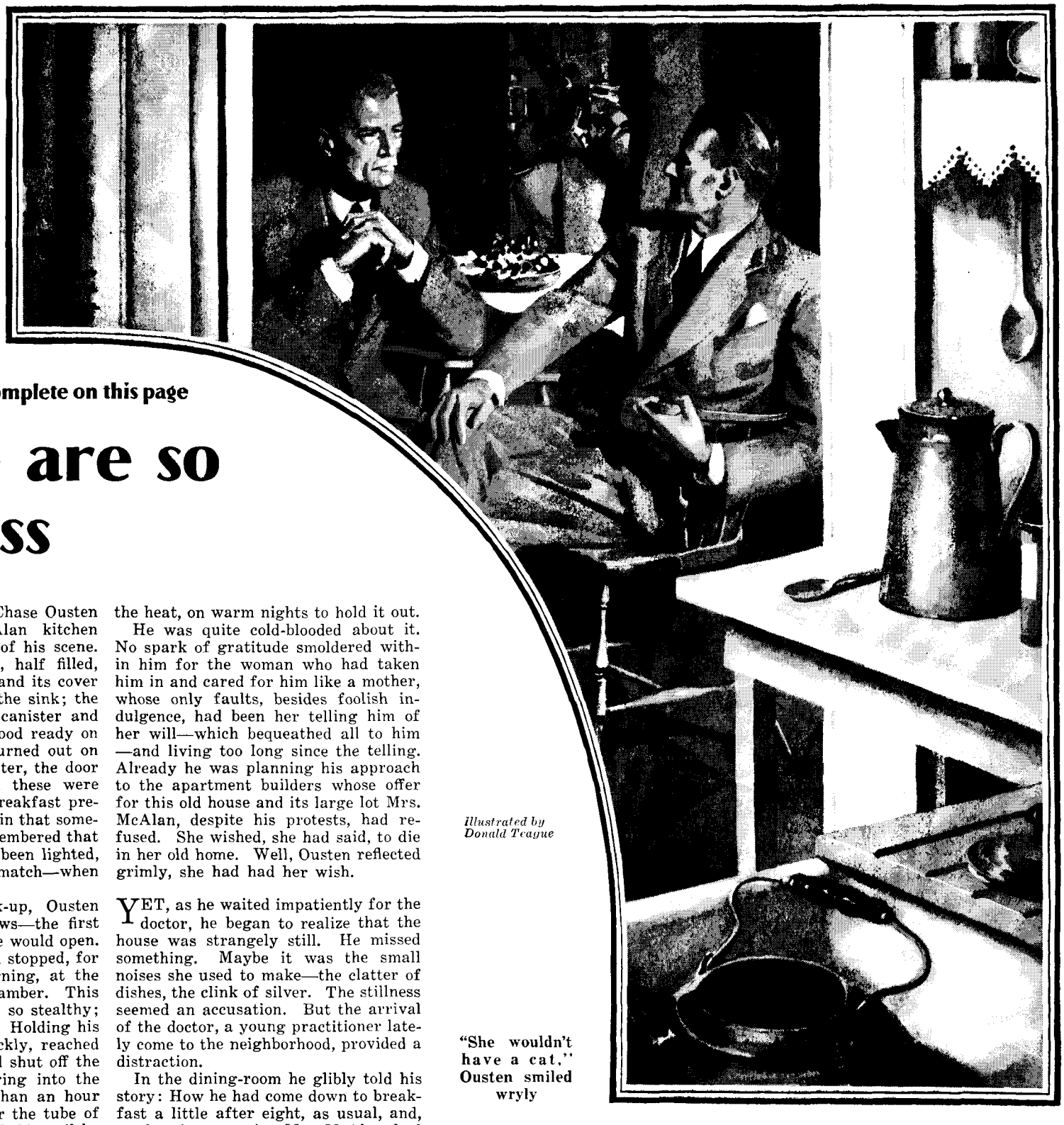
In homes, in stores, in clubs, in Pullman cars, these ideas grow until they reach the nation.

The driving force of Collier's influence marks it as the leading publication to carry the advertising of useful, modern products to the alert, active, intelligent people of America.

Collier's

☆ THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ☆

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By Frederick Skerry

A Short Short Story complete on this page

People are so Careless

Illustrated by Donald Teague

"She wouldn't have a cat," Ousten smiled wryly

LIKE a stage director Chase Ousten stood in the McAlan kitchen checking the props of his scene. The teakettle stood, half filled, under the cold-water tap, and its cover lay on the drainboard of the sink; the coffeepot, with the coffee canister and a large spoon beside it, stood ready on the table; a match had burned out on the floor by the water heater, the door of which hung open; all these were evidences of interrupted breakfast preliminaries. It would be plain that somebody, having suddenly remembered that the water heater had not been lighted, had started to apply a match—when something happened.

Satisfied by the check-up, Ousten opened the kitchen windows—the first of a dozen windows that he would open. Then he went upstairs and stopped, for the second time that morning, at the door of Mrs. McAlan's chamber. This time, however, he was not so stealthy; noise did not matter now. Holding his breath, he stepped in quickly, reached down to the baseboard and shut off the gas which had been pouring into the air-tight room for more than an hour from a nozzle intended for the tube of a gas heater. His breath held until he had opened the three windows and run, lungs bursting, back to the passage. Not until he believed the air in that room safe to breathe did he reënter it.

The difficulties he encountered in dressing the unyielding body in its customary morning garments, the reluctance that preceded every touch, proved greater than he had anticipated so coolly but, with much fumbling and much impatience over feminine strings and fastenings, he accomplished the task. Far easier the carrying of the frail form downstairs, where he laid it on a couch in the dining-room.

Perfect! he exulted when he had telephoned the nearest doctor a call for haste. As natural as could be! People were often careless in handling gas ranges and water heaters. The fine touch here lay in making it appear to have happened in the kitchen. Chase Ousten prided himself on this because, though Mrs. McAlan was aged, her faculties, except for increasing deafness, had not become impaired; it was unlikely, therefore, that she would have come to her end through clumsiness in her kitchen. What had tempted Ousten was her persistence in keeping the windows closed—in cool weather to hold in the heat, on warm nights to hold it out.

He was quite cold-blooded about it. No spark of gratitude smoldered within him for the woman who had taken him in and cared for him like a mother, whose only faults, besides foolish indulgence, had been her telling him of her will—which bequeathed all to him—and living too long since the telling. Already he was planning his approach to the apartment builders whose offer for this old house and its large lot Mrs. McAlan, despite his protests, had refused. She wished, she had said, to die in her old home. Well, Ousten reflected grimly, she had had her wish.

YET, as he waited impatiently for the doctor, he began to realize that the house was strangely still. He missed something. Maybe it was the small noises she used to make—the clatter of dishes, the clink of silver. The stillness seemed an accusation. But the arrival of the doctor, a young practitioner lately come to the neighborhood, provided a distraction.

In the dining-room he glibly told his story: How he had come down to breakfast a little after eight, as usual, and, not hearing or seeing Mrs. McAlan, had gone to the kitchen, both doors of which were closed; how the gas which filled the room had almost knocked him down before he could shut off the unlighted water heater; how he found Mrs. McAlan half supported by a chair, which she had evidently tried to reach when she felt a fainting spell or something coming on; how he carried her to the dining-room and opened the windows.

The doctor, meanwhile, had made a swift examination. "The poor soul's troubles are over," he announced, straightening up. "I'll have to call up the police—you know, the medical examiner has to come in when there's been a death without an attending physician to certify it."

Chase Ousten led him to the telephone. To the medical examiner and the police inspector who presently arrived, he again told his story.

"Your mother?" asked the medical examiner, a grizzled expert in medical jurisprudence, when he had confirmed the young doctor's report of death by gas poisoning.

"No relation," replied Ousten. "She took me in after my parents died in the influenza epidemic. I was ten years old then."

"Who's her nearest relative?"

"She hadn't a relative in the world—so she said."

"Just the two of you in the house?" Ousten nodded. "Lonely old soul when you weren't around—unless she had a cat or something for company."

"She wouldn't have a cat," Ousten smiled wryly. "A cat—" Then suddenly he knew what he missed in the house. And he inwardly cursed his oversight.

BUT he was reassured by the medical examiner's inattention. That official was curiously inspecting the room. "Hm!" he grunted. "Weren't taking any chances with electricity when this house was built. Well,"—he turned—"just give the inspector the information he wants. You, too, Doctor. While you're doing it I'll look at the kitchen."

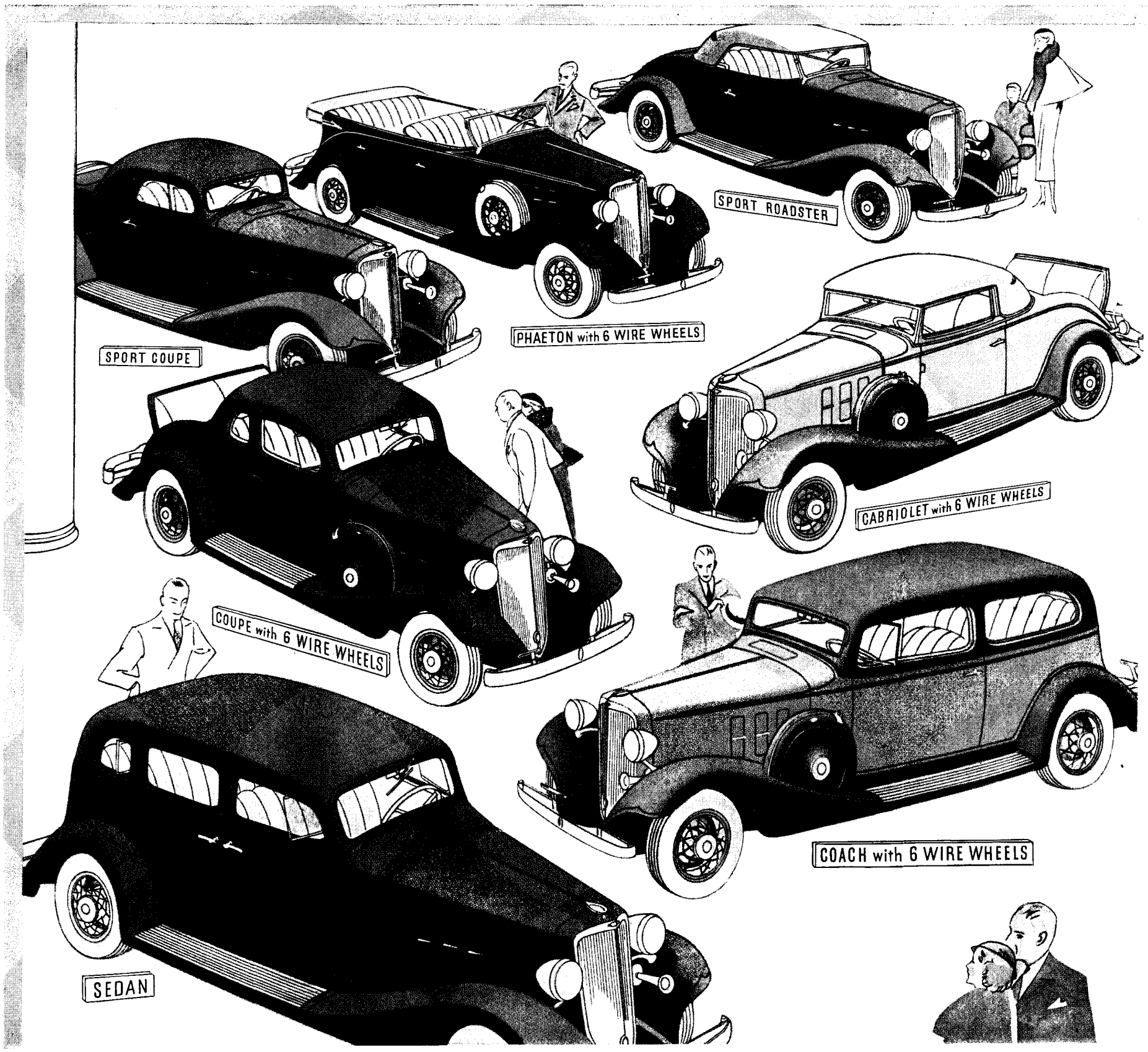
The business of adding a record to vital statistics had scarcely begun when the medical examiner returned. His face was grim. The leisurely manner that went with routine had left him; he was brisk.

"You told us," he said, regarding Ousten through narrowed lids, "that you came downstairs and found the kitchen full of gas, the doors and windows shut, and this poor woman lying there." Ousten, now actually fearful, nodded dumbly. "Well," continued the medical officer, "it would have looked as if that was what happened—if it wasn't for one thing. Let's go into the kitchen."

When they were assembled there he called attention to Ousten's carefully placed props. "Convincing enough," he admitted. "But—" He strode to a corner and lifted the dark cloth cover from a bird cage that rested on a stand. Greeting the light, the canary twittered joyously and hopped from perch to perch.

"From the seeds and such scattered about," pointed out the medical examiner, turning an accusing stare upon Ousten, "it's evident that this is the customary place for the cage. You forgot the bird. If the woman had died in this room the bird would have died, long before she did—which is why a canary is the best warning of escaping gas that anybody could have. Your job now, Inspector. Looks like plain murder to me."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



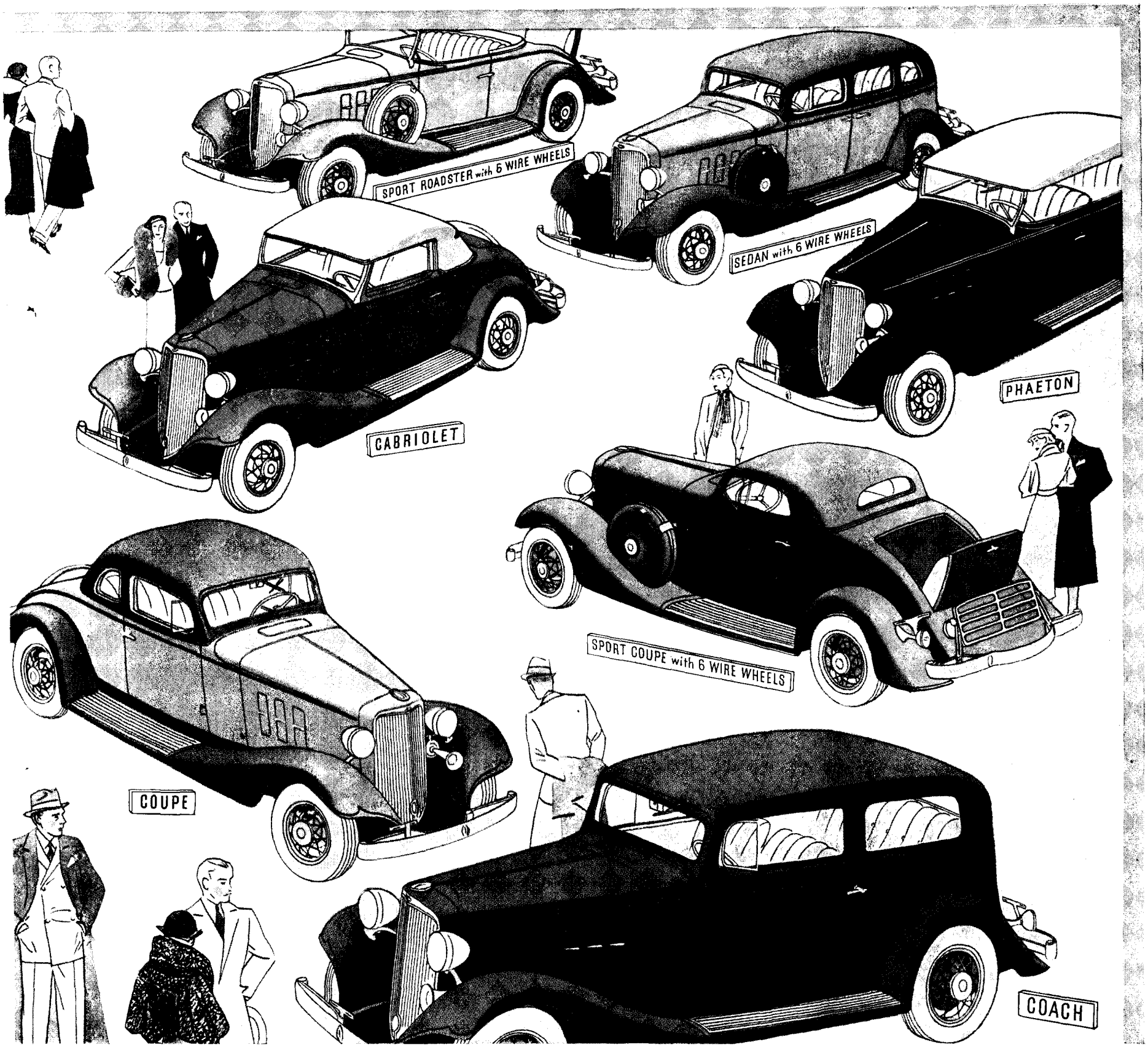
THE CAR THAT LEADERSHIP BUILT

goes on Dress Parade

Chevrolet goes marching into 1933 with a colorf parade of the biggest cars in the low-price field and the greatest values in its history. Fourte brilliant examples of what the leader can achiev this year, in *quality at low cost.* Fourteen splend new six-cylinder models—designed, engineered a priced for even greater leadership! Never has a n line of Chevrolets revealed so many intriguing n features to see and try. With smart Aer-Stre lines, Chevrolet sets a dynamic new style modern, refreshing, appealing to every eye. T new Fisher bodies are longer, larger, lower—ha

New C

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



shatterproof windshields—and feature the first basic improvement in travel comfort in over a decade: *Fisher No-Draft Ventilation.* Improved Free Wheeling is combined with a "Silent Second" Syncro-Mesh shift. A new invention, the Cushion-Balanced engine mounting, makes performance incredibly smooth and effortless, from lowest to highest speeds. And Chevrolet engineers have stepped up the horsepower, acceleration and top speeds of the Chevrolet six-cylinder motor—retained its famous dependability—*and increased its economy of operation.* Only Chevrolet could possibly build cars offering all these new features at such prices—*because Chevrolet is the leader!* For 4 out of the past 6 years Chevrolet has been the world's largest producer of automobiles. Chevrolet builds cars in greater volume—buys materials in greater quantities—does everything on a bigger, *more economical* scale. Hence, Chevrolet can put higher quality into its products, at lower prices—can use the savings of its vast production to give the public bigger, finer, more advanced cars—at prices millions can pay.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CHEVROLET

AT A NEW SCALE OF LOW PRICES

IEVROLET *Six*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leading Man

By John B. Kennedy

Arthur Byron made his first stage appearance at the tender age of four weeks. He has been holding the center of the stage most of the time since, thereby establishing a record as the most consistently employed leading man

ARTHUR BYRON was twenty when they made him a leading man. He had worked his way from New York to San Francisco as a juvenile—one of those lads always photographed in profile gazing at some engrossing vision—most probably his own image in a mirror. The star really engaged for the job had turned temperamental, which is a prelude to unemployment everywhere.

His boyish successor weighed much less. Byron was a stripling of 120 pounds—less than featherweight. His voice was athletic and manly; but he didn't look like the kind of young man who could entrance a lady weighing forty pounds more than he into what was called the *grande passion*.

The leading lady held the indoor heavyweight championship as a character actress. She was a wow at emotion but not so fast on her feet. Byron was easily fixed up to look manly. He did this himself when the manager had told him that he seemed rather pinched about the shoulders.

"I'm tired out traveling," said Byron, which was true, as he'd done a few thousand miles in day coaches. "I'll look better after a rest and a spell in a gymnasium."

The next morning he showed up for rehearsal with an added four inches or more chest expansion, induced by a happy use of hotel towels pressed into service as an oversize chest protector.

The manager instructed Byron to wear a beard, the more to simulate maturity. Byron bought some crimped hair—the bushy stuff that actors can work and shape into whatever style of foliage their part requires. Byron favored the French style of imperial with a generous dab on the chin.

His big scene with the heroine was as they found their love after a red-hot squabble and she fell into his arms.

When the scene began the lady reclined on a couch with Byron seated on a footstool. This had been carefully rehearsed and it was found that the slim young Byron could sustain the lady's weight if she flung herself against his right shoulder so that he could brace his back against the edge of the couch.

Overcome by her own acted emotion, the lady forgot this point. Her sense of direction was bad. She struck Byron's left shoulder and he, in turn, passed the shock on to the footstool, a leg of which cracked beneath the strain.

Byron was spread on the floor, the lady struggling above him. The audience switched from sympathy with reconciled lovers to hilarity at unwilling *farceurs*. Byron remembered his early training, a rule taught him by his actor father: When something goes wrong, keep going, talk through it. He talked on and on in his clear, resonant tones, until the lady barked bluntly: "Shut up and get up!"

But something worse had happened. His glued-on beard had matted around a brooch on the lady's bosom. Crinkly beards are elastic. Byron's stretched as the lady backed away from him. It stretched fully eighteen inches.

Gales of laughter rocked the house. The frantic manager finally ordered the curtain rolled down and Byron stamped off-stage, leaving the brooch in final possession of his beard.

He left that theater with youthful maledictions, swearing that he would never again attempt to be an actor; that he would go to a veterinary college. He didn't show up at the next day's matinée. Byron waited dolefully in his rooms or room. He was amazed when a hack drove up and the manager galloped in.

"Come and play the matinée, you young fool," he shouted. "We've got a big house. The talk has made the show."

Talk makes or breaks many shows. Byron's beard had given San Francisco a laugh, and the town wanted to see more of it.

Arthur Byron has been a leading man ever since.

Arthur Byron with Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy in the movie production of Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing

The World's Youngest Actor

Today he holds the record of being the most continuously employed actor on Broadway. He is never what is euphemistically termed "resting." Byron always has plays ahead; he's always in demand. And the answer is easy. He's a good leading man.

The reason may be found in the fact that he's really been one since he was four weeks old, at which age he created a world's record by making his début. His father, the late Oliver Dowd Byron, and his mother, Kate Byron—famous troupers both—were touring. Mrs. Byron temporarily retired to let Arthur make his first entrance. But after four weeks father Byron called on his wife and heroine to resume playing. A baby figured in the action, and in those days babies could get by without vigilant protective societies checking their ages and their hours. Mrs. Byron carried Arthur in her arms.

In a throbbing, pathetic scene, when he was meant to be gumming a rubber nipple in tranquillity, he emitted wild yells. At four weeks his tone was highly resonant — distressingly so.

The youngest performer to appear, he likewise became the youngest to disappear. His own father fired him.

"We'll use a dummy baby instead," he declared. The real baby grew older. His parents enrolled him in St. Paul's School, an Etonish place on Long Island. There he should have been distinguished for rhetoric; but he wasn't. In the entertainment that comprises one of the chief torments of bright school days, Arthur Byron displayed no promise whatever. He even went so far as to refuse, on a gala occasion, to recite. He was talked to, sternly. But Arthur Byron remained resolute. He had made up his mind to be a lawyer, having no relish for the trouping life his parents led.

(Continued on page 44)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Fatal 60 seconds

use instant action Veedol

100% PENNSYLVANIA

FOR WINTER . . . SPECIAL LOW COLD-TEST OILS AND GREASES

VEEDOL always protects your cold motor from that FATAL 60 SECONDS between your garage and the street.

In that one minute, sluggish cold-thickened oils will let your motor actually run dry!

But VEEDOL prevents this motor-wrecking minute. Because it gushes instantly to every vital motor part.

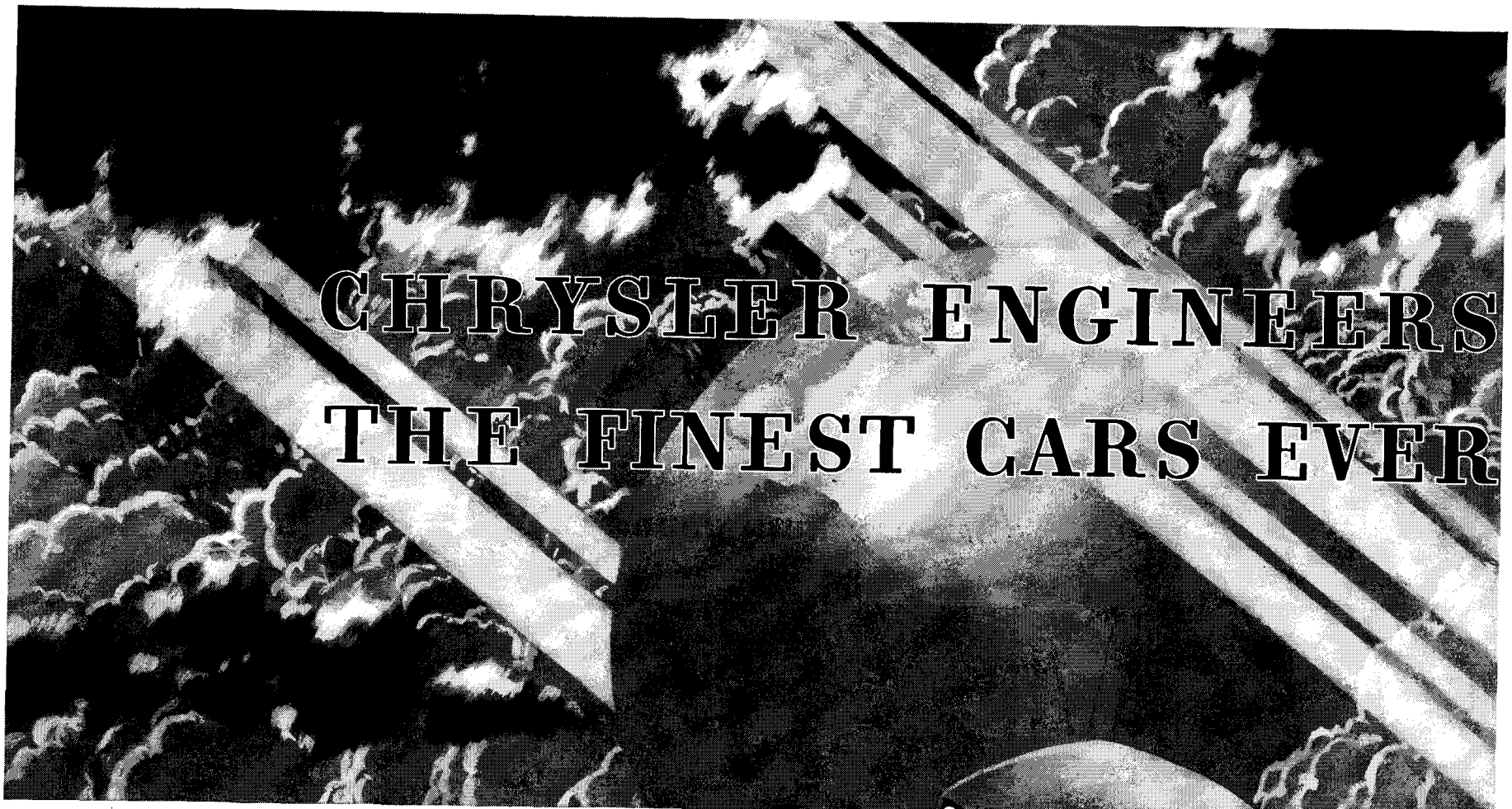
VEEDOL lubricates perfectly at *all* temperatures. Because it is triple dewaxed at 55° below zero, cold-proofed against the bitterest winter weather. And heat-proofed against the highest heats your engine can reach.

VEEDOL is made 100% from the finest, richest crudes ever found in Pennsylvania. Refined to give you longer life, more toughness and protection, greater economy . . . by the world's largest refiners and marketers of Pennsylvania oils.

For complete car protection . . . from below zero to above boiling . . . always use VEEDOL Motor Oil. There are special winter grades of oils and greases for your motor, gears and chassis.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now, more than ever . . .

You'll be happier with a Chrysler

NEW CHRYSLER SIX CONVERTIBLE COUPE

NEW CHRYSLER ROYAL EIGHT 5-PASSENGER SEDAN

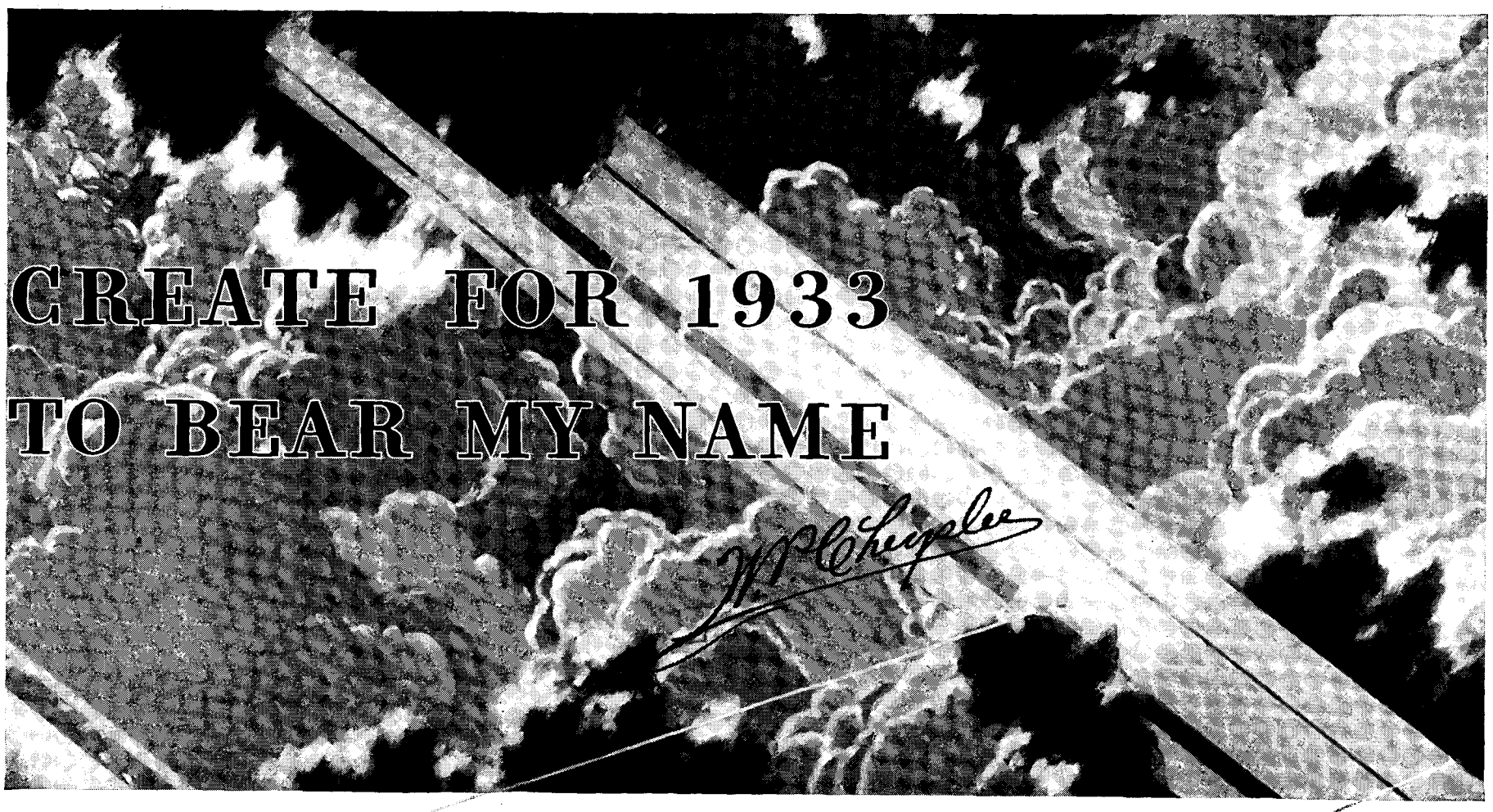
1933 CHRYSLER SIX
83 horsepower; 117 inch wheelbase; six body types
A value which challenges any comparison

1933 ROYAL EIGHT
90 horsepower; 120 inch wheelbase; five body types
Lowest-priced Chrysler Eight in history

1933 IMPERIAL EIGHT
108 horsepower; 126 inch wheelbase; five body types
A luxurious motor car . . . a magnificent value

1933 CUSTOM IMPERIAL
135 horsepower; 146 inch wheelbase; six body types
The finest expression of Chrysler engineering

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Values for these New Times . . . with celebrated Chrysler Floating Power

WE'RE LIVING in new times . . . we need a new kind of motor cars . . . with new and greater values.

Chrysler experience has taught us, I believe, just what kind of new cars the public wants.

So these new Chryslers are built to give more for your dollar . . . greater values at lower prices . . . above all to give performance, appearance and luxury superior to anything previously possible.

These are times of better taste . . . with less money. So we have created new dynamic beauty . . . new streamlining and grace . . . a new luxury that outdates yesterday's standards . . . and costs you less!

These are faster-moving times. That's why we've built these new Chryslers to lead in traffic and accelerate to astonishing top speeds. That's why they have a new All-Silent transmission—silent in first and reverse as well as second and high . . . giving flashing shifts from one silent speed to another.

These are harder-driving times. That's why our engineers have developed a new alloy of unparalleled hardness to make valve seats immune to high speed and scorching heat . . . greatly reducing the need for valve grinding . . . increasing performance by scientifically sealing the gas under compression.

These times demand comfort. That's why Chrysler research has perfected another amazing alloy that's 60% metal and 40% oil . . . for Oilite springs that never squeak . . . that never need lubrication . . . and give you the smoothest ride on earth.

That's why Chrysler gives you patented Floating Power—which wipes out power tremor . . . an automatic clutch so human in action that it actually suits its rate of engagement to the speed of the car . . . Free Wheeling of the improved type the whole industry is striving to equal.

These are times of heavier traffic . . . demanding safety. That's why the new Chryslers have all-steel bodies of armor-plate strength, insulated against heat or cold . . . Girder-Truss type frames, rigid and low to the ground . . . small wheels . . . bigger tires . . . and Chrysler Hydraulic Brakes with Centrifuse drums . . . the only self-equalizing brakes . . . the long-lived safe and sure brakes.

You will find great features and values in four newly created Chrysler cars—the 1933 Six, 1933 Royal Eight, 1933 Imperial Eight and 1933 Custom Imperial.

Only one thing makes these four magnificent cars possible at the prices we are offering. That is nine continuous years of engineering progress without equal in the industry.

By keeping ahead for years, Chrysler engineers have emphasized an old and simple truth . . . he who never relinquishes a lead can never be caught.

These new Chryslers simply can't be imagined. You must drive them . . . visit the nearest Chrysler dealer . . . and see for yourself that Chrysler engineering has excelled all previous efforts in creating cars that really answer the need of the times . . . see why I proudly announce them as *the finest cars ever to bear my name.*

WALTER P. CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER

. . . THE SYMBOL OF GREAT ENGINEERING

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Virtuous Woman

By Don Marquis

IF THE enforcement of these here Prohibition laws had been turned over to my wife ten years ago," said the Old Soak as he annexed a cigar which I had left carelessly exposed on my desk, "there wouldn't be a wet throat or a dry eye left in this country."

He took off his hat as he sat down, and I noticed a grievous discoloration and a painful-looking lump on his bald spot.

"I run that head against Mrs. Hawley's principles yesterday afternoon," he explained, rubbing it gingerly. "It's what I meant when I said my wife would of made this a really dry country."

"How did the argument start?"

"As near as I can make out," said Mr. Hawley, "I got that ornament on my head because Mrs. Jake Smith went and had her face lifted last week.

"I come home yesterday afternoon from Jake Smith's speakeasy feelin' contented and happy and peaceful and cheerful about the world, and I had a quart bottle of good stuff in my overcoat pocket. And there in the livin'-room sets Mrs. Hawley with one of her enforcement spells on her. I can tell when one of 'em has got her as far as I can see her.

"'Where you been?' says Mrs. Hawley.

"That didn't fool me none, that question didn't. I knew she knew where I'd been, and that she knew I knew it. Where would I naturally of been?

"'I been figgerin' out a little business deal, Matilda,' I said. 'I got some fellers interested in an invention I been workin' on.'

"'Liar!' says Mrs. Hawley. 'What kind of an invention?'

"'I won't tell you,' says I. 'You'd turn it against me, somehow. Or else you'd tell it to some of these Prohibition friends of yourn, and they'd cash in on it, and be ridin' around in limousines whilst I was walkin' the winter streets with the cold rain runnin' down off the end of my nose.'

"But she didn't pity me none. When she gets one of her enforcement streaks onto her, all the pity dries up in Mrs. Hawley's heart.

"'What's that you got in your overcoat pocket?' she says.

"'Oh, *that!*' I says.

"'Yes, *that!*' she says.

"'Why, it looks like a bottle to me,' I says, actin' kind of surprised like.

"'It does to me, too,' she says. 'And from now on,' she says, 'there ain't goin' to be any more liquor drunk in this house!'

"Of all the times I ever heard her say that before, I never heard her say it so much like she meant it.

"'Little woman,' I says, 'you wouldn't like me to do my drinkin' in a sneakin', underhanded sort of way, would you? You'd rather have me open and honest and aboveboard, wouldn't you?'

"'From now on,' she says, 'any liquor that's drunk around this house is *goin'* to be drunk in a sneakin' way, and don't you forget it!'

"'What makes you so sure there's liquor in that bottle?' I asked her, tryin' to put acrost one of them soft answers that turneth away raps.

"'Well, what *is* in it?' she says.

"'I don't rightly know,' I says. And that was honest. For who *does* know what kind of chemical exterminator is bein' poured down the human oozly-goozly these days?

"'If you don't know,' she says, 'what did you bring it home for?'

"WITH that she grabbed the bottle and ran into the kitchen with it.

"'Listen,' I says, 'don't waste all that good anti-freeze mixture! It cost money.'

"'Anti-freeze mixture?' she says.

"'It's for the radiator of the car,' I says.

She had the cork out and was just about to tilt it into the sink but she stopped and looked at me.

"'Really, Clem?' she says. And I could see she wanted to believe me.

"It's questions like that from the lips of a Good Woman as forces a man into tellin' lies. You see, the trouble was I'd made one of them solemn promises to let up on drinkin' for a spell. It's a mighty mean man that won't make one of them promises now and then, just to please a Good Woman. I never made any promises about quittin' *complete* and *permanent*, for I knew in the long run nature was bound to take its course.

"'Come out to the garage,' says she, and I follered her out.

"'Now, then,' she says, '*is* this anti-freeze mixture, Clem, or have you been lyin' to me again?'

"'Matilda!' I says, 'in thirty-five years of married life have I ever deceived you?'

"'Not very often,' she says. 'Not half as often as you've tried to. And you ain't deceivin' me now, either.'

"With that she took the cap off the radiator and handed me the bottle.

"'Pour it in,' she says.

"'I better drain the radiator first,' I says, thinkin' mebby I could get some of it out again afterwards.

"'You're either a liar about it bein' anti-freeze mixture, or else you'll pour it in,' she says.

"I poured it in. It's no use dwellin' on my feelin's as it went gurglin' into the radiator. I ain't got the words to state 'em. A new language would have to be invented to say what I felt as that stuff went glug-glug-glug into uselessness.

"But I thought I'd get what credit I could out of it.

"'Now then,' I says, very noble and virtuous, 'am I a liar, or ain't I?'

"'You are!' says she. 'You're not only a liar, but you're a simple-minded liar!'

"'Matilda!' I says. But all of a sudden she busted out cryin' and grabbed that bottle and hit me over the head with it. I set down sudden on the floor of the garage.

"'I know what's the matter with you,' I says. 'You're mad about somethin'!'

"'I am,' she says, 'an' if you don't believe it yet, I'll hit you again.' No sooner said than done; and the second lick was what done most of this damage.

"AND I still think she *was* mad. It's the first time in all our matrimonial life of conjoogal felicity she has ever raised her hand against me. She *must* of been mad.

"'What on earth are you so mad about?' I said.

"She busted out cryin' harder than before. 'Millie Smith,' she says, 'has gone and had her face lifted! I saw her on the street only an hour ago! I don't mind her havin' a permanent wave every time she feels like it—I'm used to that! I've stood it year in and year out, and never broke loose before! But she's had her *face lifted*, I tell you—and *I* can't afford it! But *she* can! And why? Because you and a lot of fools like you spend every cent you can get hold of in Jake Smith's speakeasy!'

"'Listen, little woman,' I says, '*you* don't *need* your face lifted! You're just as good-lookin' to me now as the day we was married.'

"'Get up off the floor and stop talkin' applesauce,' she says, 'or this time I'll hit you under the chin and lift *your* face for *you!* There was a time I might 'a' listened to that blarney, but it's past years ago, and you ain't as handsome as you was then! Her *face* lifted—it's the last straw! Oh, why did I marry a man without any will-power?'

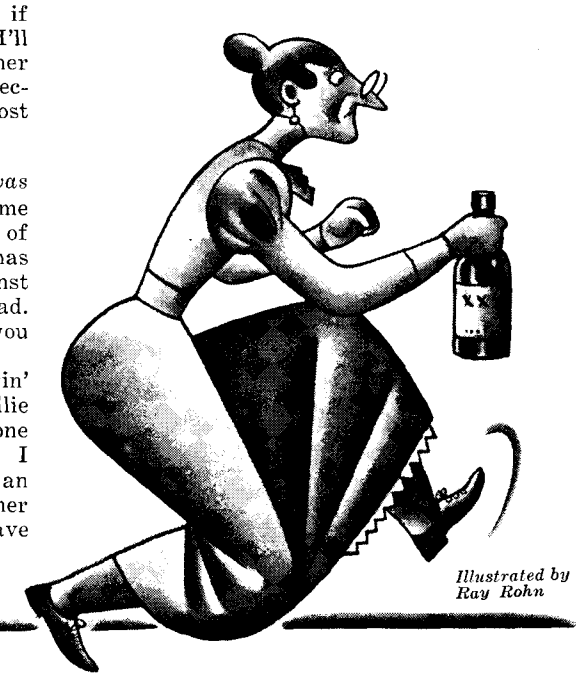
"If I had wanted to be mean I would of said to her that she married a man without will-power enough not to get married! But I didn't say it, because the truth is I always kinda liked Matilda, although her dry principles make her cantankerous as a wildcat sometimes. You gotta separate a person from his principles and realize there's some good in everybody, even in Prohibitionists. So all I said was:

"'Matilda, you better *not* get my will-power roused! When it's sleepin', leave it lay. For when it wakes up, it's like an uncaged lion! It's so strong I got no control over it whatever.'

"WELL," he said, rubbing his injury, "you see what I meant when I said Matilda could 'a' put acrost enforcement. It would 'a' saved the country billions of dollars, and also plunged it into oceans of grief, if she'd been on the job." He added with a grin: "You know, in spite of them pesky principles of hers, I kinda admire Matilda! But a quart of the best stuff Jake Smith has sold in two years is sloshin' around in the innards of a flivver that would just as soon drink wood alcohol, and all I get out of bein' a hero and provin' I ain't a liar is a head that looks like a stained-glass window and feels like a train wreck in a tunnel."

"I poured it in. It's no use dwellin' on my feelin's"

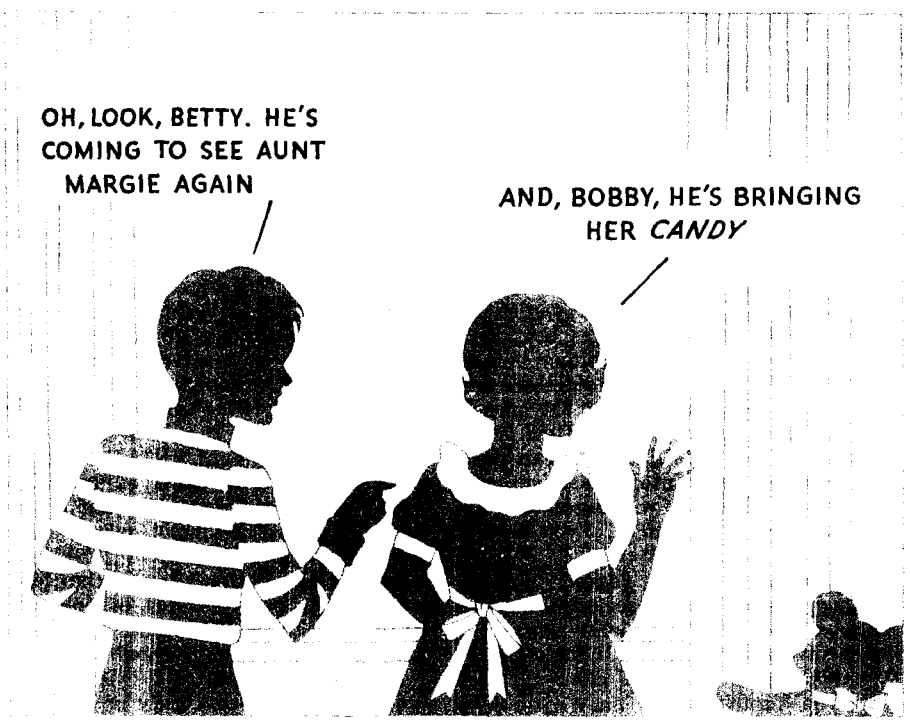
"With that she grabbed the bottle and ran into the kitchen with it. 'Don't waste that anti-freeze mixture!' I says"

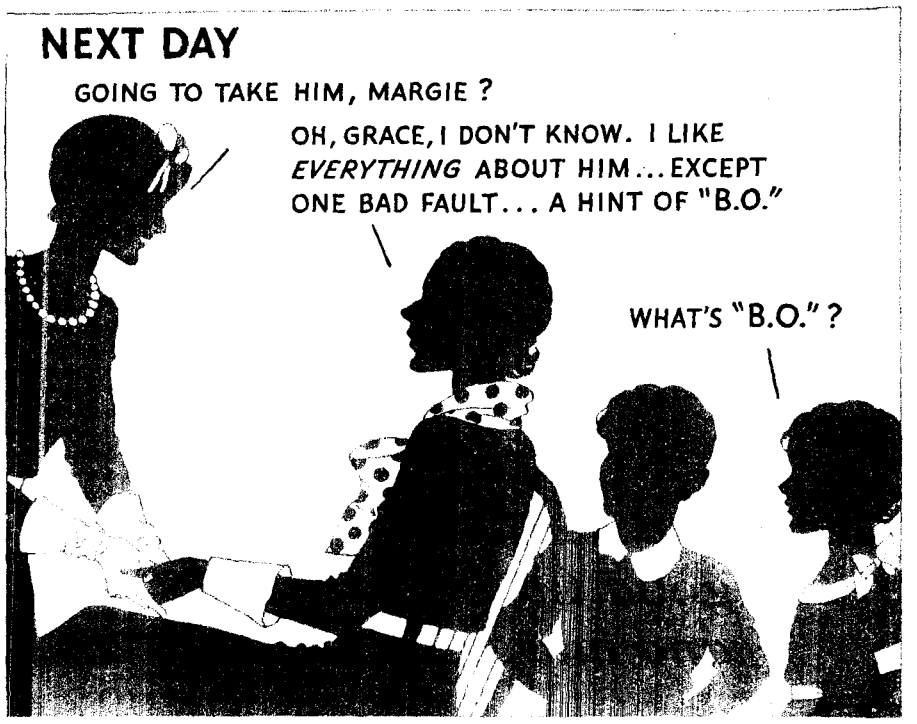


Illustrated by Ray Rohn

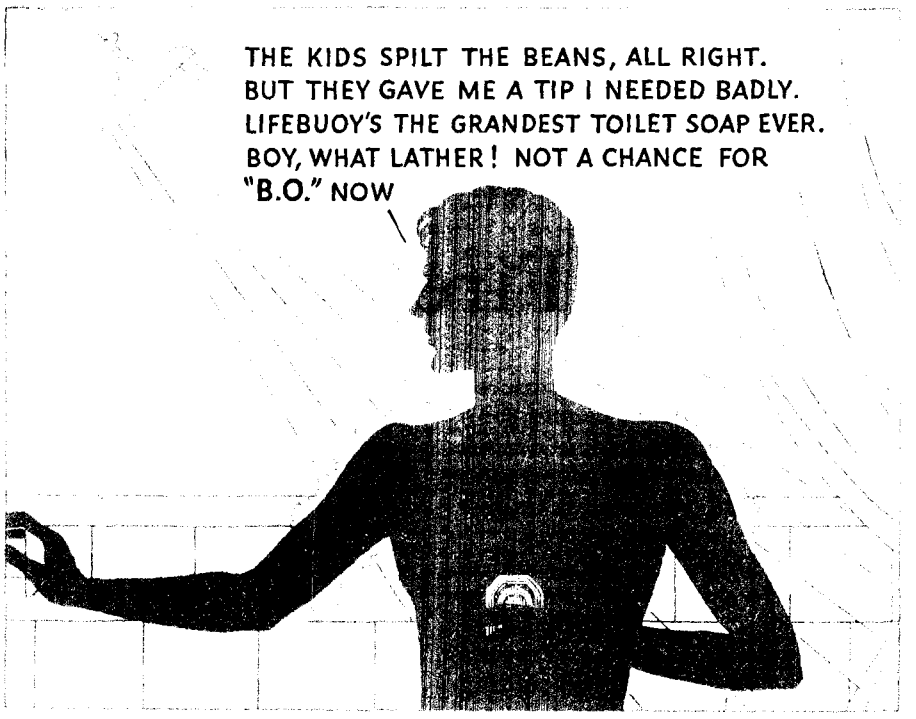
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

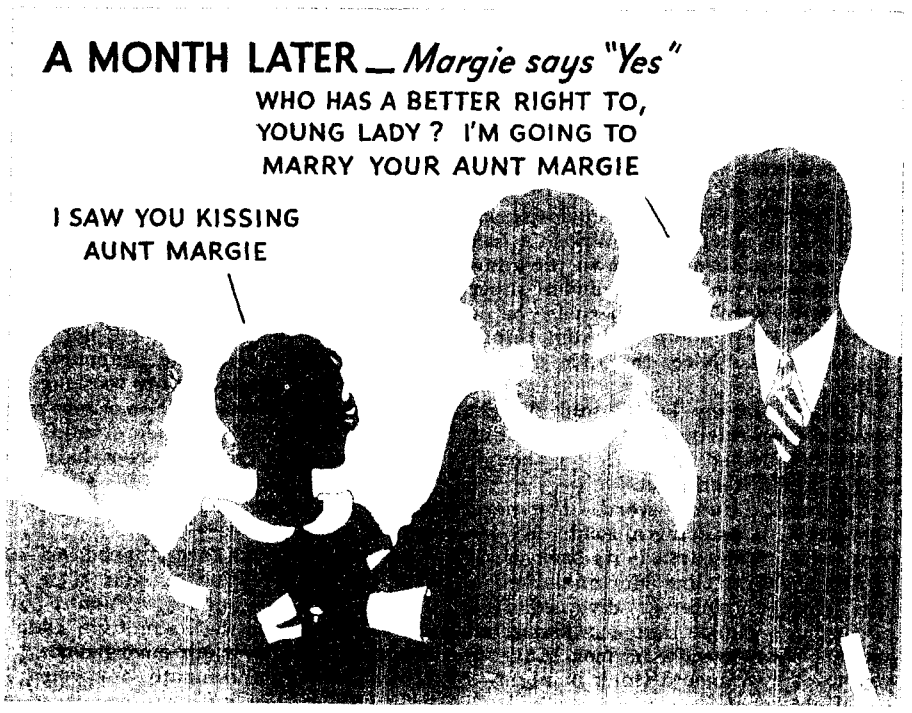
THE TWINS BLURT IT OUT . . . by J. C. Ellis—





NEXT TIME HE CALLED
HELLO, TWINS. YOUR AUNT MARGIE IN ?
WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, BETTY ?
YOU LOOK WORRIED
WHAT'S "B.O." ? AUNT MARGIE SAYS YOU HAVE IT
YES, AND SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT


THE KIDS SPILT THE BEANS, ALL RIGHT. BUT THEY GAVE ME A TIP I NEEDED BADLY. LIFEBUOY'S THE GRANDEST TOILET SOAP EVER. BOY, WHAT LATHER! NOT A CHANCE FOR "B.O." NOW


A MONTH LATER—*Margie says "Yes"*
WHO HAS A BETTER RIGHT TO, YOUNG LADY ? I'M GOING TO MARRY YOUR AUNT MARGIE
I SAW YOU KISSING AUNT MARGIE

Don't fool yourself about "B.O."

(body odor)

A HINT of "B.O." (*body odor*) is enough to ruin your chances. Yet even on cold days, pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste. Overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its creamy, searching lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

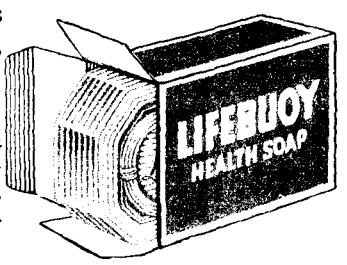
Watch skin clear and freshen!

How your complexion responds to Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather! Loses its dull, cloudy look—glows with radiant health.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 311, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1752 ★ 180 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL OPERATION TESTIFY TO THE SOUNDNESS OF THE MUTUAL PLAN OF INSURANCE ★ 1933

In good times and bad...

Property Owners have Saved *through* Mutual Fire Insurance

OWNERS of property insured against fire in *mutual* companies have received generous dividends during the depression period of the past three years, just as in more prosperous times.

For example, the policyholders of the 75 companies comprising the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies received $45,534,984 in dividends during 1929, '30 and '31.

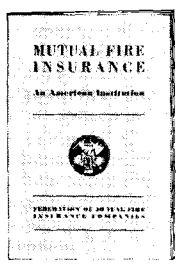
To the individual property owner this has meant a substantial saving in overhead cost—welcome at any time—doubly so in times like these.

This ability to achieve successful results—to pay just claims fully and promptly—to build reserves, and to save and return a considerable part of the premium year after year in good times and bad, has earned for *mutual* fire companies a reputation for unusual stability.

American property to the extent of over 37 billions of dollars, is safely and soundly protected against loss by fire under *mutual* policies.

To any property owner—anywhere—large or small, the *mutual* plan of fire insurance offers a form of protection that has been tested over a period of 180 years—intelligent service—a saving in net cost.

A list of Federation companies will be sent on request, together with an interesting explanation of the benefits and operation of *mutual* insurance. Write for it today.



WRITE TODAY FOR THIS BOOKLET

Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies
Room 2103—230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Kindly send me, with no obligation, a list of Federation companies and your booklet explaining the *mutual* plan of insurance.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE

An American *Institution*

Amateur Bride

Continued from page 17

"Yes, sir," said Jones. "I can see that."

"You can't," stated Wright shortly, "because it isn't time for you to see anything. Marriage is like a game of chess, Menelik—black and white pitted against each other and both out to win. It's like a game of chess with one measly little difference. Do you remember what I said about combinations?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here's the difference: In marriage, not only the players make the moves. The pieces also move where they damn' please, generally when you're not looking. But wait a minute; that isn't all. There's an unseen kibitzer who is free to lean over from the sidelines and move both the players and the pieces. He can move them one at a time or all at once; if he feels like it he can push the whole caboodle into the ash can with one swipe. Now do you begin to see?"

"No, sir," said Jones, "you've lost me."

"There you are!" roared Wright. "When you oughtn't to see anything you can see everything, and when you ought to see everything you can't see a thing! Combinations, Menelik, combinations! A little figuring will show you I've proved that the game of marriage has forty-nine billion two hundred and sixty-eight million combinations in addition to those of the game of chess, and that's leaving out the odd figures. Finish that letter yourself; I'm going!"

WRIGHT dismissed the car and entered the almost empty rooms of The Line. His eyes swept the lounge and were arrested by half of a single figure. He recognized the cock of those legs; they belonged to Henry Morton. He scarcely halted in his stride, the expression in his face and eyes leaping to keep up with his thoughts. Why was he glad to see Morton? He couldn't have said, but he knew he was. He advanced in such a manner as to give fair warning of his coming.

"Hello, Morton. When did you get back?"

"Last night," said Morton after a barely perceptible pause. "What's happened to this place?"

"Rinderpest," said Wright, seating himself. "It's been decimated by the rinderpest of the flattened wallet. Have a drink?"

"Why, yes," said Morton slowly. "As a matter of fact, I was just wishing for one. I forgot I'd left an empty locker."

"Been abroad, haven't you?" asked Wright as he handed his key to an attendant.

"Yes," said Morton, eying his unexpected host. That he should have addressed him at all was odd in itself but what most aroused his curiosity was the genuine placidity in Wright's face. Was the man throwing down the gauge of battle or extending the hand of superficial friendship? In either case he decided to take him up. "Usual thing," he continued, "Nice, the Lido and the Nile."

"All out of my beat," said Wright, waving the arriving bottle toward him.

Morton helped himself. "I thought you'd been abroad a lot."

"Abroad? Funny word. I've never thought of it as going abroad. My job, you know. The earth is its back yard."

For the first time Morton looked at him with an interest divorced from curiosity, a glance that was almost envious. "That's quite a mouthful," he remarked. "I should think it might—"

"Might what?"

"Oh, well," said Morton vaguely, "New York sometimes gets small, smelly and shriveled even to me, and the best I can do about it is Nice, Lido and the Nile."

"I get you," said Wright. "Small, smelly and shriveled—you named it." He downed his drink and arose. "Well, I'd better be moving. So long. Glad to see you back."

"Thanks," said Morton.

Halfway to the door Wright turned. "Drop around sometime," he heard himself saying. "Margaret—well—we've talked about you several times."

He didn't wait for an answer. Outside the club he started to walk hurriedly and then stopped so suddenly that two passing boys hooted with laughter. Why had he said that? Why had he spoken to Morton at all? He decided there were two streams of influence. One urged that Morton, having known Margaret from childhood, might somehow help him to know her. The other was sheer abnegation. It said that Morton was the polished sort of company Margaret craved and that now there was no reason why she should not have it. Whereby it becomes evident that John Wright was not only at his wit's end, but was, in certain matters, far more naïve than even Lila McKim would have believed.

As for Margaret, she also had been facing her surprises. Contrary to her expectation the permanence of Robert and Pilkins was causing her no embarrassment in any shape or form. No veiled glance reminded her of her humiliation before them; far from it. They treated her with a respect so genuine that for the first time in her life she conceived the possibility of a subtle bond between servant and the served which was neither friendship nor affection and yet a definite link.

"Well, Margaret, Morton is back."

She looked up with a quick intake of her breath. Was this a challenge? No, it was because it wasn't that the statement had startled her. His manner was that of a bewildered giant bringing a crumb of news as a peace offering.

"What about it?"

"Nothing. He got in last night. He was actually the only man in the club."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Of course."

"What did you say?"

"Asked him to have a drink."

"Did he accept?"

"Yes; he was glad to get it; said he'd forgotten he'd left his locker empty. There was nothing funny about that, but—"

"But what?"

He frowned. "As I was leaving I did a funny thing. I turned and asked him to drop around sometime if he felt like it."

"Here?"

"Yes. I said we'd talked about him."

"TALKED about him!" cried Margaret. Then she laughed, not with merriment, but with the sharpness of one who has been trembling too long on the verge of hysteria. "Sometimes you talk a language I don't understand," she continued, "but you're never hard to read. If you think there's the slightest chance of getting Henry Morton to take me off your—"

Something in his face stopped her—a look of utter confusion, and then of amazement and horror. "You're all wet," he said in the calm tone which never failed him in an emergency. "I know I'm rotten company for you. I was willing—I'm still willing—to give

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you Morton exactly the way I gave you the emerald on your finger."

He turned and went out, nor did he return for dinner. The next afternoon found him staring at his empty desk. He looked up.

"What is it, Menelik?"

"A gentleman wishes an appointment at your apartment at five this afternoon."

"Tell him where he can go. Give him the number of any psychopathic ward."

"It's Lord Ashby."

"Why didn't you say so? You'd better go to the ward yourself."

"I didn't because he didn't," explained Jones, "but I'm sure that's who it is. The way I dope it, Mr. Wright, he doesn't want anybody to know he's in town and especially that he's seeing you."

"Then what are you standing there for? Tell him I'll be there."

"I have," said Jones.

"Oh," said Wright. "You're still all right, Menelik; I wish I were. You'd better come along."

"I told him I would," said Jones, glowing under praise. "I know what you need, Mr. Wright; you need a trip."

"Brilliant boy!" said Wright witheringly. "A trip, eh? Precocious child! You shame me, Menelik. Why couldn't I have thought of that myself?"

JONES fled, but he was on hand at a quarter to five. Ten minutes later they were at Wright's apartment. Robert opened to them promptly. Wright asked him if Mrs. Wright were at home. He said no.

"Neither am I," said Wright, "except that I'm expecting a gentleman in five minutes."

"Lord Ashby is already here, sir," said Robert. "He's in the living-room."

"Oh," said Wright. "Well, Robert, keep the place clear, please, and see that you and Pilk stay out of the way unless you're called."

"Yes, sir."

Greetings over, Ashby went straight to the point. "Well, Jack," he said, extending his hand for the second time, "I want to be the first to congratulate you."

Wright was confused. "Did you just hear about it? I've been married nearly three months."

"Married!" gasped Ashby. "You? Haw!" He sobered.

"You hadn't heard about it?"

"No. We've been too busy. There was a month when we didn't open the papers at all."

"Then why the congratulations?"

"Ah, yes!" said Ashby, his face brightening. "Jack, me lad, you're a genius, a wizard. We found it where you said it had to be if it was at all."

"The lost reef?"

"Yes."

"How far?"

"Three miles." He paused to let the statement sink in. "That's why I'm here and why I don't wish anybody—"

"Of course!" interrupted Wright. "Got your maps?"

Ashby indicated a worn and bursting dispatch case at one end of the lounge before the fire. "I sit on them wherever I go."

Wright unbuckled the straps with his own hands. "Here, Menelik, lay them out to the points of the compass. The den is north; start from there and work south." He turned to Ashby. "How far do your titles carry you?"

"Not far enough. That's just the point. That's where you're going to come in."

Jones seemed slow. They started to help, soon grew warm and peeled their coats. The sea of blueprints spread.

Margaret had let herself in by the lower door, but hearing an exclamation from Jones as he put his foot through a precious map, she drew back, took the elevator again and got out on the bedroom floor, where she found Marie. She had dressed in leisurely fashion and now came down at the usual dinner hour. The scene which met her eyes filled her with amazement and a sense of outrage. If she had been in on the excitement from the start, no doubt her intelligence would have enabled her to share it to a moderate extent; at least she could have understood what all the fuss was about. As it was, all she saw was an affront on the part of Wright and one of his queer friends. She stood rigidly in the doorway until Wright saw her. As always at the moment of catching sight of her in evening dress he flushed from sheer joy in her loveliness.

"Margaret!" Then he controlled himself. "Doddy, here's my wife. Margaret, this is Ashby."

"Lord Ashby, Mrs. Wright," quickly murmured Jones, the ever-alert.

"Oh," said Margaret, her expression unchanged, "Lord Ashby." Ashby had started toward her, his entire small and moist person radiating amiability. His shirt was rumpled and so was his hair. Combined with his smile, his drooping mustache gave him the appearance of a joyful baby walrus on the way to supper. But before he reached her, Margaret continued: "I've often had to bow to John's far-flung powers; now I'll have to give him credit for corrupting the manners of the House of Lords!"

Long before Wright or Jones had understood, Ashby had stopped in his tracks and turned on his heel, physically and mentally. He smoothed back his hair with a quick motion, readjusted his eyeglasses, snatched up his coat and put it on. Then, looking as if he had added at least a cubit to his stature, he faced about.

"I'm now in condition to apologize, Mrs. Wright, which I do." He turned from her definitely. "Jack, you've got to get down there. Try and manage it so nobody will know where you've gone. You ought to start tonight."

"I can't," said Wright from beneath the greatest load that had ever threatened to crush him. The two people whose good will toward himself and toward each other he valued above anything else in life had come face to face for the first time with swords already drawn!

"Then tomorrow."

"I mean I don't see how I can go at all," said Wright.

"What! But that's drivel—pure drivel. You can hardly expect us to take no for an answer, and we won't. Catch the regular passenger plane to El Paso, charter another one there and you can be at the Dos Picos in less than three days. Why, now—since you've been down there, I mean—you can even do it by motor from the border and be back in two weeks!"

WRIGHT swayed his head slowly from side to side. "Sorry, Doddy. There's something else on my mind."

"Then the quicker you shift it," said Ashby coldly, "the better for you and all others concerned. I don't have to draw a map for you. You know as well as I do that this may run into millions, and I mean pounds, not dollars."

"I know," murmured Wright.

Ashby turned to Jones. "Pick up the welter and pack it down to the office, will you? I'll call you there inside an hour to tell you where I'm putting up."

"Doddy!" cried Wright, "you can't do that!"

But Ashby was already at the door. "Good night, Jack. Mrs. Wright, again my apologies and respects."

He was gone.

(To be continued next week)

15 COOLER SHAVES FREE

We're betting that the trial tube will make you a customer for the regular one

It takes nerve to enter the shaving cream field today; competition is fierce; a cream must be exceptional or fail automatically.

We are so certain of the merit and quality of Listerine Shaving Cream that we are willing to send you a free sample of it. Such samples cost money, but our experience has taught us that, once a man tries Listerine Shaving Cream, he becomes a regular customer and buys the large 25¢ tube eagerly.

In the last six months, more than fifty thousand men have switched from former favorites to Listerine Shaving Cream. In every case, the trial tube convinced them of its superior qualities. You will immediately discover these merits yourself.

See how quickly Listerine Shaving Cream lathers . . . with brush or without. In hot water, warm water, cold water—even ice water.

Note how that balmy, satin-like lather lasts—does not dry, harden, or "fall down;" thick, creamy, soothing, at all times.

Be on the lookout, too, for that delightfully cool, fresh feeling that this unusual cream imparts to the skin; no redness, no rawness, no burning.

Lastly, bear in mind that the regular size tube contains 104 shaves and sells for 25¢. That's the common sense price for a quality product. To pay more is folly.

Clip this coupon NOW

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. C. I. S., St. Louis, Missouri
Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Tax Nobody Notices

Continued from page 11

wholesaler or to the retailer (non-licensees) he must account to the government and pay on his selling price. Regardless of what happens after the sale, he must pay the tax within a month of the sale. If, however, something goes amiss and the goods are returned within sixty days, he may apply to the government for a refund of the tax he has paid. And he gets it. But he has no privilege of waiting until he receives his money from the man he has sold to.

Thus the administration of the sales tax in Canada has been greatly simplified. There are about 18,000 licensed manufacturers in that country. The government employs a hundred auditors to inspect their books. Owing to the fact that a certain part of the tax is collected by customs agencies—the tax on the first sale of imports, for example—it is not easy to reckon the exact cost of collecting a dollar of sales tax in Canada; but the experts in the Department of National Revenue estimate it at not more than five cents. In the United States there are about two hundred and ten thousand manufacturers doing a business of more than five thousand dollars a year each. At least there were in 1930. Just how many of these would be licensed in the Canadian manner, were we to adopt a law similar to Canada's, is impossible to tell. But the difference in numbers indicates how much larger the job would be here.

Sparing the Small Wage Earner

The wisdom of Canada's administration of the law is shown to a striking degree in the fact that fewer than fifty cases of sales tax litigation have got as far as the courts in the past five years. And to the sweeping exemptions (ten large pages in small type) much of the success of Canada's law may be laid. The consumer never knows when he is paying it although it is pretty certain that he bears his share of the burden in some instances.

Quite naturally the sales tax operates best in smaller and less complicated countries. In the larger nations sales tax legislation may well be ruined by the exemptions adopted for political expediency.

In Canada the Liberal party, which in certain aspects may be compared with our Democratic party (at least in the Democratic party's latest aspects), has carried on a consistent warfare against the sales tax. For the most part its objections have been more academic than realistic, the favorite being that the sales tax increases the cost of living. The straight sales tax (a tax imposed upon the ultimate purchaser, such as one sees today in the state of Mississippi) does just that. But it is only fair to say that, in Canada, whatever increased burden the ultimate consumer is laden with under the manufacturer's sales tax is not apparent to the consumer in so many dollars and cents; nor is the rise in living costs direct or general because of the tax. Generally speaking, the wage earner with an income of two thousand dollars a year or less is almost immune from whatever increases in prices the tax is responsible for. The reason, according to the officials I talked to, is quite simple: The wage earner of that income buys very little beyond the fundamental necessities of life, and with very few exceptions these are not subject to tax at any point between the producer and the consumer.

"Being a small nation," said one of Canada's wisest politicians, "has its advantages. We aren't large enough to have room for quite a number of the luxuries the big fellows cultivate. The high-pressure salesmanship, for example. Without that system we failed to load up the small wage earner with the numerous things he didn't need and obviously couldn't pay for. Therefore when the crash came we had fewer uncollectable commercial debts to write off and otherwise worry us. We are still a very simple people, sir."

Sales Tax Exemptions

But the political point is that the Liberals have always shown a disposition, when in power in Canada, to decrease the rate of the tax. Once they jammed it down to one per cent. Naturally enough this was most pleasant to the manufacturer who is forever deploring the fact that he must bear all of the burden of the tax, theoretically at least, and in addition assume the expense of maintaining sales tax experts in his auditing department. He might pass the cost on to the wholesaler in increased prices, or at least a part of it, but he has no dependable guarantee that his competitor will do likewise. And in the States, where competition is infinitely sharper and more diversified, the manufacturer's hope of passing the burden on would be even more remote.

"Please, can I go home now?" *Frank Owen*

But the Canadian manufacturer's natural political affiliation is with the Conservatives just as, in the United States, he is more at home in the house of the Republican party. And yet it is the Conservative party, his natural protector and cultivator, that insists most vigorously that he, the manufacturer, bear the brunt of a higher and higher sales tax. The Conservatives, like our Republicans, cherish high tariff walls in the shadow of which the manufacturer flourishes. The Liberals, like our Democrats, flirt with lower tariffs and are even suspected of a secret leaning toward free trade. All of which puts the Canadian manufacturer in a nasty spot—lower sales taxes and lower tariffs on imports or higher sales taxes and higher tariffs. He clings to his old love, the Conservative party, of course, if for no better reason than that he knows that he will always have the tariff with him while an era of a new and greater prosperity might see the repeal of the sales tax.

Another difficulty that Canada overcame was the adoption of the sales tax before it became a more popular revenue expedient. The law forbids any province to pass a sales tax bill of its own which would subject the taxable to double levies on the same product. In the United States several of our states have sales tax legislation in one form or another—notably Mississippi, Kentucky and West Virginia. There is plenty of likelihood too that other states will follow in their train. Regardless of what a sales tax may do to the industrial fabric into which it is woven it does produce revenue even when unintelligently administered. Even in its worst form it keeps legislatures happy by giving them more to spend.

But the protests of the already overtaxed manufacturers and consumers in the United States will be a hideous noise in the ears of any administration that would impose a Federal sales tax on top of state sales taxes. The people already breathe heavily under double income taxes. Politically it was much easier for Canada to segregate the law to Federal confines; she has but nine provinces to watch. And I am assured by thoroughly experienced politicians in the Dominion that controlling nine provinces from Ottawa is a rather softer job than managing forty-eight states from Washington. Which is not to say that, even then, the Canadian politician's life is sweet and simple.

Canada has clung manfully to a theory of sales tax exemptions, which, in spirit, aims to frustrate industry's growth as little as possible and at the same time add as little as possible to the cost of living. A complete list of the exemptions is out of the question here, but one gets something of the idea from a few. For example, she has exempted apples, corn, wheat, butter, milk and other produce of the farm. Similarly free from the tax are bees, honey, Bibles, prayer books and hymnals. The list goes on at astonishing length to include all manner of machinery incidental to farming, mining, lumbering and fishing. Neither does one pay sales tax on artificial legs or arms, or medals for war veterans, glass eyes, ships engaged in coastal trade, heirlooms, educational books or libraries acquired by bequest, collections of coins, medals, trophies and stamps. And there is no sales tax on exported goods of any sort.

Advising Other Countries

And yet Canada, because she has simplified the law limiting its application to two zones (the licensed manufacturer's sales, and imports), has derived as high as twenty-four per cent of her taxation income from this law. The rate at the time was four and a half per cent.

From its adoption in 1920 until the end of the fiscal year 1931-1932, the Dominion derived just $758,704,794.03 from the manufacturer's sales tax at rates varying from one to six per cent. It would get us nowhere in particular to compare its year-by-year produce with yearly income from all sources, because the law's provisions have been changed continuously by legislation and ruling. It is one of the most flexible of taxation schemes. Moreover, the rate has changed frequently; in single years there have been as many as three changes.

Canada believes, after years of research and comparison, that her present law is a simpler system and presents fewer administration difficulties than any other. She believes too that it is a fairer system. Her experts have studied it in France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Poland and other European states. She has advised a number of countries in their adoption of the sales tax. Most of them, France being a shining example, are struggling with what Canada abandoned in 1924, the turnover tax. But France is learning that the turnover tax is too complicated, covers too many goods handlers and is too expensive to administer, just as Canada did.

In spite of their acceptance of the sales tax, Canada's manufacturers maintain a steady but non-spectacular propaganda against it. They are quite frank about it. In principle they are opposed to it because from time to time, in such times as these days of world depression, many of them find it necessary to sell goods at cost that they may keep valuable factory and administrative organizations intact. In such event, they protest, the sales tax on goods sold at cost is unfair; it amounts to selling at a consistent loss and thereby forces manufacturers into bankruptcy when, relieved of sales taxes, they might survive the storm.

The Loudest Protest

Furthermore, says the manufacturer, it too frequently happens that he is required by government auditors to pay more tax than he, the manufacturer, had computed. No claim is made that either the manufacturer or the government's auditor is guilty of anything more than an error in judgment or interpretation, but the manufacturer has to pay the additional amount which almost always is too small to warrant legal proceedings but which, in the aggregate over a period of years, becomes impressive.

The manufacturer resents, too, the lack of governmental imagination in taxation. There are plenty of untaxed fields to explore, he claims, but governments, like individuals, are too frequently mob-spirited. What one does, another imitates. What one administration levies upon, its successor levies upon.

So, cries the manufacturer, when governments have exhausted their limited taxation imaginations (which they are afraid to cultivate lest they offend masses instead of classes) they fall back upon the sales tax.

Have it your own way.

"Still," said one manufacturer, "if you really want to know who is raising the loudest row about Canada's manufacturer's sales tax, you should interview your own countrymen."

"For example?" I inquired.

"The American manufacturers who established factories on this side of the border to evade the new tariff levies," he replied, grinning.

So I did that and the American's reply, after a gloomy silence, was eloquent.

"Oh, well," he said, "what the hell!"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fear in Her Eyes

Continued from page 8

speaking her mind, for her voice was adapted to vast spaces and immense distances.

"Skid Cushman," she shouted, "you haven't been to see me. What d'ye mean by it? Talk quick, young man—and be plausible."

Skid arose now to his full height, which was great. In the process he knocked over his chair and was able to sweep a dish from the table to crash on the floor. He always knocked things over. He broke things. Somehow he could not move that great body of his without wreaking havoc.

Mrs. Jim laughed. "If I hadn't seen you," she said, "I'd have known you were here by the smash."

"How do you do?" Skid asked in an agony of embarrassment.

MRS. JIM glanced at Lafcadio. "Do I know your friend? I do. His name is Bangs. He can come too."

"Thank you," said Skid. "You can come too, Lafcadio. Mrs. Jim says you can come too."

"Any definite place," asked Lafcadio, "or just along?"

Mrs. Jim snorted and launched into an introduction of her guests to the two Americans, and presently Skid found himself staring into the beautiful eyes of the contessa and groping about in the air for her hand, which she had not extended. Mrs. Jim made a sort of whickering sound.

"He wants to shake hands," she said. "Don't let him. He'd probably pull off a couple of fingers. We're all going to my *palazzo* to hear a bald-headed violinist. Novelty! Imagine a fiddler without enough hair to hide his young in!"

Skid blushed furiously and lurched against a table which tottered but did not quite tip over. The eyes of the contessa twinkled and Skid grinned.

"Things knock into me," he said amiably. "I just stand still and inanimate objects bopple me."

He listened for her voice eagerly and it was as lovely as her face, deep and calm and rich and vibrant, and somehow, he felt, neither derisive nor unfriendly but rather understanding and sympathetic.

"You are so very large," she said as if that explained everything satisfactorily.

"Do you object to big men?" he asked wistfully. "So many people do."

"If," interrupted Mrs. Jim, "you'll stop blocking the way and ogling Giulia as if she were a piece of pastry, we can all get out of this place."

Skid made his way to the door. At the curb were three cars, two belonging to Mrs. Jim and the marchesa and one Skid had hired on his travels.

"I have a very nice car," he said to the contessa, "and a driver who almost never runs into things, and Lafcadio could ride with Mrs. Jim—"

"Giulia," said Mrs. Jim, "I believe you've slain the lad. I vouch for his morals and manners, but not for his gestures. If you dare risk getting bashed by a flying elbow it would be Christian charity to ride with him."

"Mr. Cushman is very thoughtful," said the contessa graciously and permitted herself to be helped into the motor. Skid lunged into the seat beside her. The car started easily.

"I can't," Skid said, "go to Venice tomorrow."

"Indeed? And why not?"

"Lafcadio is an artist. He draws and paints things."

"Artists often do," said the contessa.

"He drew a picture of you on the menu card, and so I made him change seats so I could see you. And he had caught it. And so, of course, I couldn't go to Venice."

"He had caught what?" she asked.

"Why," he said, "the fear. I mean I'm just making it clear why I can't go away just now," he added quickly as he heard her sharp intake of breath. "I'm getting around to saying that you are so different from anybody I have ever seen, and the fear didn't belong. You see what I mean?"

"Perhaps not exactly," she said in a low voice.

He wriggled with impatience and whanged his elbow against the window. It was so perfectly clear to him, and so simple.

"If," he said, "you should all of a sudden see someone right out of—I mean straight out of a poem that is very old and beautiful and noble—or out of a painting by some old duck that was a master and could put in glamour and everything—or a—what I want to express is that it shouldn't have fear in its eyes. And that's why."

"I think," she said, "you must be a very unusual person, Mr. Cushman."

"You're making fun of me," he said aggrievedly. "But everybody does. And then when your brother came along and sold fruit of the sea—"

"Hush!" she said sharply.

"I knew because his eyes were so like yours," said Skid. "So I'm going to stick around, and Venice can go hang."

She was silent and he became uncomfortable. "Are you angry?" he asked after a time.

She turned to look into his face in the dim light before she replied. "I'm startled," she said. "Would others have seen this similarity of eyes?"

"I do not think so," he said simply. "You see nobody else had just discovered yours were the most wonderful eyes in the world. It—it sort of impressed them on my mind."

"What do you know about my—about the seller of fruit of the sea?" she asked.

"I know it is not safe for him to be in Italy. He wouldn't be likely to come without a reason."

"He is young," said the contessa, "and reckless and headstrong—and he broods."

"If you brood too much," said Skid, "things get all muddled, and then somebody comes along with fish to fry, and dreadful things may happen."

"Dreadful things?"

SKID labored over his cuff link which had come out, and succeeded in breaking its chain. He looked at it ruefully and at the gaping linen which flapped from the end of his sleeve.

"When," he said, "the Great Man comes to Firenze, there will be a ceremony at San Miniato. I think that is what you are afraid of."

"San Miniato!"

"It's the sort of thing that would attract a lad whose head wasn't riveted on too tight. Kind of round things out, if you get the idea. Make a story of it. It *would* be a story, too. The same name, the same spot—after five hundred years. Almost as if a man named Brutus got the Great Man at the foot of Pompey's statue."

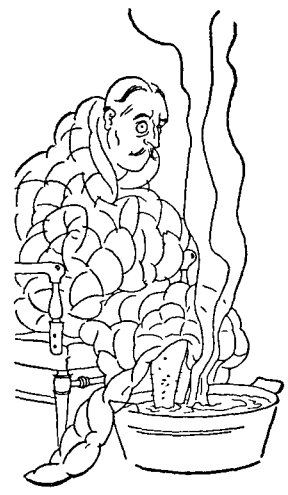
"Oh!" she cried.

"He would have thought of all that—or somebody would have thought it up for him."

"No! No!"

"And you," he said, "met him in La

(Continued on page 38)



"Feed a cold and starve a fever?"

POSSIBLY YES, PROBABLY NO! *says science*

Safest thing is to call a doctor if your Taylor clinical thermometer says "Fever"

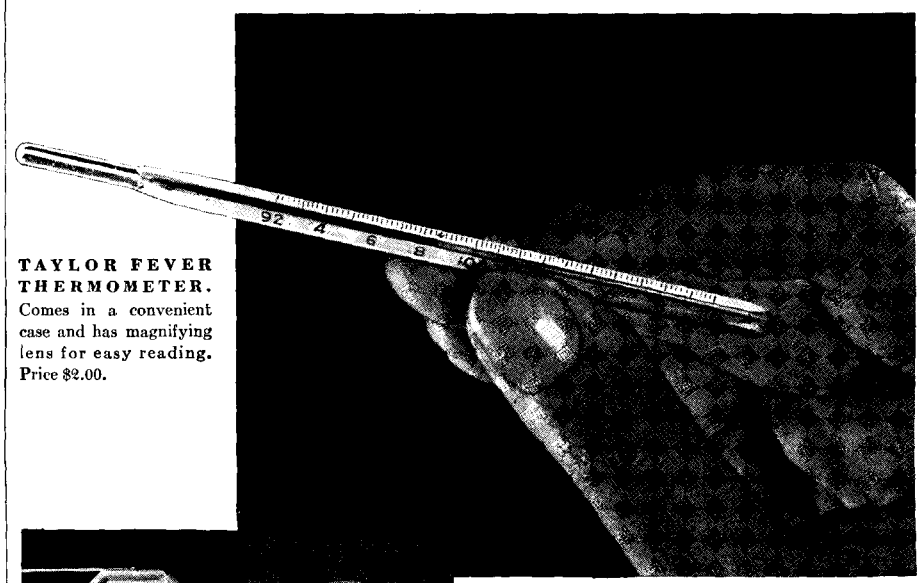
"STOP—LOOK—LISTEN," whispers a fever—a whisper to which you can't afford to be deaf. Watch your temperature and your children's temperatures. That way you may avoid the cold—you may forestall the sickness.

Fever is a warning that something is wrong, a danger signal that recommends, "Better ask the doctor to drop around and check up." Surely no home with children about it, should be without a Taylor Fever Thermometer. Doctors, nurses and parents too use them every day. There are both Oral and Rectal types.

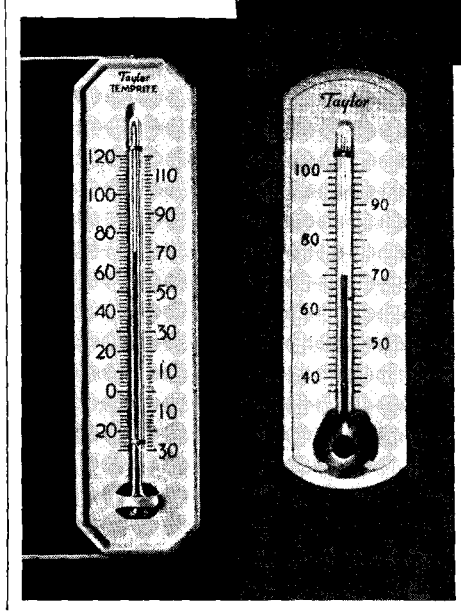
A Taylor Fever Thermometer will act as a health-watchman for your family. A Taylor Wall Thermometer will enable you to keep your rooms at the right temperature. A Taylor Window Thermometer will tell you what clothes to wear outdoors.

To have these thermometers and to use them gives a pleasant sense of security. They have all the dependable accuracy that has made Taylor Temperature and Humidity indicating instruments world famous. Look for the name "Taylor."

TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y., AND TORONTO, CANADA



TAYLOR FEVER THERMOMETER. Comes in a convenient case and has magnifying lens for easy reading. Price $2.00.



TAYLOR TEMPRITE WINDOW THERMOMETER—8¼" Vitreous enamel scale, black figures. Angle brackets, Permacolor tube, easy reading. Price $1.00.

TAYLOR WALL THERMOMETER. Ivorene wall thermometer with 3½-inch synthetic ivory scale, black figures, red Permacolor tubes, range about 40° to 100° F. Dull gilt metal trim. Price $1.00.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi and in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFRAID your wife will see you Clip this Coupon?

She'll probably thank you for sending it in!

THOUSANDS of men everywhere object to too much make-up on a woman's lips. But they hesitate to say so.

For years women have been introducing men to shaving creams, soaps and socks . . . and men have liked the system. Why not return the favor? Here's an opportunity to introduce women to a new kind of lipstick . . . a scientific discovery that can't make a woman's lips look painted!

Different from ordinary lipsticks

The name of this discovery is Tangee. It's an orange-colored lipstick. Yet on the lips, its color changes to the rose shade most natural for a woman's complexion! Thus, Tangee can't cause a painted look. It *isn't* paint and that's something you can't say about the usual lipstick!

Hundreds of women write us every week saying they prefer it to ordinary make-up. And, incidentally, husbands say it's swell!

Send her a Tangee Make-up Set

To help a man introduce Tangee to his wife (or to any woman who needs Tangee) we're making a special offer of the Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing both lipstick and rouge. So write *her* name in the coupon below. Enclose 10c (stamps or coin) and mail to us *today*.

Don't be afraid your wife will see you clip this coupon. She'll probably thank you for introducing her to Tangee!

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET!

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc.
417 Fifth Ave., New York CL-2

I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set with trial-size {Tangee Lipstick / Tangee Rouge Compact} to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from page 37)

Buca tonight and—and he gave you a letter in an oyster shell. And that mixes you in. And he wants something of you. He wants to mix you in. And suppose this should—should come off! They would come down on you, too, like a—ton of brick. The Great Man is pretty rough with conspirators who want to assassinate him." Skid paused. "And that," he said, "is why there was fear in your eyes—not for yourself, I think, and possibly not for your brother. But fear of a dreadful thing that would be done by—by a person you love."

She uttered a little cry that was almost a sob, and Skid reached out a huge, protective, comforting paw in her general direction, but withdrew it before it touched her.

"And you have to sit—just sit," he said. "You can't prevent it. You can't tell what you guess and give up your brother to the police. You—you don't know what to do."

"I DON'T know what to do," she repeated.

"Well," he said, "that's where I come in strong. Where can I find him?"

"He is coming to our villa tonight," she said, and then as if to defend him from a charge of bringing danger upon her, "it is his as much as mine."

"Where do you live?"

"In a villa on the road to Fiesole. He has a key to a little gate into the garden. He will come through that."

"You wouldn't know what time he is coming?"

"At midnight," she said. And then: "Mr. Cushman, you must not meddle in this. There is no reason. We are nothing to you—and there is danger."

"Oh, yes," he corrected. "You are a great deal to me. You've no idea! . . . You wouldn't happen to have a key to that little gate yourself?"

"Yes," she said.

"I think you'd better give it to me," he said. "It might come in handy. And I guess we're at Mrs. Jim's, and it was a very pleasant ride, and thank you for letting me drive with you." He held out his hand for the key and she was astounded that she placed it in his huge palm obediently.

He assisted her out of the car with no mishap and lurched up the steps of the palazzo behind her. Inside the great doors they rejoined the party. Lafcadio was talking to the marchesa.

"I want the key to your studio," Skid said.

"You can't have it," Lafcadio said promptly.

"Then," said Skid, "I guess I'll have to take it away from you."

Lafcadio looked up grinning, but something in Skid's eyes erased the grin. It told him that Skid meant exactly what he said.

"How am I going to get in?" he demanded, handing Skid the key.

"Knock," said Skid, "but not until one o'clock. And knock three times."

He looked at his watch; then turned to the contessa.

"Contessa," he said, "where's this villa of yours?"

She described its location clearly. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Not the remotest idea," he said, "but you'll be surprised how grand it comes out. Rely on inspiration, that's what I always do. If I make plans I—I kind of get tangled up in 'em and bust 'em."

A few moments later, his chauffeur dismissed, Skid sat behind the wheel of his car. Out through the city streets he went and along the road which crossed the valley toward the heights of Fiesole. Presently he slackened pace to identify landmarks, and at last made sure he was passing the villa of the Pazzi. A little way beyond he parked his car off the roadside and walked back to the stucco wall which surrounded the house and felt his way along it until he came to a little gate at which he fumbled persistently until it surrendered to his key and permitted him to enter. He relocked it from the inside and sat down on the rim of a flower bed to wait.

The waiting did not seem long because he thought about the contessa. . . . At last a key turned in the lock and the gate opened. Skid was on his feet with incredible swiftness for so huge and gawky a young man, and his great flappers descended upon the shoulders of the vender of fruit of the sea so that the young man was borne back against the wall as if by an avalanche and pinned there.

Pazzi struggled furiously, striving to get at some weapon in his pocket, and Skid shrugged his broad shoulders regretfully. "But you'll be easier to handle this way," he said, and brought his fist into play. Having done so he gathered Pazzi in his arms, carried him to his car and dumped him inside.

"Maybe I better tie you up some, in case," he said, and used his necktie and a couple of handkerchiefs for the purpose. Everything being thus under control, he mounted to the chauffeur's seat, started the machine and drove back to Firenze, stopping before the rather dingy building where Lafcadio maintained his studio.

The street was dark and deserted, and the building was dark and asleep, so Skid bundled Pazzi across the walk and up three flights to Lafcadio's door. Inside he laid his burden on the bed and lighted his pipe and sat down to smoke comfortably and wait for Lafcadio to come home.

Lafcadio rapped three times and Skid admitted his friend, who came in frowning.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded.

Skid pointed to the bed.

"Who's he?" asked Lafcadio.

"He's the head assassin," said Skid.

"Rats!"

"Day after tomorrow," Skid said, "he was going to kill the Great Man in the cathedral. I mean he really was. He was all buttered up to do it, so I had to do something about it, hadn't I?"

Lafcadio was looking down at the young man searchingly. "Why," he said, "it's the fellow who was selling fruit of the sea."

"And he sold one to the Contessa dei Pazzi, and that's how I got interested. And when you got to talking about the Pazzi conspiracy, and I saw this laddie's eyes, and you told me he was in bad with the authorities, I kind of added it all up—and here he is."

"Is this young dei Pazzi?"

"In person," said Skid.

"BOY," said Lafcadio, "you'd better get on your bicycle and ride away. Burny-burn!"

"He won't assassinate anybody," said Skid.

"But he's got pals," Lafcadio said, "and they've probably been keeping an eye on him. Turn him loose and send an anonymous letter to the police. Then scram for Detroit."

Skid got up and prowled about the studio.

"I think a lot better after I sleep," he said finally. "I'll just bed down here."

"Where do I sleep with my bed full of assassins?"

"Oh, him. We'll put a blanket on the floor and I hope it's hard."

In the morning young dei Pazzi was savage, but a glance at Skid's huge paws quieted him.

"You're a retired assassin," Skid said with an air of finality, "so what'll you have for breakfast? And don't splutter, because I've got to think." And after they had eaten: "You sit on him, Lafcadio. I'm going here and there."

He had no destination and no objective. He merely walked—and tried to think it all out. Around noontime he went to call upon Mrs. Jim.

She received him with epithets and demanded to know this and that without giving him a chance for reply, and ended by saying, "And I want to know what's going on under my nose. What have you been doing to Giulia?"

"You tell her everything is all right. I mean—"

"Bosh!" Mrs. Jim frowned ominously. "Are you in love with that girl?"

"Why, yes," said Skid, "I guess you could call it that."

"But what's up? What's all the shootin' for? What did you do to her? Why is she in a state of mind?"

"I guess I've got to go now," said Skid. "But you might tell her that if she's lost anything not to worry, because it'll probably turn up as good as new."

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Jim, "I gave you a good send-off. I told her you had a heart of gold in the body of a lummox."

"Good-by," said Skid hurriedly, and tipped over the coffee service entire and then all but demolished a servant who came in with a note, and finally escaped to the street. At last he had an idea!

HE MADE his way back to Lafcadio's studio where he found himself greeted with hard words and unfriendly looks. These he ignored.

"Who, in this town, would be apt to be mixed in this stew?" he asked.

"The head man of the opposition always has been the Cavaliere Volterra, but he's been pretty mute and inglorious for a spell."

As the question was asked Skid's eyes had not been upon Lafcadio but were fixed covertly upon dei Pazzi, who seemed to quiver at mention of Volterra's name.

"Who's he?"

"Biggest antique shark in Florence."

"Good," said Skid. "Got a place on Via Turnabuoni. Sit on little brother some more till I get back."

This time he took his car and drove to that famous street named after the family of the mother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and parked before an old palazzo now reduced to the quality of a warehouse for antique furniture. He was received at the door by an unctuous personage of small stature but with notable eyes of the vulture type. They lighted at sight of a rich American and his thoughts went at once to a Gothic wedding chest, the present prize of his collection, which had been manufactured with great patience and skill by his workmen on an upper floor. Skid permitted himself to be shown about, though it was trying because things sat here and there and the progress was detrimental to his shins.

"Now that chest," he said finally. "It might fit a spot in a studio I've got here. How about if you get in my car and we'll measure?"

This Cavaliere Volterra was delighted to do, and presently was ushered up to Lafcadio's room, which he entered to find himself face to face with dei Pazzi. He turned swiftly back to the door but Skid had his back against it.

"What is this? Who is this man? Why do you bring me here?" Volterra demanded.

"Just wanted to see how you'd cut up," said Skid. "I'm collecting them today."

"Collecting what?" asked Volterra.

"Conspirators," said Skid.

"What is this? What does this mean? What has happened?" Volterra rattled in Italian to dei Pazzi.

"I do not know you," said the young man.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good egg," said Skid. "I knew I couldn't work on you. You may be a little flighty, but you won't scare." He turned to Volterra.

"Of course," he said, "you realize there aren't going to be any assassinations tomorrow. I could fix that all up dandy by turning you two lads over to the cops. And then you'd be guillotined or hung or shot or put on the rack or whatever they do to troublesome boys over here. And I'll do it if I have to. So what I want is more guests."

"I don't," said Lafcadio.

"So," said Skid to Volterra, "you just pungle over a list of the artists who might turn loose and do damage in case dei Pazzi fails to show up—which he is going to. And I'll invite 'em here and sit on 'em till the Great Man goes back to Rome. I mean—if you get the idea—the assassination has turned out to be a fizzle. It depends on you whether you fizzle, too. You stand to lose nothing, what I mean. And you stand to gain about twenty-five years of staying alive. The minute the Great Man leaves for Rome you can leave for home, and that's a swell rhyme. I made it."

"You have no proofs. You have nothing."

"Says you," said Skid colloquially. "Suppose I just turn over you and dei Pazzi and recite my dirge. The smart dicks will dig up plenty of evidence in no time at all. Over in America we have a saying which goes like this: 'Fish or cut bait.' It means—"

"I live in New York for two year," said Volterra.

"So what?" asked Skid.

"I am not a fool," said Volterra. "First, I know why you meddle in this."

"Because," said Skid, "there is a young lady so beautiful and so—so remote and so—wonderful that I do not like to see fear in her eyes."

Volterra glanced sidewise at dei Pazzi, and it was clear to Skid he understood, for he nodded his head. "I have live in New York," he said. "I know how crazy things Americans can do."

"That's my interest in the matter," said Skid, "and now fish or get out the bait knife."

"If I do not fish I am a fool," said Volterra with a curl of the lip. "Volterra alive is more better as two great men dead. I give a list."

Dei Pazzi snarled imprecations but Skid turned on him. "Don't be a goat," he said. "The party's off. Now, Volterra, names and addresses."

"There are four. If you have them no other ones count."

"I guess we better tie this soldier up, too," said Skid. "And I'll lock the door from outside."

"Never mind me," said Lafcadio, "I'm having a swell time."

"You ought to be," said Skid severely. "The novelty of being useful once."

FORTUNATELY Florentines are accustomed to the eccentricities of American tourists, so Skid found little difficulty in bringing in Signore Visconti, a manufacturer of leather goods, nor Signore Marzo, ex-journalist, nor ex-Captain Bagni, a hard citizen with a scar, but he found his reservoirs of adroitness called upon when it came the turn of Conte Bussola. However, armed with information that this man was a gambler of note, that difficulty was surmounted when Skid presented himself in the guise of a lamb to be shorn.

Therefore, before darkness fell over the city, Skid stood with some satisfaction looking down upon a line of six gentlemen, securely if not neatly trussed, and each, in his peculiar way, reconciled to his fate.

He bent over dei Pazzi. "You and I are going for a nice drive," he said.

"Where?" asked the young man sullenly.

"Over the border," said Skid. "You're going to be my chauffeur. I'm forehanded, so I always have passports and everything like that so I can go at a moment's notice. Will you come along pretty or do I have to carry you?"

"I'll come," said the young man glumly.

That evening Skid drove. North, through Bologna, then Verona, then along the shores of Lago di Garda to the uprise of the Dolomites—and, in the morning hours through Riva and Balzano across the border into Tyrol. Here he set dei Pazzi afoot with money in his pocket and advice in his ear, and started upon the return drive. The ceremonies, the processions, the pageant, were not ended when he arrived again in Florence, sleepy and weary but rather contented with himself.

He did not wait to eat nor to wash but drove to Mrs. Jim's door, where he was admitted to that menacing lady's presence.

"And about time!" she said severely, "with that poor child on the edge of hysterics. What have you been up to?"

Skid tried to smile.

"Tell her," he said, "everything is—I mean the matter has been attended to."

MRS. JIM rang the bell. A servant entered. "Ask the contessa to come here, please," she directed. "Tell her the Signore Cushman has arrived at last."

Skid stood embarrassed, waggling his great flappers of hands—and then the contessa appeared in the door. She advanced toward him with a question in her eyes.

"He's—you know the Tyrol? Well, he's over there. I put him there. And I've got all the rest of them lying in a row in Lafcadio's studio. Five of them. I—what I gathered was they were kind of glad to be out of it."

"You did all this—alone!"

"I just—well, I kind of—"

"For me—whom you did not know, whom you never had seen but for an instant!"

"It was—well, the fact is, I couldn't bear to see the fear in your eyes. And I was just going to Venice—"

"Now, isn't he a complete fool?" asked Mrs. Jim.

"I think," said the contessa slowly, "that he is a very splendid person."

"And," added Mrs. Jim, "somewhere in the mass of him is a heart and he's eating it out for you."

"Oh, say—I mean you ought not to talk that way. I—"

"Do you deny that you love her?" asked Mrs. Jim.

"No," said Skid. "But I can't help it."

He was not aware that Mrs. Jim left the room. He was not aware of anything but the contessa, and that he worshiped her—and that it was all silly and impossible; and her level eyes disconcerted him.

"You did not say it to me," she said gravely.

"That I love you?"

"Yes."

"It—it is so foolish and so futile."

"It doesn't seem so to me," she said. "And I think—I know—you shouldn't go to Venice."

"You mean—?" There was awe in his voice.

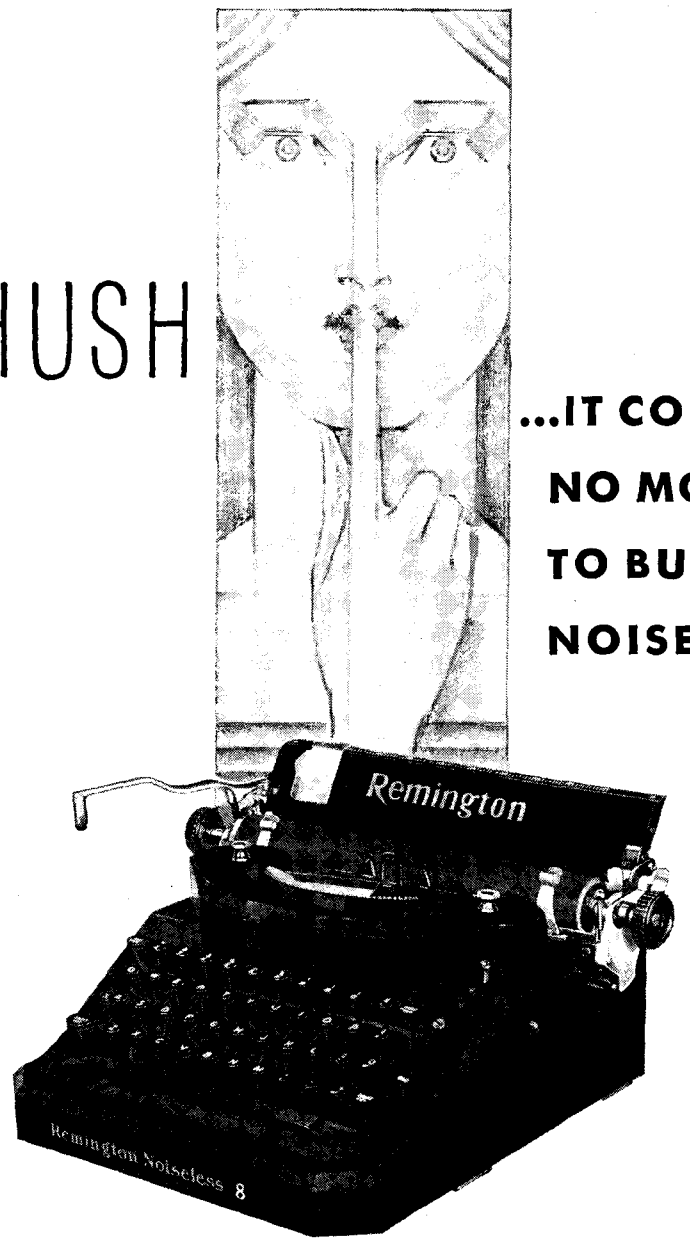
She inclined her head.

"But," he expostulated, "I live in Detroit, Michigan, and manufacture stoves."

She smiled, and with the coming of that smile he knew that she was no cold madonna from a painting, nor any unreal princess from a fairy tale—but a woman who could lay aside her dignity and aloofness for him, who could return love for love. He waggled his hands helplessly.

"Anyhow," he said, "Detroit is a darn' fine town."

HUSH ...IT COSTS NO MORE TO BUY A NOISELESS



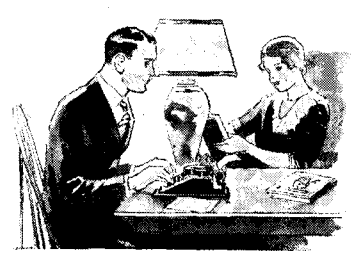
ONLY mid-afternoon, and your secretary is worn out. Nerves on edge. Only able to do half her job. What's the matter? Office fatigue! The nerve-rending tiredness that comes from pounding away all day long at the keyboard of an ordinary noisy typewriter!

It's so unnecessary! Now Remington has developed a noiseless office typewriter that costs no more than an ordinary machine. For the first time you can secure the increased efficiency of noiseless typing, and pay no premium for it!

Alert secretaries appreciate the beautiful design and fresh modern lines of this new Remington Noiseless. They know that its newly developed, remarkably short typebar flight means speed with the lightest touch. Carriage return is swift. And, with this noiseless machine, mid-afternoon fatigue simply doesn't appear! But to appreciate it you must see this new typewriter for yourself. The nearest Remington office or dealer will gladly loan you a new noiseless for a few days' free trial. Phone today—let your secretary be the judge!

For office, home and travel a Remington Noiseless Portable, only $69.50

There's no disturbing anybody anywhere when you typewrite with a Remington Noiseless Portable. It's a handy edition of the bigger office machine. Only it's light enough to be your constant companion. At home, on the train, in the office, it helps with your work and makes no noise. Comes complete and ready to go, with a smart carrying case, for just $69.50. (Prices on other Remington portables begin at $19.75). All on easy terms. Some as low as 10c a day.



His typing doesn't bother his wife. He's using a Remington Noiseless Portable.

Remington Typewriter

Division Remington Rand Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R
A time-tested
Prescription
for quickest
COUGH
RELIEF
Just as a pharmacist carefully fills a prescription, so, too, is Luden's Secret Formula compounded in our own laboratories.
Eleven medicinal ingredients are used. Each one is recognized and listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia. Blended, they create an effective cough and cold relief prescription.
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S
5c

Stevens takes Command

Continued from page 13

alongside at sea? You must be crazy!"

Mr. Stevens shrugged and Captain Wright got up with shaking knees and lurched towards the door. He needed a drink badly. He turned as he left and his voice was a bitter snarl:

"I'll break you for this, Stevens, if it's the last thing I do!"

But Mr. Stevens only shrugged again and went grimly out on the bridge. It was late afternoon. The swells were smooth and long. The wind was warm and fair. Yet even so it was dangerous to attempt to lay vessels alongside in anything but a mill pond. Yet it *had* been done before, once or twice in the records of the sea, and what had been done might be done again, would have to be done! . . . Where was the wireless operator?

"Send this!" snapped Mr. Stevens.

"I think her apparatus has failed, sir," the operator ventured. "But she might be able to receive." Mr. Stevens nodded and wrote rapidly: "Am going to attempt to run alongside to windward. Do what you can to help. Penworth."

THE Garryowen was sinking slowly but surely. On her main deck a swarm of frantic immigrants was fighting with sailors and stewards to get at the one remaining boat, uncaring in their panic for the fact that their companions had already smashed and capsized four boats and had been drowned. The first- and second-class passengers were gathered as near the bridge as possible, some praying, a few singing hymns, some crying, some white-faced and calm.

The sea was already filled with sharks, the lean fins flicking back and forth and making ripples on the clean swells. A few heads still bobbed far out, their owners screaming and helpless as the blue deaths circled them before lunging in and turning the water red.

On the bridge of the Garryowen her white-faced and grim captain read the last message the Penworth had sent.

"He's got nerve, whoever he is," he told his mates, gathered silently about him. "But it's the only chance, even if he gets here in time. And the Penworth's only a small ship. . . . Have you got the cholera patients ready, doctor?"

The ship's surgeon nodded.

"Nurses and stewards standing by, sir. They're all ready to be shipped."

"We'll transfer them first," said the captain quietly. "After that the women and children . . . The crew last, of course. Use your guns if you have to . . . on the men."

He was very tired and very icy. He did not expect to see the sun rise again. Even if the Penworth maneuvered successfully alongside, which was speculative, he would be the last to board her and it was doubtful if there would be time.

A brisk but corpulent man with an ashen face but cold hard eyes came on the bridge, impatiently brushing aside a protesting quartermaster.

"I'm Fabian of the Penn Line," he announced abruptly. "I have just heard that one of our vessels is coming to our assistance."

The captain stared at him and gestured to the quartermaster to let him alone.

"Why, yes," he agreed. "The Penworth. She's going to try one of the most difficult feats of seamanship of which I know." He explained the matter in detail and Mr. Fabian chewed his nails and thought. He remembered the Penworth's disastrous last trip.

"She's got a damned fool for a captain!" he spat at last. "A damned fool! If he does anything for us I'll be the most surprised man in the world."

On the Penworth, Captain Wright had finished his first bottle of whisky and was reeling up to the navigation bridge. Mr. Stevens was standing by the for'ard dodger, the glasses to his eyes.

"There she is!" he said suddenly. "Still afloat, by heaven!" He turned to the second and third mates. "You know what to do, so get busy. Have the cane fenders lashed together in pairs and ready for either side. She may have come round in the trough and we'll have to see. Have two hawsers for'ard and two aft for breast lines. Have all the ladders ready to throw up and all the planks you can find to throw across. It's mostly a matter of keeping cool and doing your job. There'll be no time for orders once we touch her, understand? Use your own judgment: Better grab hold of something for a club and use it if you must. No rushing. We'll lose a lot in the water if they start that. How is the crew?"

"Pretty anxious to get at it, sir," said the second mate. Mr. Stevens looked at the sky and nodded. It was getting dark.

"Rig some electric clusters both sides of the rigging, fore and aft. That's all. Now get along!"

They ran, shouting orders to the anxious crew who waited below. Mr. Stevens turned to find Captain Wright at his elbow.

"It's nothing but suicide," the captain mouthed drunkenly. "You're a damned fool, Stevens, and I'll see you get yours. Mutiny, that's what. You'll lose my ship. You can't run alongside in this swell!"

"COME into the chartroom," snapped Mr. Stevens. He seemed to hesitate, debating. He looked at the darkening sky again, at the low dark hulk that was the Garryowen and he gave a sudden laugh as if he had come to some long-sought decision. Captain Wright stumbled after him, breathing threats. In the chartroom Mr. Stevens took him by the shoulders and stared at his blotched face, laughing again.

"You're a hell of a captain!" he said grimly, and then he did a curious thing. He swung a short arm blow and caught Captain Wright full on the point of the jaw so that he slumped suddenly. The mate pushed him on the settee and grunted.

"You'll be out for a while, what with the liquor," he said. Then he carefully closed the chartroom ports and peeled off his uniform jacket. When he left the chartroom he closed the door behind him, and he locked it.

IT WAS fully dark by the time the Garryowen loomed like a wounded animal dead ahead, her stern deep down and bows slowly settling to. Her captain held his breath for the space of a dozen heartbeats as the little collier slid closer and closer. It was tricky work, clever work. Then there was a heavy jar, a rasping, the sound of tortured metal slowly hushing. A clamor ran up from the passengers. Lines were flung and caught, made fast. Gangways, planks and ladders were crowded black with humanity.

"Done it!" choked the Garryowen's captain. "By George, he's done it!"

He stared down at the bridge of the Penworth, so nearly level now with his own when it should have been far below, and he saw the solitary figure standing there in the half-shaded wing, a peaked cap low over his eyes.

"Fine work!" he yelled. "Fine work, sir!"

The other glanced upwards and lifted an arm in a careless salute, to show the four gold bands of rank, but the action inadvertently knocked the peaked cap off and the master of the Garryowen saw a strong, lean face in the reflected light of the clusters, even as he saw the four gold bands upon the upflung cuff. Then the other man had bent, recovered his cap and replaced it, turning away. And that was all.

Ten minutes of time saw the transference of a thousand souls while the lean sharks swarmed below and thrust disappointed snouts out of the sea. The ships ground together in spite of the fenders but there was little time for serious damage. The captain of the

"When *were* you in here last, Miss Hotchkiss?" *George Shellhase*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garryowen came last, his ship's papers under his arm, and from the bridge of the Penworth came a calm voice:

"All clear? . . . Right! . . . Cut away!"

The engine-beat on the collier leaped to quicker life. The ship surged ahead, tearing away her after rigging as she did so, but that was no matter. And then she slid clear and about two cable lengths away she stopped and lifted idly to the swell. It was a courtesy to allow a master to watch the last of his ship, and the captain of the Garryowen stood with his officers by the crowded main-deck rail of the Penworth and removed his uniform cap in silence. Five minutes, ten minutes passed. Fifteen minutes and then the Garryowen gave a shudder and vanished, sliding down into the dark sea with her myriad lanterns still burning. Not until she had gone did anyone think of moving, and even the panic-stricken immigrants were quiet.

IN THE chartroom of the Penworth Captain Wright came to, aware his face was wet with flung water and that someone was shaking him. He looked up, dazed, and saw Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Stevens was smiling grimly and peeling off a coat—a coat that fitted him too snugly and on the cuffs of which were four gold bands.

"That's my coat!" accused Captain Wright thickly.

"Exactly," agreed his mate. "Stand up and get into it, and pull yourself together. You're a famous sailor now. And, except for what the cholera might do, there's nothing to be afraid of. The liners will be with us by midnight to take off the sick and most of the others. But stand up, man!"

And under the lash of the crisp voice Captain Wright stood up and donned his coat again. Mr. Stevens wiped his face dry and set his uniform cap on his head.

"Now get out on the bridge," he said drily, "and listen to the cheers. The master of the Garryowen will be up to shake hands soon. Keep your mouth shut and you'll be all right. They think you took the Penworth alongside."

"Eh?" mumbled Captain Wright, astonished, still half-drunkenly groping for words. "Eh?"

"I was going to steal the show," said Mr. Stevens grimly. "I've been waiting for a chance to pay you back for making my life miserable. You're a dirty swine and you'd deserve anything I did. This was my chance, see? And I'm a damned fool for letting it slide. You wouldn't understand if I told you why . . . so don't bother. All I claim now is the right to tell you exactly what I think of you!"

"Eh?" choked Captain Wright as the situation slowly dawned on him. "Tell me what you think of me?"

"Exactly," Mr. Stevens agreed and for five long minutes, while the population of the Penworth was watching the Garryowen go under, the mate's cold and metallic voice said things that got under even Captain Wright's thick hide, and made something whimper and crawl inside his half-stupefied brain.

"And now," said Mr. Stevens at last, unlocking the chartroom door and throwing it open. "You can go on deck."

He passed out of the doorway first, almost colliding with a brisk but somewhat corpulent man who was hurrying on the bridge. Captain Wright lifted dazed eyes to perceive Mr. Fabian in the doorway and his heart turned over. What was Fabian doing here? The general manager did *not* explain. He stared at him.

"I suppose I should congratulate you, Captain," he said crisply. "It was a fine piece of work. In fact much finer than I thought you capable of. . . ." He broke off for a moment, leaned forward and sniffed. "You're drunk!" he accused.

Captain Wright swallowed hard.

"I took a little nip, sir," he agreed with what dignity he could muster. "I needed something to steady my nerves."

Mr. Fabian's cold eyes bored into him and the general manager shook his head doubtfully.

"You're drunk, Wright! But in consideration . . ." He paused as the broad-shouldered figure of the Garryowen's master filled the doorway.

"I was told I would find Captain Wright here," he said. "I'd like to shake hands."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Fabian pleasantly. "Of course. This is Captain Wright."

The master of the Garryowen started to put out his hand and then stopped. He looked puzzled.

"I didn't think . . . I . . . er . . . thought you looked different." He was obviously confused.

Mr. Fabian stared at him sharply.

"What do you mean? You've never met Captain Wright before, I take it?"

The other shook his head.

"No, but I saw him on the bridge when he brought this vessel alongside and he looked . . . Oh, I suppose I'm mistaken."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fabian shortly. He scented a mystery and he darted out on the bridge. Mr. Stevens was standing against the rail, staring moodily down upon the packed main deck.

"My man," said Mr. Fabian sharply. Mr. Stevens turned. "Ah, you're the mate, of course. Tell me, how long has Captain Wright been drunk?"

Mr. Stevens stared down at him and smiled faintly.

"I know nothing whatever about the matter, sir."

"Come, come! There's something very funny about this business. The captain's not any too sober now, and drunk or sober, I don't think him capable of doing this feat. Who handled the Penworth?"

"The captain, of course," said Mr. Stevens irritably. "Who do you suppose?"

Mr. Fabian grunted and crossed to the helmsman, a stolid man who was chewing his quid and gazing dreamily into the compass bowl.

"Were you at the wheel when the Penworth went alongside?" Mr. Fabian demanded. He was like a terrier upon the scent, brisk and shrewd. The helmsman stared at him for a moment and then grunted: "Aye."

"Was Captain Wright on the bridge?"

"No."

"Ah," breathed Mr. Fabian. "What's all this about? . . . Who gave you your orders?"

"Th' mate, yonder!"

MR. FABIAN turned and reëntered the chartroom. Exactly what happened may not be known but there was a good deal of talking, and it is a fact that Captain Wright resigned in Buenos Aires. The master of the Garryowen came out on the bridge and crossed to the mate.

"If you wouldn't mind shaking hands, mister, I'd feel honored," he said. Mr. Stevens turned and looked at him, and the master of the Garryowen smiled. "Yes, you're the man that brought her alongside."

"So they found out, eh?" said Mr. Stevens wearily. "Oh, well!" He shook hands. The master of the Garryowen stared at him curiously.

"You were wearing a master's jacket," he observed at last. "I think I understand."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Stevens calmly. "I tried to square him. A man may be a swine and all, but when you're his first mate . . . you can't let him down."

Here's $3 worth of protection for $1

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

IT DIDN'T take the public long to figure out the difference between Pepsodent Antiseptic and other leading kinds. Common sense said, "Here's the difference between one dollar and three dollars . . . the difference between positively killing germs and being fooled by diluting the old-style antiseptics with water."

Two kinds of antiseptics

Most mouth antiseptics kill germs *only* when used *full strength.* But Pepsodent Antiseptic is powerful enough even when diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds! Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. It goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—and gives you greater protection against sore throat colds and germ infections.

Millions who once diluted ordinary antiseptics now discover their mistake. Be sure you choose the antiseptic that, even when it is mixed with water, kills germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be sure! Be safe! Safeguard your health and save your money!

IMPURE BREATH
(Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	**Cuts and Abrasions**
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	**Dandruff**
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
Irritations of the Gums	"Athlete's Foot"
After Extractions	**Tired, Aching Feet**
After Shaving	

Pepsodent Antiseptic

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAIR COMING OUT?

Check It By This Famous Method To Avoid Baldness

Stimulate New Hair Growth!

A good head of hair is worth the finest care. Watch out if it is falling or thinning out—or baldness may result. Dandruff, sluggish circulation, impoverished hair follicles—these are the principal causes of this condition.

It requires something more than a "tonic" or regular washings of the scalp to check it and encourage new hair growth. It needs a powerfully stimulating, nourishing, activating treatment like

GLOVER'S

to get the results you want. Glover's Mange Medicine used in combination with Glover's Medicated Soap and Glover's System of Massage is the most potent scalp treatment ever discovered. It has saved the hair of millions of men and women. It will do it for you, too.

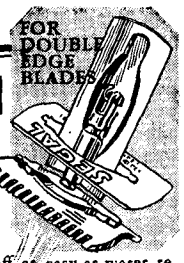
The clean breath of the pine forests in Glover's is the pine tar in it—without which it would not give you the same benefits. This makes it easy to distinguish Glover's from imitations of it.

Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's and start using this famous treatment today. Or have your Barber or Beauty Shop give it to you regularly.

Write for free booklet on Care and Treatment of the Hair by a famous authority.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
119 Fifth Avenue, Box T
New York City, N. Y.

Is your Beard Stubborn?



There will be no fight left when that Segal Processed Blade tackles it. The two Super-Keen edges will take it off as easy as water removes soap. Without razor smart—no irritation. Use a Segal Processed Blade in the convenient Segal One Piece razor and celebrate Shaving Trouble Emancipation Day.

Special Offer—If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a SEGAL ONE PIECE RAZOR with 10 SEGAL SUPER-KEEN BLADES for $1.00 postpaid—on a money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee.

Segal Super-Keen Blades . . . 5 for 38c, 10 for 75c

Segal Safety Razor Corp., 270B B'dway, New York
Makers of the famous SEGALOCKS

SEGAL ONE PIECE RAZOR

"The WORLD'S FINEST"—MEN EVERYWHERE SAY

CANADIAN LANDS

Seized and Sold For Taxes

$ 40 buys 10 acres on travelled road
$ 67 buys 25 acres hunting and fishing
$ 85 buys 40 acres lake front
$166 buys 50 acres good farm
$270 buys 300 acres for sheep or game preserve
$324 buys 116 acres ¼ mile ocean front

Our 16th annual list just issued in the form of a 20-page booklet describes the above and many other choice properties offered at Tax Sale prices. The amount quoted is the full price asked, perfect title, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps where there is real sport; Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the New North; also farms in Ontario, New Brunswick, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Small monthly payments if desired. Don't delay, write to-day for free booklet with full explanation.

TAX SALE SERVICE
Room 622, 72 Queen St., W., Toronto, Canada

Heavy Suitor

Continued from page 19

could begin right now. For example: I can never marry an Englishman for a variety of reasons, one of which is that I don't like being in England. I'm half frozen all the time over here, inside and out. I greatly prefer Chicago."

"Do you really, now?" the young man said in amazement. He reflected for some time on this statement, and then added: "How very extraordinary!"

"Isn't it?" she agreed. "Well, to continue: You're a nice boy—nice enough, that is—and I've no objection to going out with you if it will make my mother and your aunt feel better. Am I making myself quite, quite clear?"

He stared at her in the luxurious lighted interior of the car for another moment or so, and then his face began to twitch. As Muriel, having finished her address, calmly lighted a cigarette and awaited an answer, he collapsed altogether into a howl of laughter.

Then, after a pause for breath:

"Do you know, I like you. You've just saved me an awful lot of trouble. Refusing me like that, some weeks before I could have got up the courage to ask you. Makes everything all right, doesn't it? My first p-p-proposal of marriage, if you can call it that."

"I was endeavoring to save trouble for everybody," said Muriel composedly. "I've seen my mother and your aunt putting their heads together, and I just thought I'd better clarify the situation. Now that it's clarified, are you sure you still want to take me to dinner?"

"Raw-*ther!*" he assented with enthusiasm. "Of course I do. More than ever. I think you're—you're swell, as they say in the American talkies. We'll have ourselves a time. Do you know, my aunt Emily would have a fit if she knew we—we understood each other like this? I'm supposed to be the heavy suitor, I believe. You won't give me away, will you?"

"Never," said Muriel. "In fact, you can play the heavy suitor all you like from now on—for about a week. I like to give my mother such exquisite pleasures, when I can afford them. Do your worst."

Lord Ivor's worst did not exactly classify as a menace, but at least it kept Mrs. Hanley in a rosy glow of hope for the next eight days. To her husband in far-off Chicago Mrs. Hanley expounded the case at length.

"Why you saw fit to send Bert Winters over here," she wrote, "I cannot possibly imagine. Muriel is in high spirits and had almost completely forgotten him. We have been rather gay, seeing a good many people, and Muriel has a large number of young men dancing attendance. The favorite seems to be Lord Ivor Warren-Wantage, whose father was a marquis. His aunt, Lady Weddering, says that his elder brother enjoys very poor health, so presumably he will one day be a marquis himself. He is devoted to Muriel, and she seems very fond of him. A nice boy, very polite—one of the finest old houses in England. . . ."

MEANWHILE the subjects of these confidences were eating soggy buns and drinking poisonous black tea at an inn on the other side of Hampton Court.

"I do enjoy going around with you, and looking at things, and talking," Muriel said. "I even enjoy this dreadful so-called meal with you. But what I can't understand, my dear Tray, is the life you lead. You haven't got a bean, as you say; you hold up your aunt Emily for the money you spend on me in a night club—you said so yourself—"

"That's her own fault," said Lord Ivor with dignity. "She forces it on me. The old girl would be only too happy if I squandered twenty pounds a day on you."

"False pretenses, Tray," said Muriel, waving a damp bun in the air. "All false pretenses. If your aunt Emily knew how well we understand each other she wouldn't give you tuppence. You know that. Why don't you *do* something—get a job?"

"A job?" Lord Ivor asked, startled. "I don't even know the names of any jobs. How does one find out?"

"I CAN tell you lots of them," said Muriel. "But perhaps we'd better wait until Bert gets here. Bert knows everything."

"Bert won't care a great deal about me," said Lord Ivor sadly. "He'll be one of your strong, silent men from the West, and he'll regard me as two degrees worse than worthless. Which is *accurate, if discouraging.*"

"You don't know Bert," said Muriel. "He can outtalk you any day, and he's scarcely what you'd call the cowboy type. St. Paul's and Princeton don't turn 'em out like that. But Bert's our salvation. He can handle your aunt and my mother and any little incidental problems we may find along the way."

Unaware of this conversation, or of the many others like it, Mrs. Hanley was considerably astonished when she came into her hotel sitting-room three days later and found Muriel, Bert and Lord Ivor Warren-Wantage engaged in what appeared to be an amiable conversation.

"Oh, hello, Bert!" she said, smiling heroically. "How nice to see you! I didn't know you were here. When did you get in?"

"This morning," said Bert, taking her hand. "Muriel's been entertaining me all afternoon with stories of your gay life in London. It seems to have agreed with you mightily."

To Mrs. Hanley a compliment was a compliment, whatever the source, and she warmed a little as she dropped his hand.

"I love London," she said, "and so of course it agrees with me. Bert, what brings you over just now?"

"Hanley's Hams," said Mr. Winters succinctly. "A little trouble in our office here. Mr. Hanley thought I'd better come over."

The phrase to which she owed so many of the good things of life was never a sweet one in Mrs. Hanley's ears. Now, to obliterate it as soon as possible, she turned to Muriel.

"I've decided to have that little dinner on Thursday night, if everybody can come," she said. "Is that all right? How about you, Lord Ivor?"

"Thursday?" he said. "Delighted. That's the one my aunt Emily is coming to, is it?"

"The same," said Mrs. Hanley. "And you, Bert? Are you going to be frightfully busy with your—er—London *representatives, or can you join us* Thursday night? Eight-thirty, and a white tie."

"Of course Bert will be there," said Muriel.

BUT on Thursday evening, when Mrs. Hanley reached her hotel suite again to dress for the momentous little dinner, she was a broken woman.

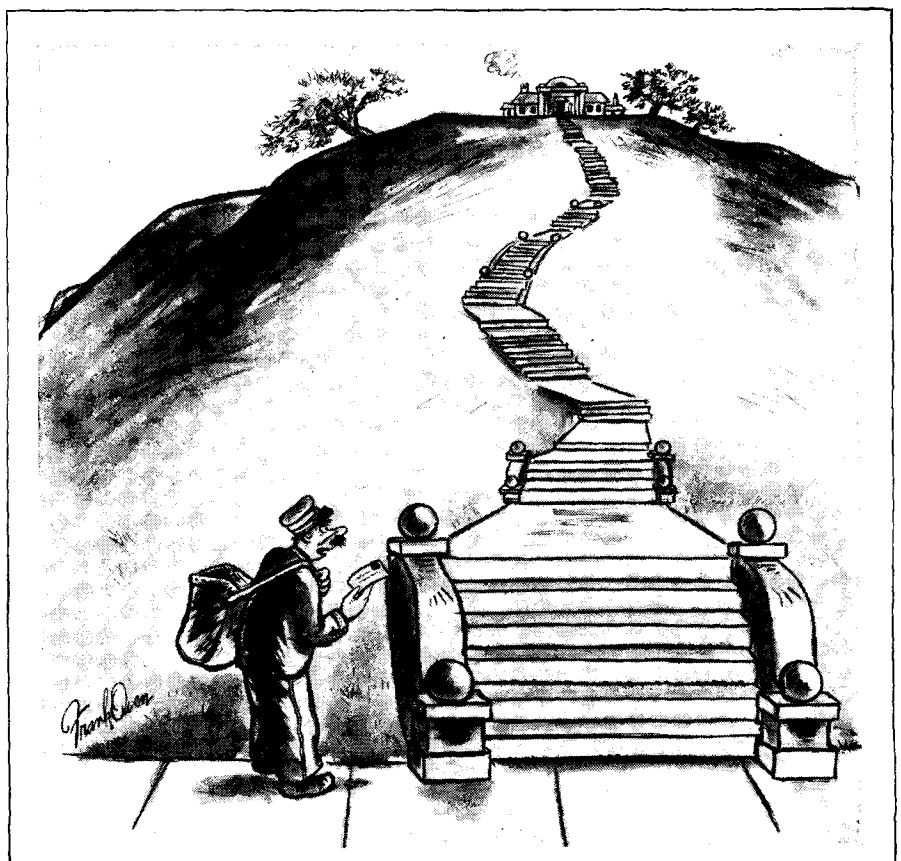
"Oh, dear!" she said weakly, removing her hat and casting it from her. "I wish I could go to bed instead of giving a stupid dinner party. Tell me, do you know if there's any insanity in the Warren-Wantage family?"

"I don't think so," said Muriel sympathetically, "Although of course Tray does sometimes—"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Hanley. "Tray, as you call him, seems to have gone quite mad. You know I saw him at lunch today at Mrs. Fox-Winton's."

"Yes." Muriel nodded wisely. "He said he would be there. Sorry I couldn't. Was it nice?"

"Horrible," said Mrs. Hanley with



"I think I'll just mail it to them!" *Frank Owen*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deep emotion. "I nearly froze to death, and the food was quite uneatable. When lunch was over Lord Ivor particularly asked me if he could drive me home. I thought he had some reason for asking, so I let my own car go, and got into that—that thing he drives."

"Oh, my poor darling!" said Muriel.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hanley tragically. "I did. It was bitter cold. And he drove me to Smithfield!"

"And what is Smithfield, Mother?" Muriel prodded gently.

"A meat market," said Mrs. Hanley mournfully. "A perfectly colossal, horrible, prehistoric meat market. With mile after mile of meat exposed to the wet old smell of London. And then, if you please, he started to lecture me about meat—*me!*"

Muriel, still with her bedside manner, leaned forward breathlessly.

"And what did you do?" she asked.

"I was cold, and I was hungry," said Mrs. Hanley plaintively, "and I was being driven through mile after mile of raw meat. . . . What do you suppose I did? I told him to bring me home. I do think the boy must be a little mad, don't you, Muriel?"

MURIEL, who was having a rather severe coughing spell at this point, took some time to answer the plea. When she spoke there were, oddly enough, tears in her eyes.

"What an awful day you've had!" she said. "Don't you want to lie down for a while before it's time to dress?"

She added, half to herself, and without apparent relevance: "I never suspected Tray of such gifts. Meats, indeed!"

Mrs. Hanley suffered herself to be led off to the bedroom.

"I feel as if I shall never be really warm again," she announced—and went to bed.

The little dinner that night was, in spite of Mrs. Hanley's disastrous afternoon, very nearly perfect. The hotel had given them two of its most sumptuous party-rooms for the occasion; the flowers were just right, the seating flawless, the guests infinitely agreeable.

Warmed and rested, and dressed in a trailing blue dress with all her diamonds, Mrs. Hanley felt considerably more at peace with the world than she had a few hours earlier. The guest list alone was enough to console her for everything. Lord Ivor was coming, of course, with his aunt Emily, Lady Weddering, and his agreeably decrepit brother, the marquis, and their cousin, Miss Caroline Fotheringay, and Mrs. Fox-Winton and Lord and Lady Barr and a delightful man from the American Embassy, who had agreed to come early to help arrange the flowers. And four or five other people to whose houses the Hanleys had frequently gone in London. And, of course, Bert Winters.

By the time Bert Winters actually arrived, Mrs. Hanley was so mollified by warmth and success that she greeted him very amicably.

"Our industrial giant," she said gayly. "Have you been working hard in London, Bert? You don't look very exhausted, I must say. Do you know anybody here? Let me see. Muriel, present Bert to all and sundry, will you? . . . *Dear* Mrs. Fox-Winton, how nice to see you again so soon. I enjoyed myself so much at lunch at your house today that I very nearly didn't get home at all. And Ivor, the dear boy, took me for a fascinating drive all over London. . . ."

Bert was speaking to Muriel.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you look—"

"Never mind how I look," she said swiftly. "I expect I look pretty nice. It's a new dress. Everything's going beautifully. Mother is about half won over, I think. You are a genius."

"Then so's Tray," said Bert modestly. "It was my idea, but his execution."

"Don't look at me like that, darling," she said. "I love it, but we mustn't attract attention. Pretty soon it'll be all right, and we can make fools of ourselves all over the place."

As the dinner wore on Mrs. Hanley, queening it at the head of the table, could think of only one slight flaw in her pervading happiness. This had to do with Lord Ivor's brother, the Marquis of Wantage. That young gentleman, who had been represented as being in poor health, seemed to be about as perfect a specimen of the English hunting squire as Mrs. Hanley had ever seen. He had a brick-red face, which grew appreciably redder after his third glass of champagne, and there was no visible reason why he should be expected to go into an early decline.

It did seem a little odd, Mrs. Hanley thought; but perhaps the young man had one of those mysterious diseases which never show on the victim. And even if he lived forever, Ivor's wife would still always be Lady Ivor Warren-Wantage.

She had settled all these points to her satisfaction, and was about to rise from the table, when her eye fell upon Lord Ivor down at the other end of the room. Leaning forward, he seemed to be calling for the attention of the whole company. There was a glass of champagne in his hand. Could it be that he—?

"I have a little announcement to make," said Lord Ivor oratorically. "It will bring particular joy to the hearts of my long-suffering relatives, my aunt Emily and my cousin Caroline and my noble brother Wantage. Ladies and gentlemen, I have a job. Beginning Monday I am to be employed in the market finance department of Hanley's, Ltd., the British firm. I am a reformed character, for which you can thank Miss Muriel Hanley and Mr. Bert Winters, and I hope you'll all come to see me when you want anything in my line."

Then, raising his voice to imitate the stentorian tones of the professional London toastmaster, he ended: "The ladies and gentlemen will see that their glasses are well charged. The toast is, to Hanley's!"

THERE were bursts of laughter and applause, a clinking of glasses, excited questions and congratulations to Lord Ivor. As soon as she decently could Mrs. Hanley got up and led the way into the other room. She was almost choking with irritation.

"Well, Bert," she said, "I suppose this is your achievement. Even Lord Ivor is now a member of your precious organization."

Muriel came up and put her hand lightly on his arm.

"It's not such a bad organization, is it, Bert?" she asked. "And poor Ivor needed just what he's got. He's deliriously happy about it."

Mrs. Hanley looked at the two of them, and her problems somehow seemed to right themselves. Here were, certainly, two young people who knew what they wanted. She smiled suddenly in complete surrender.

"I suppose you two would like to make another announcement," she said, "so go ahead if you want to. You've won, Bert."

Muriel was bestowing upon her mother a series of embraces, but Bert was able to deliver his answer through them.

"It's a well-tried rule of business, Mrs. Hanley," he said gravely, "that one way to get rid of a troublesome rival is to hire him."

Over the shoulders of mother and daughter he sent a solemn wink to meet the grin on the face of Lord Ivor Warren-Wantage, of Hanley's, Ltd.

Get ALL the light you pay for!

You buy lamps for light. And ONLY for light. Good American-made lamps make electricity an even more economical servant. The safest, surest way of getting all the light you pay for is to look, BEFORE you buy, for the mark GE that's on every Edison MAZDA Lamp.

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For good light at low cost

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A tiny sum invested today—and those precious lives that are in your keeping are made safe by old line, legal reserve life insurance. There is nothing complicated, nothing difficult. The Postal Life Insurance Company which has paid more than $40,000,000 to policy holders and has been known all over the world for 27 years, is now making a timely special offer which no one can afford to miss.

Just think of it. For a premium of only $1.00 per month you may have the protection of sound legal reserve life insurance backed by more than $21,000,000 in assets. Same premium for all ages—15 to 50 both men and women The policy is written in exact conformity to the stringent insurance laws of New York, carries full cash and loan values and extended insurance privileges. For this special offer it is modified to reduce the premiums to one half of the premiums payable after five years.

Consult the table right in this advertisement and see how much insurance $1.00 per month will buy at your age. $2.00 will buy twice as much, etc. Then send the coupon below with the amount to cover your first month's premium. No agent will call upon you. Postal sells *only* through the mail. You risk nothing. Your money will be refunded instantly if your application is not accepted. Do not delay another hour. Send the coupon now.

$1.00 a month purchases

Age	Insurance	Age	Insurance
15	$1471	33	$935
16	1429	34	909
17	1408	35	877
18	1389	36	855
19	1351	37	820
20	1316	38	794
21	1299	39	769
22	1266	40	741
23	1235	41	709
24	1205	42	685
25	1176	43	658
26	1149	44	633
27	1111	45	606
28	1087	46	578
29	1053	47	556
30	1031	48	529
31	1000	49	505
32	971	50	483

Other policies for other ages

SEND $1.00 WITH THIS COUPON

Postal Life Insurance Co.—Arthur Jordan, Pres.
Dept. M-1, 511 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing $..... which will purchase $..... worth of insurance.

Exact date of birth.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Be independent. **Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually.** We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 140LA, Chicago

Kunderd *Gladioli*
are Thrip Free and Rate Highest
Send for FREE *illustrated Catalog*
A.E.KUNDERD, *Box 600 Goshen, Ind.*

1,000 HOTEL POSITIONS
QUALIFY AT HOME IN SPARE TIME
Well-paid positions for trained men and women. Hotels, clubs and restaurants. Experience unnecessary. Train at home. FREE Book gives details. **LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room GA-4173, Washington, D. C.**

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-43
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Clip this coupon and learn how you can earn plenty of extra dollars by securing new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Publications.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....

Leading Man

Continued from page 28

So, in the logic of theatrical events, the moment he left school he returned to the stage. This was natural: heritage overcame youthful determination to avoid the footlights. Besides the examples of an actor father and an actress mother there was his mother's sister, the incomparable Ada Rehan, then the leading female figure of the American theater.

Ada Rehan had gone to London, where, after trying several Shakespearean productions, she put on The Taming of the Shrew. A distinguished Englishman made a note on his program that became news. It ran: "This is the Shrew that Shakespeare knew." In itself that is an obvious rhyme; but the name of the rhymester got it on the cables. He was Alfred, Lord Tennyson, England's poet laureate.

Found by Frohman

When Ada Rehan returned to America, young Byron was taken into her company.

"When people ask me," he says, "how it happens that I should be among the most consistently and continuously employed leading actors on Broadway, there's only one truthful answer to give: I was trained."

In his first ten years on the stage young Byron played more than a hundred different rôles—a prodigious memory-training if nothing more. And it was much more. It gave him a range in perfecting himself in as many varied characters and temperaments, from old-fashioned East Lynne villains to new-fashioned crooks and heroes.

He had the good fortune to be cast early in that then perennial vehicle for aspirants to electric lights, Across the Continent, a highly dramatic piece about the extension of the Southern Pacific Railway. Ada Rehan herself had made her first success in that play. Indeed, it was the medium of graduating several stars—including Mrs. Fiske and William Gillette, to say nothing of our present subject.

In this and other plays Byron served a steady apprenticeship—so steady that he began to have the novice's doubts whether he'd ever emerge from apprenticeship.

But they who toil faithfully have, besides the satisfaction of immediate wages, the entrancing possibility of fortune lighting on their shoulders when least expected. Byron thought one night in Chicago that life was especially dull and unpromising. None the less, he did his job. He confesses that the lassitude of other members of the cast might have accented his own instinctive energy in his rôle. Anyhow, word filtered back-stage that Charles Frohman himself was out front.

"That's all we got—that night," says Byron.

And life went on. Frohman had seen them play and had gone without comment. This was careless on Mr. Frohman's part, and Byron thought that it might also be charitable.

It wasn't until some weeks later, in New York, that Frohman's visit to that Chicago theater became significant. One afternoon following a matinée Byron was told that a gentleman awaited him. The gentleman was Charles Frohman.

"My young friend," said Mr. Frohman in his heavy, purring accent, "I want to put you into my Empire Theater Company supporting Mr. Drew."

Byron's silent surprise was interpreted by Mr. Frohman as shrewd business hesitation.

"You seem to me a thorough actor," said Frohman. "And we'll start at $200 a week. You'll be juvenile male lead."

"That isn't all I want to be," said Byron—again inspired by histrionic instinct.

"If I thought that was all you wanted to be, I wouldn't be here," said Frohman.

For seven years Byron worked at the Empire in the company that had John Drew as head man. This was a post-graduate period for Byron. The Empire Theater stood out in New York and the country as the first playhouse of the land. Foreign visitors considered it an essential part of the rite of seeing America.

It was an axiom of Empire Theater first nights that the audience was as famous as the actors. Statesmen, authors, men of the highest standing in their professions, including the clergy, made it a point to attend. It used to be said that the English language got a better break at the Empire than anywhere else in America. And this compliment received authority one night during a lobby discussion between acts when a visiting English critic readily and loudly obliged a solicitor for his opinion.

"The acting's quite passable," said he, so that everybody could hear. "But I wish the enunciation were clipped a little less."

Among those who overheard was a quiet, scholarly man who said, as was reported back-stage:

"The play's good and the diction couldn't be better."

That was important, coming from its source—who happened to be a certain Princeton professor named Woodrow Wilson.

Byron gained in fame, of course, as a member of Charles Frohman's premier company. After minor tours and excursions, he resolved to make his first bid for stardom. He had come to be regarded as a satisfactory leading man—one that leading ladies felt secure in having. Byron was a solid figure in his early prime. He was married—Kathryn Keys, a well-known player, was the lady—and had a family of three children. The list of the women he had performed opposite to was the most impressive for any actor not of solo-stellar rank: Amelia Bingham, Mary Mannering, Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin. And he was later to join with Margaret Illington in making The Lion and the Mouse a resounding success.

Off-Stage Tragedy

Byron began as a star in a colonial military play called Petticoats and Bayonets. The public liked many other things, in fact almost every other thing, better.

Then came the biggest hit of his career—Boomerang, which hung up a record of continuous performances only exceeded by Lightnin' and Abie's Irish Rose.

In this play Byron was at his best—a brisk, successful doctor who, trying to cure a patient of love, falls in love himself with the patient's "heart," a handsome blond nurse played by the unforgettable Martha Hedman.

Nearly four years he played this part, establishing himself as a fixed star in the galaxy of America's stage. And it was at a moment when the sweets of recognition came to him—at a gala performance of the play in Philadelphia—that tragedy first entered his private life. He was making ready to go on stage one night when word was received from his Jersey home that his young son, playing in a tree, had fallen and fractured his spine. Byron went through with the play. To this day he can't tell you how he remembered his lines that night.

Byron was the ruthless managing editor in this tabloid play. His was not a pleasant part: he engineered very dirty work at the crossroads. Critics made him a target: Arthur Byron, the practical stage puritan, at last in a sex play. Issued the usual hollow laughter. But Byron shot back:

"This is a good play, because it's a true play of social, not sex, conditions. It shows how scandal-mongering newspapers can wreck human happiness, just to make circulation."

More hollow laughter. Then dramatic facts from real life justified Byron. An underworldling was killed—Vivian Gordon—strangled by thugs because she knew too much. Her young daughter was ribboned with tabloid headlines to such a point that the distracted child committed suicide.

Byron made the most of that. He always does when he's lead in a play that commands his faith. There was, for example, that savage and scorching exposure of modern prison life, The Criminal Code. A gruesome play of murder by murderers in prison dungeons and the total destruction of the soul of a young man. Byron was the warden. He played the part with matchless dispassion. Yet he and the play were condemned for being too brutal to be true to real-life tragedy.

A Critic Criticized

One critic was particularly critical. Byron invited him to see the piece again. The critic went back-stage to Byron's dressing-room, where waited a silver-haired man, stonily calm of face.

"Well," said the critic to Byron, "I've seen your play twice. My opinion sticks. It's too utterly brutal to be true."

Byron turned to his silver-haired visitor.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"Absolutely," said that gentleman.

The critic lifted an inquiring brow.

"And I've spent thirty years of my life in prison," said the man with the silver hair.

Byron tells this incident with an unction unplagued by the actors' proverbial love of the first person singular.

"That's what I mean when I say the play's the thing," he said. "That is why I've shaped my career about plays, not plays about my career. Before I took the lead in The Criminal Code, I went out to San Quentin prison. There I found a perfect plant. The bakery, for instance, was spotlessly clean. Everything was well-ordered on the surface, but beneath the surface lay sullen rebellion.

"I ate lunch in the prison dining-room. A man waited on me whose face seemed cut out of gray stone. He was intelligent and we chatted. I told him I was an actor and about to appear in a prison play. He told me he was Jim McNamara, the dynamiter—serving twenty years for his crime. He added that the best way to better prison life was to show the public actual conditions.

"He's right. And the principle applies to the function of the theater and of all plays that call for real acting and real actors: to live the truth so that the people may understand."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man for Her

Continued from page 20

occurred to her that something ought to be done about it. Somebody ought to pay for it. Sam Tree ought. He was not paying her nearly all that she was worth. Not nearly. When the new play went on, she'd have to have more—twelve hundred a week and five per cent of the gross. Or fifteen hundred, and ten per cent of the gross.

"You have to be hard," she thought. "Or else you get hurt."

Whenever Gayvin felt hurt, she remembered that you have to be hard—and make things pay. Not that she often felt hurt, of course—she had too many friends. Hundreds of them. Fully a dozen of them were in love with her and at least two of them ardently desired to marry her. Arnold and Phillip.

PHILLIP had written all of Gayvin's successes: Adam's Eva; Sascha Sins; Anne's Affaires—and now, Phyllis Philanders, which was slated to go into rehearsal the moment that Anne showed signs of slowing up.

Phillip had "discovered" Gayvin—in an arty little theater and a rather arty little play. And Sam Tree had signed her up for Adam's Eva; signed her up at five hundred a week—and Gayvin, then, had thought it a fortune!

Naturally, the critics didn't like Adam's Eva. They never liked Phillip's plays, and said so frankly. And they grieved over Gayvin. Gayvin was bitterly hurt. But she went on, playing in Adam's Eva—to packed houses.

Eventually they forgave her, of course. They began to write enthusiastically about her voice and her eyes and her ankles, and danced with her at parties.

Gayvin liked that; she liked the nice little notices, and she liked dancing with the critics. She also liked dancing with Phillip—but she hadn't said that she would marry him. He felt sure that she would, though—unless, of course, she married Arnold.

Phillip was jealous of Arnold. And Arnold, who was rich and important, was jealous of everyone!

It was Arnold who took her to Ernestine's that night. Gayvin liked Ernestine; her parties were gay, and she let you do whatever you chose to do. So when Gayvin tired of dancing, she knelt down on the floor to play mumblety-peg onto a big, thick, cork mat. Arnold played too; and Ernestine and Phillip. It was Gayvin's peg, and she was just balancing her knife when suddenly Ernestine exclaimed:

"Oh, Lord! Here's Lew. I forgot to tell you, Gay, he's bringing a man to meet you. A new playwright."

Gayvin balanced her knife and leaned over and neatly pegged it. If Lew Forrest was bringing a new playwright to meet her, it meant that Lew Forrest wanted her for the play—and that meant that Sam Tree would pay her anything she wanted, and without being asked.

She pegged her knife neatly, and then looked up to speak to Lew—and didn't speak. The new playwright was a young man: not handsome and even a trifle shabby, but his clothes were beautifully cut, and he wore them beautifully.

"Harrow," boomed Forrest happily, "meet Miss Lord."

The young man bowed politely. He didn't speak—just bowed, and smiled; an odd little smile that twisted his mouth up at one corner and didn't extend to his eyes.

"He's got a play," boomed Forrest. "And what a play!"

"How nice," said Gayvin. "Is it your first, Mr.—?"

"Harrow," supplied the young man in a dry, clipped, rather crunchy voice. "Stephen Harrow, and . . . No, it isn't my first."

"Stupid of me," murmured Gayvin, "but I don't seem to remember. . . ."

"Why should you?" he cut in crunchily. Then he turned to Ernestine and smiled, and asked her to dance.

"What a singularly unprepossessing young man," said Arnold, and frowned with great disfavor.

"Genius," said Forrest, who was always discovering geniuses and then finding they weren't. "Hope you haven't signed yet, Gay; this piece was written for you."

Gayvin's hands, playing with the mumblety-peg knife, tightened sharply, so that her knuckles stood out, clear and white. "You mean," she said, watching the dancers, "that he wrote it for me?"

"Sure," said Forrest, but not boomingly; and his eyes shifted and he looked uncomfortable.

"You mean," insisted Gayvin, watching the dancers, "that he wants me to play it?"

Forrest grew red and moist. He began to feel warm.

"Sure," he said tactfully. "Sure—or anyway, he will when he knows you better."

"I see," said Gayvin slowly. "I see," she said, and smiled very sweetly at young Mr. Harrow when he came back, bringing Ernestine. "I hear," she said, smiling sweetly, "that you don't want me for your play, Mr.—"

"Harrow," he said politely. "H-a-r-r-o-w."

"It sounds English," said Gayvin.

"And you," he said, "sound very Southern. Virginia, perhaps?"

Gayvin laughed: her loveliest, gayest laugh. "How clever of you," she cried. "Isn't it clever, Phillip? Isn't it, Arnold?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Harrow politely. "It's your voice. That—er—that whipped-cream effect, you know."

ARNOLD frowned; he didn't like the way it was said. "Exactly," he barked. "The loveliest voice in all New York."

Mr. Harrow said nothing; merely looked at Arnold curiously, as if he'd just noticed him and didn't think him worth the trouble. Arnold didn't like it. He wasn't used to it. When people looked at Arnold, they usually saw his millions, which were well worth notice.

"You agree, of course?" he barked, dangerously, as if he had suddenly become conscious of all his millions.

"Why, no," said Mr. Harrow easily. "I don't."

Gayvin interposed. She had to, else Arnold might have exploded. "If you don't like my voice," she said very sweetly, "you might like my dancing. Shall we try?"

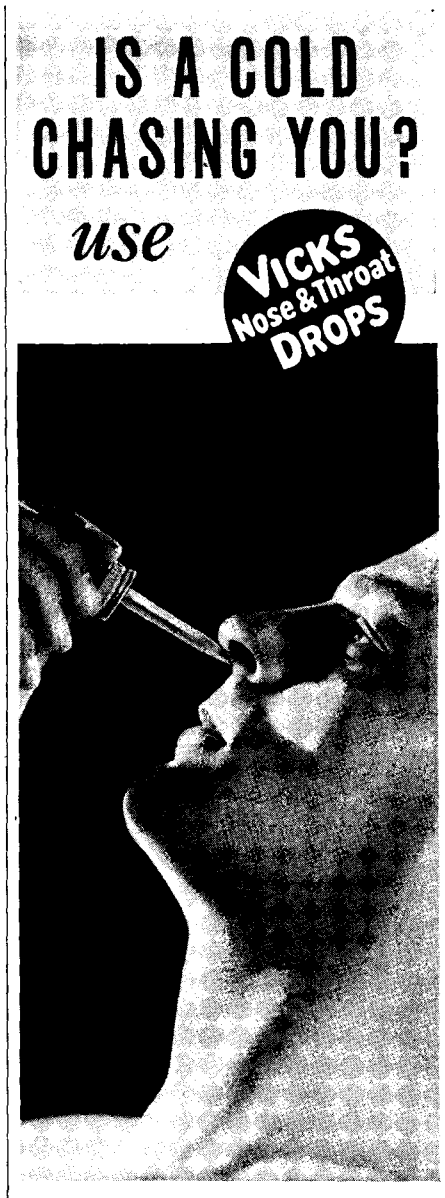
"And now," she thought furiously, "he can insult me all he likes. At least the others won't hear."

He didn't insult her. He didn't even speak. He just held out his arms and danced off with her. And he danced perfectly. And she followed perfectly. It was amazing how well they danced together; in perfect rhythm, fluently.

It was also heart-breaking. Gayvin couldn't stand it. She had to smash it, that heart-breaking harmony—or else be smashed.

"And so," she said, smashing it, "you

(Continued on page 46)



New VICKS PLAN

makes COLDS *less frequent*

. . . less severe . . . less costly

Last winter, Vicks introduced a Plan for better *Control* of Colds in the home. Already millions of families have adopted it and are spreading the news of its amazing effectiveness. In clinical tests among thousands, it has cut the number and duration of colds in half—reduced their costs even more than half.

This Plan is made possible by the discovery of Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—a new aid in *preventing* colds. These Drops are a companion product to Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of *treating* colds. Together with certain simple rules of health, they form Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds.

How Vicks Plan Works

The instant you feel a cold coming on—use Vicks Nose Drops. Promptly, gently, they soothe irritated membranes. They help keep air-passages clear. They help Nature fight the infection that threatens. They stop many a cold right at the start—before it gets a grip on you.

But sometimes a cold strikes without warning or slips by every precaution. Then, at bedtime—use Vicks VapoRub. Its direct double-action brings quicker, surer relief. Simply rubbed on, its stimulating poultice effect and its soothing medicated vapors combine to check the cold. During the day—for added comfort and relief—use the convenient Vicks Nose Drops every few hours as needed.

You'll find Vicks Plan practical. You'll find it sensible. It is fully described in each Vicks package. Follow it. You will have greater freedom and far less expense from colds.

TRIAL OFFER. Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub (now in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). Also Vicks Nose & Throat Drops and the new Vicks Cough Drop, actually medicated with ingredients of VapoRub. If you wish to test the two new products before buying, and learn more about Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds, send 3c in stamps to Vick Chemical Company, 55 Bryce Street, Greensboro, N. C.

Follow Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ease that sore spot and SLEEP

"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."

"I hope so. I've hardly slept since this last damp spell started."

DAMP-DAY PAINS
—stiff joints

Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Warm those stiff sore joints with Sloan's—and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot, kills pain, relaxes stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's—simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world . . . and costs only 35¢!

SLOAN'S
World Famous Liniment used by 133 Nations

LUCKY TIGER
For DANDRUFF

WHY have dandruff and scalp irritations when a single application of **Lucky Tiger** will stop that miserable itching and a single bottle corrects scalp irritations? Lucky Tiger—an American favorite for two decades—can be had at druggists and barbers. Safe for adults and children. Delicately perfumed, and a delight to use,—but for

Dry—Unruly Hair

—Use our Whyte-Fox Hair Oil Dressing—a modern creation, not greasy, gummy or sticky.

10¢ For large and generous samples of both send 10¢ to

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. B, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Would you use another's tooth brush?

Then why not a comb for your own personal use? And why not an ACE COMB for each member of the family? There are no better combs made.

ACE COMBS

American Hard Rubber Company, New York

(Continued from page 45)

don't think much of my voice, and you don't think much of my acting."

"Do you act?" he inquired politely.

She waited three beats. It took that long to be sure of her voice: "Oh, yes," she said. "I'm in a play now. It's a huge success. I'm surprised you haven't seen it."

"I have," he said. "But I don't call it a play."

Gayvin waited five beats. She waited ten. Twenty . . . Not enough. She counted fifty, and even then her voice was not very sweet.

"What do you call it?" she demanded, and scowled ever so faintly. Not much of a scowl. Not nearly as much as she wanted to scowl, but he looked down and saw it, and his heart leaped. However, he only said, very coolly, and very crunchily: "Whipped cream."

THEN the music stopped—mercifully; and they found themselves back where they had started; back with Arnold and Phillip and Ernestine. And Forrest, of course. Forrest was watching them eagerly, deceived by that perfect rhythm.

"Well," he cried, booming, "do you like it?"

"Oh!" said Gayvin, startled. Then, "Oh," she said gayly, and smiled at Forrest, "he doesn't think I could do it."

"You could have done it—once," said Mr. Harrow.

"Ah, then you've seen me in other parts, Mr. Harrow?"

"In everything you've ever done, Miss Lord."

"And you liked me—once?"

"I liked you immensely—once."

"This," said Arnold, very conscious of his millions, "is insufferable."

Forrest jumped. He was not ordinarily a nervous man, but he jumped. "Oh, now listen," he began, and mopped at his pale pink dome. "Now, listen, Gayvin. . . ."

"Insufferable," said Arnold, and grew purple.

"Oh, no," said Gayvin, very sweetly. "I ought to hear criticism. It's good for me—and I hear it so seldom. Besides, I want to hear your play, Mr. Harrow. Shall we make it next week?" And she looked straight at Stephen, the lovely, wistful, melting look that never failed to get her what she wanted. "Shall we say Thursday? You can come for tea."

"No," he said quietly. "No; but if you really want to hear it, I'll be at home tomorrow. All afternoon."

At that, at the effrontery, the insolence, the sheer, insufferable insolence, Arnold very nearly did explode. "Good Lord!" he said. "Good Lord!"

He might have said more. Certainly he had a great deal more to say, but Gayvin didn't let him. She said, quickly, that she must go; she was tired, and she had a hard day ahead. Then, over her shoulder, going off with Arnold, she looked back at Stephen Harrow:

"I'll be there," she said. "At four."

He didn't expect her. He was sure that she wouldn't come. Nevertheless, and though he told himself that he was a fool, he got in supplies: a tiny pot of Russian caviar and a tin of English biscuits. And quantities of tiny, whipped-cream cakes—the sort that Gayvin adored.

He got in wood and went down on his knees to lay a fire in the grate. At a quarter of four he lit it, and filled the kettle. Then he sat down to wait. And wait. All afternoon, he waited. Dusk fell, and the shadows deepened. The fire blazed up and burned brightly, and then flickered, and dwindled, and gasped—and fell into a pale white ash. A dead-white ash—and still he waited.

It was foolish, of course; he knew that she hadn't meant to come.

And yet . . . Gayvin had meant to come. It was just that she couldn't. She didn't dare. So she telephoned to Arnold, and got him to take her up the Hudson—far up—for tea.

And she wished that she hadn't met Stephen. It made things different, somehow. It made things insecure; and it broke her rest. She found herself waking in the morning; early: hours before Rosa was due—and wondering whether the phone had rung. Once, she thought that it had, and ran, shivering, to answer it. But it hadn't rung. And it didn't ring.

It was getting on her nerves, making her restless and edgy and hard to please. It was making it difficult not to lose her temper.

Anne's Affaires closed but, although Sam Tree agreed to fifteen hundred and ten per cent of the gross, Gayvin didn't sign a new contract. She said, vaguely, that she was tired and wanted a rest. She said it was the new play; it wasn't right . . . and Phillip sat up nights, getting black pockets under his eyes, to rewrite scenes that Gayvin still didn't like when they were rewritten.

"She's getting a swelled head," he told Sam Tree. "Giving in about the money did it."

Sam Tree, with bitter indignation, demanded what the heck he could have done, with Lew Forrest after her for that piece by young what's-his-name? "I ask you!" said Sam Tree bitterly.

Phillip said: "Pah! She wouldn't even read the script." Phillip, remembering that Gayvin hadn't even read the script, relaxed. "You have to know how to handle Gayvin," he said unguardedly—and went off in a huff when Sam Tree, indignantly, desired to know why—if Phillip could handle Gayvin—he didn't do it.

But even Gayvin didn't know how to handle herself these days. She was nervous, and couldn't sleep, and quarreled with everyone. Not that it mattered; they all forgave her. People always forgave Gayvin. Sam Tree did, because he'd made such a lot of money out of her and expected to make a lot more. Phillip did, because he was in love with her. Even Arnold, who was not at all the forgiving sort, forgave her and gave a party to celebrate it. It was the night that young Mr. Harrow's play opened in Great Neck—but Arnold, of course, didn't know that. And wouldn't have cared if he had.

He wanted it to be a very grand party; one where his millions would count. He even suggested that he have his yacht brought round to the river—but Gayvin said no. She was tired of grand parties. She wanted it to be at Sardi's, where she could see people, people she'd known and lost track of. Arnold had to give in, but not gracefully; and not without a mental reservation that there had to be a stop to this sort of thing.

THE crowd at Sardi's was a very gay crowd, with lots of people Gayvin had known and lost track of. . . . But she seemed restless; and she felt restless. She was wondering about that play: whether Carola Hayes was playing the lead as it ought to be played; whether the play was as good as Forrest thought. She hoped, suddenly, that it wasn't. She hoped that Carola would be terrible in the part, and that it would be a terrible, terrible flop. . . .

And it was. Lew Forrest came in, along toward midnight, and said so. He hadn't even stayed to see the last act; just ordered the closing notice to be posted and told the manager to sell, if he could.

"Told him to take anything," said Forrest gloomily. "A thin Canadian dime—if he can get it."

"Was it . . . was it Carola?" asked Gayvin, and gripped the little wineglass in her hand so tightly that it almost snapped.

"No," said Phillip, unexpectedly. "No; it was too much Barry, and too much Shaw. I remember that chap now. He wrote that thing Gayvin was in when I discovered her. . . . Awful muck. Why . . ." Phillip caught himself up and frowned at Gayvin. "Why, look here, Gayvin, you were in that. You must have known the blighter all along."

Gayvin snapped the little wineglass in her hand. She stood up and sent her chair clattering against the wall. She was scowling, and her eyes blazed.

"Damn you," she said, "I did know him. And I do. And I'll buy his play, Lew Forrest. I'll show you whether he writes muck. I'll show you. . . ."

Something drew her eyes across the room. A tall young man was standing there. His evening suit was shabby, but it was beautifully cut, and he wore it beautifully.

Gayvin scowled at him furiously. "I'll show you," she said. "I'll show you whether I can act. I'm buying your play, and I'm going to play in it, and . . ."

Young Mr. Harrow looked at her, and said nothing. His play was not for sale. Carleton, from London, had been back after the last act, and bought it—but not for a thin Canadian dime. Carleton, of London, knew plays. . . . But Stephen Harrow said nothing of that. He simply stood, quite still, and looked at Gayvin.

SHE scowled furiously and then, suddenly, she wasn't scowling. She wasn't furious—and she looked like a very small child, a little lost child that has been spanked but knows that she deserved it.

"Oh, Stephen," she said pleadingly, "won't you let me play in your play? Won't you, Stephen?"

Stephen smiled; a slow, warm smile that made his lean young face very charming. He didn't speak. He didn't have to. He just held out his hand, and Gayvin went across the room at Sardi's and took it—and held it while he got her wrap and called a taxi.

In the taxi, when the door was tightly closed, Gayvin said breathlessly: "Stephen, was it a mistake—that morning you called? *Was* it, Stephen?"

Stephen smiled—a bit unsteadily. "I'll tell you that when we get home," he said.

"Home," said Gayvin, and thought of a shabby room, with the curtains tightly drawn. Of a wood fire, and a kettle that sang. Of flames in a grate. Flames, that crackled and leaped and burned—like the flames that crackle and leap and burn in people's hearts. . . .

"Oh, Stephen," she said, "I'm so tired. I'm so tired—of things. I don't want things, Stephen. Truly, I don't. Not yachts and palaces. Not furs and jewels and . . ."

"I doubt if we'll be bothered with yachts," said Stephen, a bit unsteadily. "And probably not palaces. And we may have to wait for furs and jewels, but . . ."

"But not for my ring," said Gayvin pleadingly. "Oh, Stephen, may I have my ring? I want it so. I want my ring, Stephen."

Stephen took it from his pocket, his left breast pocket. It wasn't much of a ring; not a costly one, and not jeweled; just a plain gold band, and a rather thin one. But Stephen held it in his hand very carefully, as if it had been exceedingly precious. He put it, very carefully, as if it were very precious, on Gayvin's little slim, white finger—where it belonged.

"My darling," he said, and kissed it. "My darling."

And then—they went home.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 15

confessed. "I was so miserable about it that I went off to Cannes for a fortnight as soon as I heard that you were really out of danger."

Parkins came quietly into the room, followed by a second man carrying a silver tray. He handled the shaker in vigorous fashion, poured out two foaming cocktails, which he offered to Lady Louise and Sir Humphrey, and left the shaker upon the small table.

"Anything important during the day?" the latter inquired.

"Mr. Carthew has dealt with everything, sir," Parkins reported. "He is engaged at present finishing some letters but he would like a word with you before he leaves."

"WHAT a blessing a good secretary is," Sir Humphrey remarked, as he raised his glass.

"I think I should like to be your secretary," Lady Louise confided. "I'm tired of doing nothing."

He smiled.

"I've read the newspapers oftener than usual up to the last few days," he said. "Doing nothing rather amuses me! Pictures of Lady Louise Keynsham at the hunt, in the Holcombe shooting party, at the gala performance of the opera, flying from Le Bourget en route to Cannes, playing golf at Mandelieu—"

"A rubbishy sort of life," she interrupted. "Edward is the person I envy. He never seems to have a moment to spare, and look what a success he makes of his career."

"I take off my hat to him," Sir Humphrey agreed. "Other men have made great fortunes, of course, but it is not often you find anyone brought up like Edward who can go straight into what they tell me was almost a declining business and make such a huge success of it. Did you say he was calling for you this evening?"

She nodded.

"We arrived here together about an hour ago," she explained. "When he found you would not be back until six o'clock he took the car and went off to pay some visits. He may be back at any moment now to call for me. Do you mind if I smoke? Don't get up. I like my own and I have my own lighter."

Sir Humphrey looked lazily across at her, full of content and appreciation of the perfect picture she made, with her slender body almost voluptuously relaxed, her fearlessly displayed legs delicately clad in silk and the patent shoes so well cut to display her arched instep.

"You are terribly good-looking, Louise," he said. "No wonder you are so much the vogue. I look down the second column of The Times every day expecting to see that 'a marriage has been arranged,' et cetera."

"Do you want me to get married?" she asked.

"I should have a perfectly unreasonable and dog-in-the-mangerish hatred of your fiancé," he confessed, with a sudden disturbing reflection that the speech which he had started lightly enough was the sober truth.

She smiled as though gratified. Her lips, as they parted, became fuller and more vivid curves of scarlet. Her smile seemed to be coming also from her deeply shaded eyes.

"You lovable person," she murmured.

She caught sight of his disappointed frown and glanced over her shoulder. Parkins had entered the room.

"Lord Edward Keynsham," he announced.

Keynsham crossed the floor with extended hands, the vigorous and boyish personification of splendid manhood.

"Humphrey, old man, this is wonderful," he exclaimed. "Don't move. I forbid it! I will bring this chair up. What's that I see—a cocktail shaker? Parkins," he added, looking round, "you're going to bring me a glass, aren't you? We must drink to your master's recovery."

"If your lordship will allow me, I will replenish the shaker," Parkins said respectfully. "This has been here some few minutes."

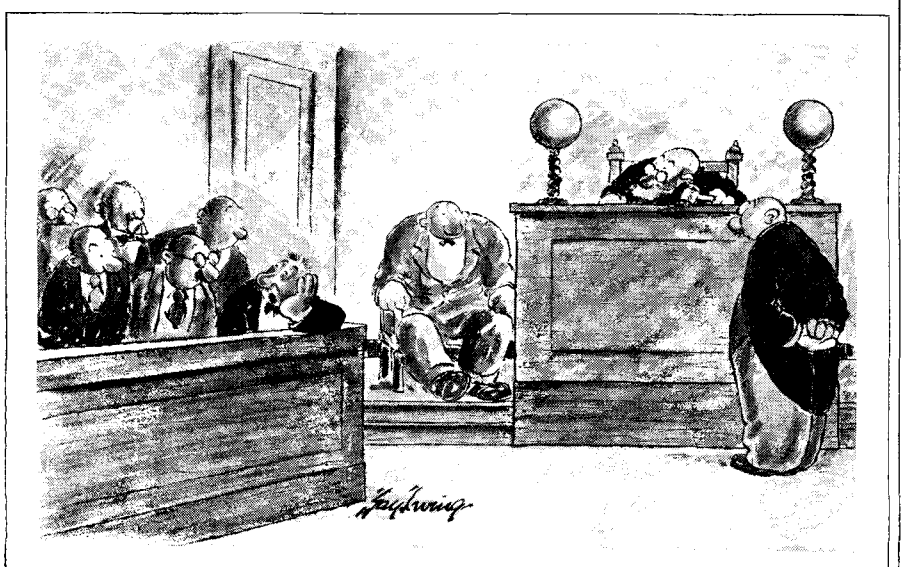
IT WAS an easy and pleasant little trio, composed of people who evidently liked one another. Keynsham seemed almost as delighted as his sister to welcome Rossiter back. He gossiped and told news of their mutual friends until the replenished cocktail shaker arrived, then he drank to his host's renewed health with his hand upon his shoulder, a thrill of earnestness in his tone.

"I cannot tell you, Humphrey," he said, "how we all felt about your being taken ill like that directly you had left us. Do set my mind at rest—I didn't give you too much to do that last day, did I?"

"I was only pleasantly tired," was the emphatic reply. "It was not that—as I was telling Louise. I was pretty well run down before I came. I ought really to have lain on my back for two or three days. And then—"

"Yes?" Keynsham asked.

(Continued on page 48)



"Who's ahead?" *Jay Irving*

DON'T SUFFER SLEEPLESSNESS

● this drugless, non-fattening new method sends you quickly off to Dreamland

Go to sleep in 10 minutes . . . As simple as that, you can now banish the torments of insomnia—restless, fitful rolling and tossing at night.

Go to sleep with your peace of mind assured. For here is a wonderful new method of winning solid rest that is not a drug, not habit-forming or won't add fat to the body.

Relief and sleep come to 9 out of 10

Thousands of people have tried this easy treatment and, in 9 cases out of 10, relief and sleep were assured. Here's what you do:

Just before retiring, rub a palmful of Absorbine Jr. briskly on the back of the neck. Stretch out in bed. Close the eyes and breathe with slow, even rhythm, like a person in slumber, inhaling deeply of Absorbine Jr.'s fragrance.

Drowsiness comes quickly

Absorbine Jr. works fast. A quieting sensation goes through the body, nerves relax, the mind clears, and drowsiness quickly covers you over with deep, sound sleep for the night.

We don't ask you to spend money to satisfy yourself that Absorbine Jr. is the safest, most satisfying way to end the tortures of sleeplessness. Send in the coupon below, and we'll give you enough for a good night's sleep. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle.

FREE SAMPLE

W. F. Young, Inc.
357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions | **Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On your way to or from
CALIFORNIA and
Southern ARIZONA

THE Indian-detours

● Every intriguing corner of our glamorous Southwest is conveniently accessible in perfect motor comfort.

● THE NEW WAY—any season of the year—of visiting the primitive Spanish missions, colorful Indian pueblos and prehistoric cliff cities, in the matchless scenery of the New Mexico Rockies. Rates include motor transportation, courier service, and hotel accommodations with bath.

● **One-day Detour - - $12**
● **Two-day Detour - - $26**
● ***Three-day Detour - $39***

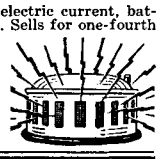
● In no other way can you see so much of this vast, colorful region in so short a time and at such a small expense.

CLIP and PASTE COUPON ON POST CARD

SANTA FE RY., 1102 Ry. Exchange, Chicago
Send free picture folder INDIAN-DETOURS and map.
Name .....
Address .....

AMAZING NEW INVENTION!
Wanted: Local County Managers

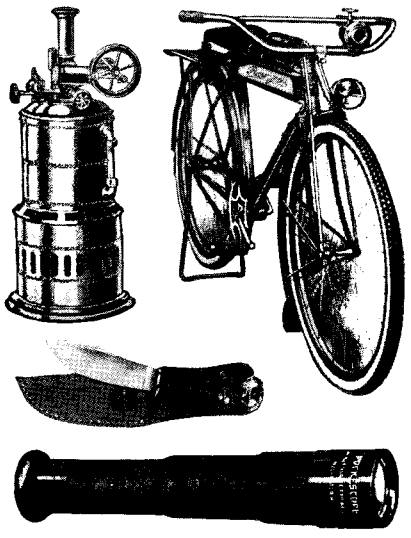
"FIRE-CRY" Automatic Alarm. No electric current, batteries or installations. No competition. Sells for one-fourth cost of usual alarm. Orders rolling in from Schools, Hospitals, Hotels, Homes, Farms, Stores, Shops, etc. Four sales daily produce $250.00 a month. We deliver and collect. A-1 concern. Write quick for appointment.



"FIRE-CRY"
813 E. First Street, Dayton, Ohio

Boys! Win Prizes

Wow! Here's your chance to win such big prizes as sporting and athletic equipment, engines, bicycles, and your own clothing—all without cost to you. Earn CASH PROFITS, too. You can do it by delivering Collier's to regular customers in your neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon TODAY, and we'll start you.



Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-84
The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio
Dear Jim: Send me that Prize Book and start me as a salesman.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

(Continued from page 47)

Sir Humphrey did not finish his sentence.

"By the bye," he inquired, "I was going to ask you something. Just a question about that car your people hired for me. Do you know where they got it from?"

Keynsham puckered his brows for a moment in thought.

"Well, I can't say exactly," he admitted. "Grover generally rings up his friends at Fakenham, and then if they haven't anything they send to Norwich. There wasn't anything wrong with it, was there? You didn't have a breakdown or anything of that sort?" he asked, with a gesture of anxiety.

"No, there was no breakdown. We got to London all right. Still, I should like to know where the car came from. Perhaps later on we may talk about it."

"You're making me curious," Lord Edward confessed.

"Well, there was a little incident," Rossiter confided. "It is nothing I'm going to talk about at the moment, but you may hear of it again."

"I will find out for you," Louise promised. "I'm going down to Norfolk tomorrow for a few days, and I will ask Grover. By the way—won't you spend Easter with us?"

"I will—if I can get away," Sir Humphrey promised.

Louise glanced at the clock and reluctantly rose to her feet.

Keynsham followed his sister's example. "If you don't bring a car down," he said, "I will send you up in my own special Royale."

"You shall have a choice of that," Louise intervened, "or my Parton."

"I have a great weakness," Sir Humphrey confessed, as he thrilled with the caress of Louise's fingers, "for riding in a Parton."

AT FIVE minutes to eight precisely on the following Sunday evening, the Right Honorable Sir Humphrey Rossiter descended the elegant curving stairway of the house in Chestow Square and entered the dining-room. He glanced with satisfaction at the small round table with its chaste appointments and tasteful arrangement of flowers. He looked through the menu, then put it down with an almost self-conscious smile as he realized how many of her favorite dishes he had remembered. He poked the fire, which was very little in need of such attention, and made his way into the library adjoining.

As he passed across the hall eight o'clock struck. He consulted his watch. Exactly right. At any moment now he would hear the car stop outside. Katherine had always been noted for her punctuality. He took up a Sunday paper and threw it down again. Scarcely worth while reading. He heard the hoot of a taxi outside and listened expectantly, but the taxi passed on. He pulled out his cigarette case and toyed with it for a moment, then he remembered the doctor's orders, and with a wry face replaced it.

Five minutes past eight. She would be here directly now. She would be wearing black, of course. He liked her best in black. Nothing showed off so beautifully her deep golden hair. Poor woman, what a tragedy her marriage had been, how heart-rending the whole affair. There had been a time, he reminded himself, standing on the hearthrug and looking up at the Adam ceiling, when he had wondered whether it would have been possible for him, without sacrificing his career, to help her to forget.

This caring for women was a strange thing. There had been so many—attractive, well-born, wealthy—who—especially since his first few years of office—had almost gone so far as to hint their preference for him. No good. Only two women in the world had ever stirred his pulses. He had admired Katherine when his wife had been alive, realized the hopelessness of it all from the first, and looked steadily away. But now, after his seven years of loneliness, with this terrible happening and his own freedom, it might be possible.

The only disturbing thought was—did he still wish it? Another taxi hooted and passed. He glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes past eight. This was not like Katherine. Parkins entered with the cocktails.

"I wonder whether you would care for your cocktail, sir," the latter suggested. "The lady seems to be a few minutes late."

"Give me one and leave the shaker on the table," Sir Humphrey enjoined. "You might ring up the Savoy Court. Number 29 is Mrs. Brandt's suite. Ask if she has started, will you?"

"Certainly, sir."

Sir Humphrey sipped his cocktail. He wondered if it was a Martini or a Bronx. Curious how his palate had failed him. It was the remains of his nervous breakdown, he told himself, this queer feeling of uneasiness that came over him as he glanced once more at the clock. If she had changed her mind and decided not to come, of course she would have let him know. A few minutes late in the traffic jam of London! It was not worth thinking about. All the same he was glad he had telephoned. He turned almost eagerly to the door as Parkins made discreet reentrance some five minutes later.

"Mrs. Brandt left the Savoy Court at a quarter to eight in a taxicab, sir," he announced. "She gave this address."

Sir Humphrey felt a great relief.

"Caught in traffic, I suppose," he observed. "Very good, Parkins. Bring her in as soon as she arrives."

A few minutes later he rang the bell. Parkins responded.

"I think, Parkins," Sir Humphrey said, "that you had better ring up the Savoy Court again. Explain that Mrs. Brandt has not arrived here, and find out if she has returned for any reason."

"Very good, sir."

Parkins this time was absent for more than five minutes. When he returned he was looking more perplexed than ever.

"I spoke to the hall porter myself, sir," he declared. "Mrs. Brandt left in dinner attire at a quarter to eight and they have not heard of her since. The man asked me, sir, whether I knew that Madam was leaving for the continent tomorrow morning."

"Leaving for where?"

"Leaving for the continent, sir. Her things are packed and her reservations made for the Blue Train."

"THAT seems most extraordinary," Sir Humphrey meditated. "I expect she changed her plans and was going to tell me about it this evening. In any case it doesn't alter the rather alarming fact that she left the Savoy Court for this address more than three quarters of an hour ago and has not arrived."

"Quite so, sir."

"Ring through on the private line to the accident department at Scotland Yard. I will speak to the superintendent in charge myself."

"Very good, sir."

The minutes ticked on. Very few of them passed, however, before the telephone bell at Sir Humphrey's side tinkled. He raised the receiver.

"Superintendent Horton speaking."

"Sir Humphrey Rossiter, Home Secretary, at this end. Have you any accident reports within the last half hour?"

"None at all, sir."

"A lady—Mrs. Brandt—left the Savoy Court at a quarter to eight in evening clothes by taxicab. She gave the man the address of my house, Number 16 Chestow Square. It is now over three quarters of an hour ago and she has not arrived. Call up all the police stations and send out a motorcycle squad. Have inquiries made at every possible place en route and report any accident or misadventure to this address."

"It shall be done immediately, sir," was the prompt reply.

Sir Humphrey hung up the receiver and swallowed half of his second cocktail at a draught. Then he put down the glass and began to walk restlessly up and down the room.

A woman had left a hotel de luxe to take a quarter-of-an-hour's drive through the heart of a civilized city and dine with him. More than an hour had passed. Where was she spending the time? In a hospital or—? There his brain failed him. There was no rhyme or reason about the thing. Katherine was not a Cabinet minister with powers of life or death. He could not imagine anyone to whom her disappearance would be of the slightest interest. He could not imagine any catastrophe which could have happened to her. All that he knew was that the thing in itself was damnable, and that fear was creeping into his heart.

THE tinkle of the telephone again—the firm, almost strident voice of Superintendent Horton.

"No accident of any sort is reported," he announced. "No charges have been brought in, nor anything which could possibly be connected with the lady's disappearance."

Sir Humphrey was relieved without being relieved. At the back of his mind always lurked that fear of which he refused to take cognizance.

"In what direction, Sir Humphrey, do you wish me to proceed further?" the superintendent inquired.

"For the moment I can suggest nothing," the former confessed. "Where is the sub-commissioner this evening?"

"At the Sheridan Club, sir. Do you wish me to call him?"

"You had better do so," Sir Humphrey decided. "Ask him to speak to me here."

"It shall be done, sir," the superintendent promised. "By the bye, I have sent off two men on motorcycles—smart fellows, both of them—one to start at Chestow Square and work backwards, and one from the Savoy Court. They will notify every constable and sergeant en route and inquire whether anything unusual has been noticed in connection with the progress of any taxicab."

"Very intelligent, Superintendent," the Home Secretary approved. "I am much obliged to you."

He rang off. Once more he summoned Parkins.

"Parkins," he ordered, "ring up the Sheridan Club. See that it is made an urgent call. Tell them to ask Colonel Matterson to step to the telephone at once to speak to Sir Humphrey Rossiter."

"Very good, sir."

Another of those horrible periods of waiting which seemed so long and were after all so brief. Then the tinkle of the telephone bell. Sir Humphrey took up the receiver.

"Matterson speaking. Is that you, Sir Humphrey?"

"Yes. Sorry to trouble you, Matterson, but a very disturbing thing has happened. Mrs. Brandt—you know whom I mean—Katherine Brandt—left the Savoy Court over an hour and a half ago to dine with me. She has not arrived, nor is there any news of her."

"Have you rung up the Yard?" Colonel Matterson asked quickly.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Some time ago. I rang up the accident department first. There is no report of any accident. Superintendent Horton took the matter in hand in a very intelligent fashion."

"Where are you? At home?"

"Yes. Sixteen Chestow Square."

"I'll be there as soon as I can get a taxi," the sub-commissioner promised.

Sir Humphrey laid down the receiver and, suddenly realizing that he felt very weak and faint, made his way into the dining-room. He rang the bell.

"Parkins," he ordered, "you can serve dinner."

THE sub-commissioner was shown into the dining-room when he arrived, a little breathless, at Chestow Square. He found Sir Humphrey still trifling with the fish.

"This is queer business," he said. "I was so close to the Savoy Court at the Sheridan that I went in for a moment to make inquiries. You know, I suppose, that the lady is all packed up for the continent?"

"I didn't know it until tonight," Sir Humphrey confessed. "I saw her the day before yesterday. She spoke of going to Cannes then, but she hadn't fixed a date. She seems to have made all these preparations without consulting me. She was always punctual for an appointment, and nothing would have induced her to do a thing like this except—"

"Except?"

"Except under compulsion."

"You are thinking that she too has been kidnapped?"

"It is a horrible thought," Sir Humphrey declared with a shiver, "but what else can I think?"

There was silence.

"Any theory?" the sub-commissioner asked, at last.

"Not the ghost of one," was the dejected reply. "I was never more absolutely at sea."

"I am in the same box at present," the other admitted. "I can't see how this affair connects with yours in any way. Your abduction must have been carried out by men who wanted Brandt's life saved, therefore they must have been more or less his friends. If they were his friends, what do they want to interfere with his wife for? I cannot see any motive—nor any beginning or end to the affair. We shall have to theorize, I suppose, and I hate theorizing. Katherine Brandt we all know about, of course. The life of an actress of her distinction is pretty well an open book—a very creditable book hers, too. What about Brandt? He was always rather a mystery, wasn't he?"

"It seems strange to me," Sir Humphrey admitted, "how little any of us really knew of the fellow. Katherine met him in Australia when she was touring there, they traveled home on the same steamer and were married directly they arrived in London. As it happens, it was a few months before my wife died. Brandt was always supposed to be, and so far as I know he certainly was, an enormously rich man. He backed his wife's shows to any amount, although I should think he rather made money by that. He owned race horses, kept a dozen hunters down at Melton Mowbray, and leased the best shooting he could get. We won't speak of his establishment in Dean Street, but that must have cost him a small fortune."

"He had plenty of friends, I suppose?"

"Any quantity, of all sorts, but I never heard anyone speak as though they really liked him."

"Was he always on good terms with his wife?"

"So far as I know. He seems to have treated her well enough except for his insane jealousy. He offered to settle half a million pounds on her if she would give up the stage and promise never to act again."

"The more one knows from the inside, the better," Colonel Matterson reflected. "What about this fellow Gervase Benham?"

"He played lead once or twice in Katherine's companies. He was a visitor at the house occasionally. I have met him there myself once or twice. Lately, however, I think that Brandt was so infernally rude to him that he refused to go there. I suppose that was the reason why the poor fellow, who had to consult sometimes with his principal lady, chose that unfortunate afternoon for his visit when he thought that Brandt would be out of the way."

THE sub-commissioner sipped his port meditatively.

"It won't do, Sir Humphrey," he said at last. "This evening's affair stands by itself. There's nothing to be made out of these outside people. The men who made that desperate effort to save Brandt's life could have no sane reason for wanting to abduct his widow. There's no sense in it. The thing doesn't fit together. I am afraid we shall have to look to more ordinary causes for Mrs. Brandt's disappearance. I should suggest that she had probably been worried to death by callers and reporters, and that she decided to slip away from London without letting a soul know. You will get a telegram presently, I should think, and her maid will have instructions to follow her."

"If that is your personal conviction," Sir Humphrey said a little stiffly, "I hope that you will not allow it to influence the energies of your staff. If we receive no news of Mrs. Brandt within the next hour and she is still missing from the hotel, I shall expect you to set about the task of finding her under the assumption that she has met with some such misadventure as happened to me."

"Don't you worry about that, sir," Colonel Matterson begged. "If Mrs. Brandt's disappearance continues without any definite explanation, I can assure you that the best brains in Scotland Yard will be engaged on the task of finding her within an hour or so. Not only that, but we shall find her."

Sir Humphrey touched the bell.

"Has Mr. Carthew arrived?" he inquired of Parkins.

"He is waiting in the study, sir."

"Send him in," Sir Humphrey directed. "Carthew, as I think you know," he went on, turning to Matterson, "is my private secretary. I told Parkins to send round for him some time ago. I thought we might find him useful."

A YOUNG man, wearing an overcoat over his evening clothes, was presently ushered into the room. He was short, thick-set and of amiable appearance. Sir Humphrey nodded to him in friendly fashion.

"Carthew," he said, "sorry to break up your evening, but I need your help for a short time. Mrs. Brandt, who was to have dined here at eight o'clock, has not arrived and, as you see, it is now half past ten. She left the Savoy Court in evening dress at a quarter to eight. We have made all the usual inquiries without result. I wish you to ring up Lady Middleton Hall, Mrs. Osbourne Smythe and Mr. Guy Philpott, the manager of the theater. Ask in my name whether any one of the three has received any communication from Mrs. Brandt during the day or if they have any idea where she is. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," the young man replied. "I can get Guy at once. He was in my party for dinner and they are still there. The two ladies I will ring up directly afterwards, or—they're very near—I might take a taxi."

"I leave it to you, Carthew," his chief acquiesced.

"I should like," Matterson said, as soon as the two men were alone again, "to stay here until midnight, and if nothing has happened then I shall go back to the Yard and start things going. Perhaps I could use your other wire to the Yard now? I can make sure then of having the man I want there."

"You know the ropes," Sir Humphrey replied. "There is a general telephone here, but my private wire is in the library across the way. I won't offer to come with you if you don't mind. I might be rung up here."

"Of course not," Matterson agreed. "I shan't be a minute."

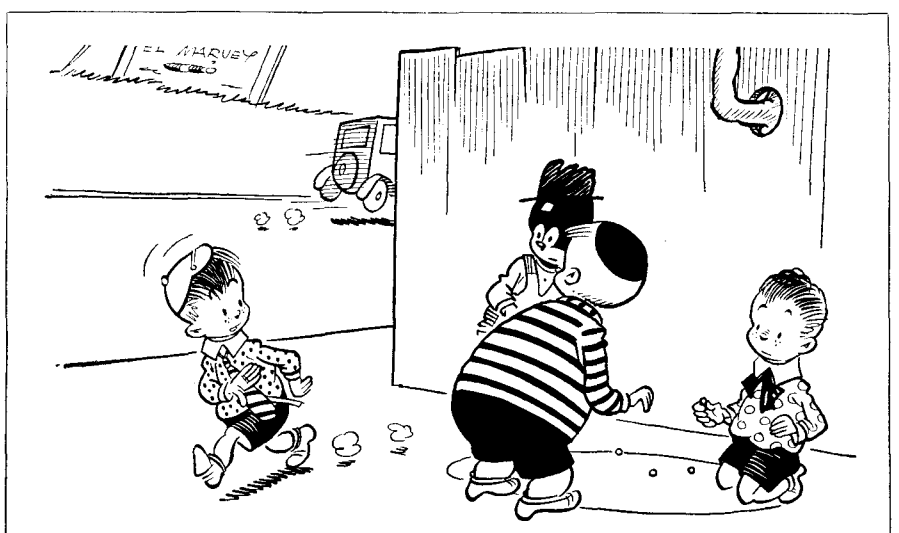
He hurried off. Sir Humphrey rang the bell and instructed Parkins to clear away the remains of his scanty dinner. The cloth was removed and the decanter of wine placed upon the shining mahogany table. Sir Humphrey noticed nothing. He was seated stiffly in his easy-chair, his eyes fixed upon the silent telephone.

In a matter of five or ten minutes the sub-commissioner of police, having executed his commission on the telephone, returned to the dining-room.

"All fixed up—" he began.

Then he broke off in his speech. The heavy curtains of the room were being blown inwards by a cold current of air. A little wisp of mist had drifted through the open window. The wine was upon the table, there were no signs of any disturbance, everything else was in its place, but the Home Secretary was missing.

(To be continued next week)



"So long, fellows—Mom's givin' a party an' I gotta go home an' make funny sayin's" *Fred Neher*

"I Saved Six Orders And Made 2 Weeks' Pay in *One* Day"

Thanks To This Pocket Volume!

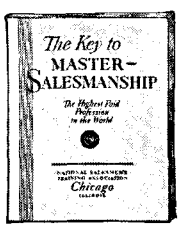
IN my first five years as a salesman, I never made more than $45 a week. I knew I ought to make more. But I was ignorant—untrained—didn't really know how to sell. I was commencing to despair of ever learning by experience. It wasn't until one day, when I was reading a certain magazine, that I ever knew there was any other way to learn.

What I read gripped my imagination. I wrote to find out more about the sensational training mentioned, and the amazing new Free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which was promised. When the book arrived, however, it had a companion—a tiny pocket volume called "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling."

Do you know, that little book was alive with ideas for me! Just one page tipped me off to a bad mistake I was making. Moreover, it showed me how to save at least six recent prospects—turn them into sales, although I thought my chances were gone. In one day, just calling on those six old, supposedly hopeless prospects, I got every one of them—and made $90—two ordinary weeks' pay!

You bet I enrolled for the full course of training after that! Today I'm making $4200 a year more than I did then. I've lost my envy of the "born" salesman; this training *made* a successful salesman out of me, as it can out of anyone with ordinary brains and education.

Two Books FREE! Whether you are plugging along unsuccessfully as a salesman, or are down in the rut in a routine job, send in the coupon today for your Free copies of these two wonderful books. See why so many men, who read these books, have since mounted into the big-pay ranks of successful salesmen, through this easy form of training. No cost; no obligation. Act now!



NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. A-345, 21 W. Elm St., CHICAGO, ILL.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. A-345, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation to me, please send me "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," as well as "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your various service features, including your FREE Employment Service.

Name.....

Address.....

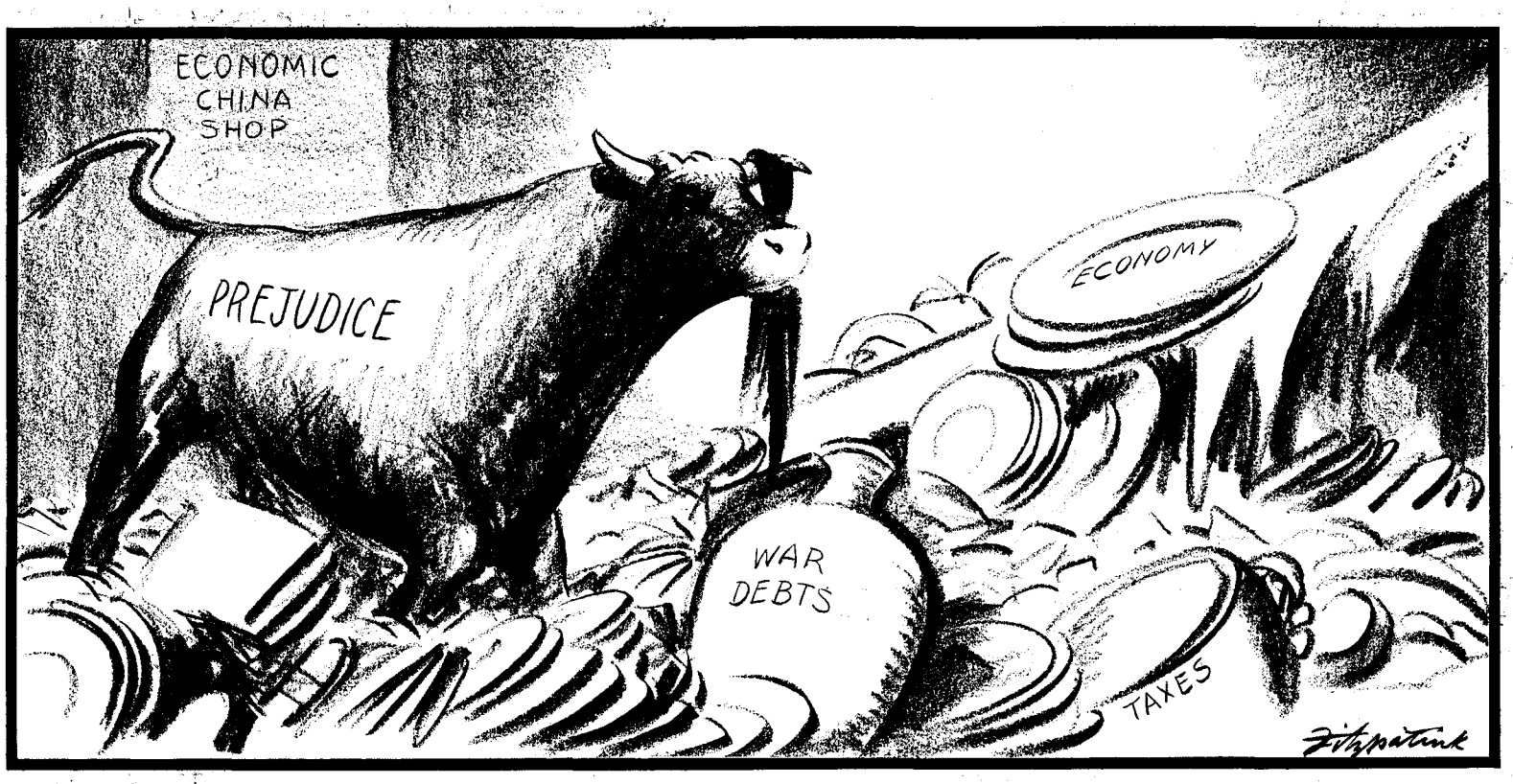
City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Let's Park Our Prejudices

MORE than a hundred years ago a group of New Yorkers wanted to establish a bank. Banks were few and unpopular.

So the legislature was persuaded to grant a charter authorizing the establishment of a water company. The water company was, incidentally, empowered to carry on a banking business. Thus secretly was founded one of the oldest and most reputable banks in the United States.

This little episode is typical of our history. Throughout our life as a nation we have tried by prejudice and by law to forbid and to prevent natural economic development.

We tried, both through Federal and state laws, to prevent the establishment of corporations. So widespread was the feeling against corporations that Illinois forbade their owning land except as safe-deposit institutions. Consequently, any corporation which wanted to buy land had merely to qualify as such.

In endless other ways we have tried vainly to dam the currents of economic change.

When we reconciled ourselves to the existence of small corporations, we decided to outlaw large ones. Thus we got our anti-trust laws. Only the mentally blind, deaf and dumb imagine that purpose was accomplished.

In spite of every political prejudice and every hostile act of legislation, more than any other people we transact our business through corporations. During a century and a half we have shown ingenuity enough to circumvent any impracticable law we were foolish enough to enact.

We are not unique in this. When Diaz was overthrown and Mexico was arranging a new constitution a delegate proposed a thoroughly foolish financial plan.

Another delegate argued that the suggestion was impossible since it violated the economic principle known as Gresham's Law. Gresham's Law is merely the observation that bad money drives out good, that people conceal and hoard gold if irredeemable paper is circulating.

The Mexican advocate of bad money was not stopped. He merely said, "Repeal Gresham's Law."

It sounds silly when a foreigner says it, but we, too, have tried to repeal habits and customs and instincts by an act of legislation. The Eighteenth Amendment is a hollow monument to futility.

We face many issues today which we are trying to settle with our prejudices and emotions rather than by a cool and intelligent consideration of the facts.

Congressmen, for example, are talking about the necessity of making money cheap because the farmer needs help.

Of course the farmer needs help. It is also true that from the days of Daniel Shays onward during the last one hundred and forty-six years rural politicians have cast sheep's eyes at cheap money.

We are not going to debase the American dollar. Our own self-interest will step forward, regardless of what laws we pass, and stop the process. Lots of good time and energy can, however, be wasted in pursuit of this false hope.

On the foreign front both we and the French, for that matter, have done more feeling than thinking about war debts.

We have never taken the pains to discover just what sort of settlement would benefit us most. "They hired the money, didn't they?" has been repeated as a complete summary of practical wisdom on this subject. As a matter of history, the answer is "No." They didn't hire the money. They hired munitions, food and many other commodities but not the money.

Not that this matters now. It does matter, however, that at no time since the Armistice has any convincing political leader had the wit or the courage to talk frankly to the American people concerning our own interest in these matters.

Two men, Senator Borah and ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, did speak out last summer. But other matters diverted their attention, and nothing more was done.

What we want is not another political settlement dictated by prejudice and possibly in anger but a clear-headed, discerning policy which projects a course that actually can be followed.

As to war debts, we say "let the foreigner pay." As to taxes, it is good political talk to say "soak the rich." All right in both instances, but only as far as it is practicable.

We seem to have reached the limit so far as the rich are concerned. Increased levies yield decreasing returns because the incomes are not there to be taxed. The money will have to come from other sources.

We shall unquestionably muddle through these difficulties even though we continue to refuse to think about them. There is enough strength and resource in this country to guarantee the future, whatever we do or neglect to do.

But we can hasten the time of recovery immeasurably if for once in our history we lay aside partisanship, prejudice and claptrap and focus all the intelligence we possess and can employ upon the large matters immediately in front of us. We face no difficulty which we lack the mind to solve if only we are willing to work our minds and rest our prejudices.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Hammered Piston Rings

THE ENERGIZED PISTON RINGS

. . . give longer life because they have

RESERVE ENERGY

RESERVE ENERGY put there to save power—save oil—save money! RESERVE ENERGY put there by HAMMERING! When the TENSION of a piston ring gives out, your car starts to lose power—to pump oil—and that's costly. So when you put your car in the shop for new rings see that the new rings have the RESERVE ENERGY to last and last and last. See that you get balanced engine performance by a balanced ring installation. Use American Hammered Wide Channeled Rings with American Hammered Compression Rings. Insist upon HAMMERED (energized) rings for all purposes. If a ring hasn't enough RESERVE ENERGY to make the TENSION LAST, then all the slots and channels and bridges are soon useless no matter what their design. HAMMERED TENSION CAN'T WEAR OUT!

Here is a test for wear. One thirty-second of an inch was cut from the outer circumference of an ordinary piston ring and a hammered piston ring. LEFT: The ordinary piston ring contracted, showing loss of TENSION. RIGHT: The American Hammered Piston Ring EXPANDED to compensate for wear.

RESERVE ENERGY

equivalent to the impact of a baseball dropped from the WASHINGTON MONUMENT *is added to American Hammered Piston Rings*

THE A[illegible]ICAN HAMMERED
PIST[illegible]
1410 BUS S[illegible]

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Camels are never parched or toasted

Camels are always mild because they are always fresh. A blend of choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, they are never parched or toasted. Enjoy their mild fragrance for just one day, then leave them—if you care to.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

© 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED